

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

LORD CHESTERFIELD:

WITH

D R. M A T Y ' S

MEMOIRS OF HIS LORDSHIP'S LIFE.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

Ipsæ enim familiæ suæ quasi ornamenta ac monumenta servabant,
et ad usum, si quis ejusdem generis cecidisset, et ad memoriam
laudum domesticarum, et ad illustrandam nobilitatem suam.

CICERO.

Memoirs from those of Philip de Comines, down to the innumer-
able ones in the reign of Lewis XIV, have been of great use,
and thrown great light upon particular parts of History.

CHESTERFIELD.

B.  L.

SECT. VI.



MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF THE LATE

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE,
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD:

CONSISTING OF

LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS,
NEVER BEFORE PRINTED, AND VARIOUS OTHER ARTICLES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

MEMOIRS OF HIS LIFE,

TENDING TO ILLUSTRATE

THE CIVIL, LITERARY, AND POLITICAL,
HISTORY OF HIS TIME.

By *M. MATY*, M.D.

LATE PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM,
AND SECRETARY TO THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

THE SECOND EDITION.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

WITH

A N A P P E N D I X,

CONTAINING

SIXTEEN CHARACTERS OF GREAT PERSONAGES
AND LETTERS WRITTEN BY THE SAME NOBLE EARL.

VOLUME THE FOURTH.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR EDWARD AND CHARLES DILLY,
IN THE POULTRY. MDCCLXXIX.

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

PHILIP DORMER STRANDBERG
BARRISTER AT LAW

ENTRUSTED TO THE
CARE OF THE

MEMORIAL

HISTORICAL

OF THE

OF THE

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OF THE



LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

B O O K II.

L E T T E R S
TO SOLOMON DAYROLLES,
Of HENLEY-PARK, Esq;

A N D

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS
IN ENGLAND.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

TH E correspondence with Mr. Dayrolles being mutilated in some parts, as will appear by the asterisks, it is necessary to inform the public, that, great friendship having subsisted between lord Chesterfield and Mr. Dayrolles's family, some of the omissions related to private concerns, which would not be interesting to the public; other parts were written for his own private information, when his lordship was secretary of state, and Mr. Dayrolles in a public character at the Hague; and some other parts again are a continuation of such political and private correspondence, after his lordship had quitted public business, in which some measures, operations and persons concerned in them, are too particularly descanted upon, for Mr. Dayrolles to allow himself to give them to the public, as they were communicated to him in the most confidential manner.

It will not be improper likewise to add, that, having desired my friend Mr. Dayrolles to favour me with notes and observations, in order to make some passages of these very interesting letters more intelligible to the reader, he was so good as to comply with my request. I have likewise added here and there a few of my own, where I thought some information about persons and books might be agreeable to the public.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

B O O K II.

L E T T E R I.

TO JAMES DAYROLLES, Esq; his majesty's
resident at the Hague.

London, June 5, O. S. 1730.

S I R,

I AM much obliged to you for the joy you express at the favours the king has bestowed upon me. I wish they could furnish me with an opportunity of giving you effectual proofs of my sincere friendship and regard. Your nephew, who is very deserving of the kindness you have for him, may depend upon my services, whenever an opportunity offers; and I had some thoughts, at this very time, of appointing him secretary of the embassy at Paris, under lord Waldegrave, who is destined to that employment; but unfortunately the duke of Newcastle had just obtained, of the king, the nomination to that office for his kinsman *, who had been secretary to the congress at

* Mr. Thomas Pelham.

LETTRES DE MYLORD CHESTERFIELD.

L I V R E II.

LETTRE I.

A Monsieur J A Q U E S D A Y R O L L E S, résident de sa
MAJESTÉ Britannique à la Haye.

A Londres, ce 5 Juin, V. S. 1730.

M O N S I E U R,

JE suis très-sensible à la part, que vous prenez aux bontés, que le roi a eu pour moi, et je voudrois bien qu'elles me donnassent une occasion de vous témoigner, par des effets, la véritable amitié et considération que j'ai pour vous. Votre neveu, qui est très-digne de la tendresse que vous avez pour lui, peut compter sur mes services dans les occasions, et j'avois pensé à cette heure de le faire secrétaire de l'ambassade à Paris sous mylord Waldegrave, qui est destiné à cette commission; mais malheureusement le duc de Newcastle avoit justement obtenu du roi cet emploi pour son parent *, qui avoit été secrétaire du congrès à Soissons, et qui

Soissons, and claimed it as his right. I shall certainly recommend your nephew to lord Harrington, though I believe he will make no changes in the office, and besides, if he did, I know he has some young people belonging to him. With regard to my place of lord-steward, I have none but small places in my gift, which would not be worth his acceptance. But we shall talk over this affair more at large, when we meet again at the Hague, which I hope will be soon. In the mean time, do me the justice to be persuaded that no man living is more truly

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Be so good as to present my most humble respects to Mrs. Dayrolles.

LET-

y prétendoit comme de droit. Je ne manquerai pas de parler en faveur de votre neveu à mylord Harrington, quoique je crois qu'il ne fera pas de changement dans le bureau ; et d'ailleurs, s'il en faisoit, je fais qu'il a des jeunes gens, qui lui appartiennent. Par rapport à la charge de grand-maître que j'ai, il n'y a à ma disposition que des petits emplois, qui ne lui conviendroient nullement. Mais nous parlerons plus amplement de cette affaire, quand j'aurai le plaisir de vous revoir à la Haye, ce qui arrivera bientôt ; en attendant, faites-moi la justice d'être persuadé que je suis plus que personne,

Votre très-humble et très-obéissant serviteur,

CHESTERFIELD.

Ayez la bonté d'affurer madame Dayrolles de mes très-humbles respects.

L E T T E R II.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, Esq; at the Hague.

London, June 23, O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I Won't make you any excuses for this application, because I am very sure you are always glad to help an old friend. My business is, in short, this : I want four dozen of shirts; two dozen of them to be of Holland, that comes to about ten shillings the English ell; the other two dozen, about fourteen shillings the English ell. Take the money of monsieur Vanneck, and give him a bill upon me for it. Though I have great regard for your judgment in most things, yet in linen I believe it will not be amiss, if you can get the assistance of madame Dayrolles, to whom I would not apply directly myself, because, knowing her politeness, I was sure it would be putting her to the trouble of an answer; which trouble I thought it civiler to save her by your means. I desire you will make my best compliments to her and your uncle, who, I hope, are both in perfect health.

Do you divert yourself pretty well at the Hague? Do the suppers and parties of pleasure go on in the Welderen family as they used to do? A friend of theirs and yours, lady Denbigh, has had bad diversion here, for she has lost every thing she

she had in the world, which she had unfortunately left in her house at Twickenham *.

I hope you continue well with your uncle and aunt. The regard you have always had for them, I am sure, very well deserves their kindness, as their kindness to you deserves your acknowledgements; I wish you all the good that can happen to you, and am, with great truth and esteem, your most faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Lord Denbigh had lent his house at Twickenham to Mons. de Chavigny, the French minister then in England, which by some accident was unfortunately burnt down to the ground, whilst he was in possession of it.

LET.

L E T T E R III.

To SOLOMON DAYROLLES, Esq; at the Hague.

London, Aug. 19, O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I HAVE received your letter, with the annexed account. Mr. Vanneck writes by this day's post to his brother at the Hague, to furnish you with what money you shall ask for; so that you may take up what you want, to pay for the holland, the making, &c. I should think Mr. Finch's * return would be a good opportunity to send them over, as he is soon expected home.

If you could persuade your uncle to solicit Mr. Walpole for leave to resign his employment in your favour, with a proviso that he should enjoy the emoluments during his life, that would be a means of securing it to you; and Mr. Walpole can very easily bring it about, if he pleases. Without this precaution, I should be afraid of that Mr. Pelham that is with him, who would not fail to put in for it, if your uncle should die.

If you can persuade your uncle to approve of this proposal, he must get Mr. Van Borsele, and some of the members of the regency, to make interest for you with Mr. Walpole; for in the present juncture, he will pay great regard to the recommendation of those gentlemen.

Adieu,

* The honorable William Finch, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at that time, at the Hague, but now recalled and immedi-

L E T T R E III.

A U M Ê M E.

A Londres, ce 19 Aout, V. S. 1734.

MON CHER CHEVALIER,

J'AI reçu votre lettre, avec le compte ci-joint. Mr. Vanneck écrit par cet ordinaire à son frère à la Haye, de vous fournir tel argent que vous lui demanderez; de sorte que vous prendrez pour payer la toile, la façon, &c. Je crois que le retour de monsieur Finch * pourra être une bonne occasion de les envoyer, car il revient ici bientôt.

Si vous pouviez persuader à votre oncle de solliciter Mr. Walpole, pour qu'il pût se démettre de son emploi en votre faveur, bien entendu qu'il recevrait lui tous les appointemens sa vie durant, cela vous l'assureroit en tout cas; et monsieur Walpole pourroit très facilement le moyenner, s'il vouloit. Car sans cette précaution, je crains ce monsieur Pelham qui est avec lui, et qui ne manqueroit pas de s'y fourrer, en cas que votre oncle viant à manquer.

Si vous pouvez porter votre oncle à agréer cette proposition, qu'il fasse en sorte que monsieur Van Borsele, et quelques-uns de la régence, s'intéressent en votre faveur, auprès de monsieur Walpole: car dans la conjoncture présente, il aura de grands égards pour la recommandation de ces messieurs.

immediately replaced by his excellency Horatio Walpole as ambassador extraordinary and plenipotentiary.

Adieu, chevalier. Fear God, divert yourself, and drink cool as often as you can. I shall always be
Your, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 3, O. S. 1734.

MY DEAR CHEVALIER,

I HAVE this moment received your letter; and captain Brett has sent me word, that in two or three days I shall receive the remaining two dozen of shirts. I am very well pleased with those I have already, and am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken about them; though to say the truth, considering the goodness and cheapness of the holland, I believe I am chiefly obliged to Mrs. Dayrolles, and I beg you will give my compliments and thanks to her.

You say matrimony is an epidemical distemper at the Hague. Take care of yourself, my friend, and don't do a foolish thing. You are welcome to love the fair lady you mention, as much as you please; but no conjugal love, I charge you. You may trifle if you will, but let it go no further. A man of sense will love a pretty woman; but he is a simpleton who marries her merely because she is pretty.

Adieu, my dear chevalier. I am, upon my honor, very sincerely,
Your, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your uncle.

LET-

Adieu, chevalier. Craignez Dieu, divertissez-vous, et beuvez frais autant que faire se pourra.
Je serai toujours Votre, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T R E I V .

A U M Ê M E .

A Londres, ce 3 Dec. V.S. 1734.

MON CHER CHEVALIER,

JE reçois dans ce moment votre lettre; et le capitaine Brett m'a fait dire que dans deux ou trois jours je recevrai les autres deux douzaines de chemises. Je suis très-content de celles que j'ai déjà, et je vous suis très-obligé de la peine que vous avez prise à ce sujet; quoiqu'à dire la vérité, vû la bonté de la toile, et le bon marché, je crois en être redevable aux soins de madame Dayrolles, à qui vous voudrez bien faire mes complimens et mes remercimens.

Vous dites que le mariage est un mal épidémique à la Haye; prenez y donc bien garde, mon ami, et ne faites point de sottises. Aimez la princesse en question tant qu'il vous plaira; mais point d'un amour conjugal, s'il vous plait. Badinez, badinez; mais restez en là. Un honnête homme aime bien une jolie personne; mais ce n'est qu'un nigaud, qui l'épouse uniquement parcequ'elle est jolie.

Adieu, mon cher chevalier; je suis sur mon honneur très-véritablement Votre, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

Mes complimens à votre oncle.

L E T

L E T T E R V.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Jan. 23, O.S. 1739.

DEAR CHEVALIER,

I MAKE you no compliments of condolence upon the death of your uncle; for, though I loved him very well, I love you better, and you are now easy and independent. I intended to have executed your commission to lord Harrington; but I happened first to see Horace Walpole, who I thought might prove more serviceable to you in this affair, than the other: accordingly I spoke to him; and he told me he had received a letter from you to the same effect, and that he would take care of the whole affair. The only difficulty, he apprehended, was with relation to your plate, if it happened to be of foreign make. I told him that, as well as I remembered, it was English.

Pray take care to keep well with your aunt, who, I am informed, has a good deal left in her own power. Tell me what disposition your uncle made, what you have got, what you intend to do, and when you come here; for I interest myself really in whatever concerns you, and am sincerely,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

L E T T E R VI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 4, O. S. 1747.

MR. RESIDENT,

I HAVE finished your affair this morning: it went easy; and you must go very soon. Come to town immediately upon the receipt of this, and wind up your own private bottoms as well as you can in the mean time; for you must go on Friday. *Je vous en félicite. Adieu.*

C. *

L E T T E R VII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 9, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received your two last separate letters of the 13th and 16th, N. S. and thank you for the informations they give me. * * * *

You did right in putting yourself in the prince of Orange's way, and at the same time in not obtruding yourself upon him for a private audience. Whenever you have one, give him all possible assurances of my attachment; but keep to generals, unless before that time I should send you some parti-

* Lord Chesterfield was at this time secretary of state for the Northern Department,

cular

cular instructions. I find by what Ligonier said to you, that the French have that superiority which I apprehended they would have; and I own that I dislike the prospect in Flanders, for I cannot think that *marêchal de Saxe* has brought the French king to the army, to be either a spectator of inaction, or to attempt what he has not a moral certainty of succeeding in. The king, I can assure you, approves of your office letters: so continue to write in that manner, and put in every circumstance relative to the affairs of the republic, though seemingly trifling. As for what you hear from other quarters of Europe, you will insert it or not, in proportion as you give credit to it, or as you think it deserves notice. The application, concerning the ship *Eendraght*, you should have put in your office letter, because that now the memorial will appear in the office, without any letter relative to it. Therefore put all those sort of things for the future in your office letters. Without complimenting your honor, you do extremely well; and an experienced minister could not have done better.

Vos pareils à deux fois ne se font pas connoître,
Et pour leurs coups d'essai, veulent des coups de maître (a).

I need not tell you, that I love you sincerely, and am convinced of your attachment to

Yours,

C.

(a) Two verses of Corneille's *Cid*, which may be rendered thus:
Such forward talents no improvement need;
Their first attempts are master-strokes indeed.

L E T T E R VIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, June 16, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I ACKNOWLEDGE at once your two separate letters of the 20th and 23d, N. S.

You answered the princess royal very well, when she recommended monsieur de la Millerie to you; and, when you have an opportunity, acquaint her (with my most humble respects) that I will not fail to put lord Harrington frequently in mind of her royal highness's orders, but, however, without answering for the success.

As the prince has lately spoke to you as freely as usual, it is very probable that his former coolness was through inadvertency or *distraction* only. At least, seem to think so.

Far from disliking the dissolution of the parliament, I approved of, and promoted it, as much as any body, and do think it a very right measure, as will appear, I dare say, by the majority which we shall have in the new one. Our enemies have not time to work, nor money to work with, as they would have had if this parliament had died a year hence of a natural death. * * * * *

If the Dutch will declare war, it will be now, that the French have embargoed their ships. I conceive why the prince does not care to press them

to it; but I don't conceive why those, who wish well, and who have spirit, don't do it of themselves. * *

* * * * *

Don't distrust yourself, for upon my word you do perfectly well. Good night.

P. S. I send you the inclosed from poor Chataigné my page: if you can do him any service, by speaking in his behalf to any of the prince's people, pray do.

L E T T E R IX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, June 23, O. S. 1747.

DÉAR DAYROLLES,

AS the letters of the 30th, N. S. are not yet come in, I have little to say to you by this post; and should hardly have written, but that I love to write to you, because I know that you love to hear from me.

I expect bad news every day from Italy, and wish more than I hope for good news from Flanders. Something, I think, must soon happen there.

I have had a very satisfactory letter from Mr. Harte, and am convinced there has been no gaming at all in the case. However, when you hear from Mr. de Bochat or madam, in answer to the letter you write, pray send me their letters. A propos of
monieur

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. VIII. IX. X. 19
monfieur de Bochat, pray tell me in what way I can
reward him, for the lectures that he has read to the
boy. Should I fend him money, how much? If no
money, what muft I prefent him with, and to about
what value? Tell me without referve. Make my
fincereft compliments to your aunt. Good night.

C.

LETTER X.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 3, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED by the laft mail your letter of the
7th, N. S. and though I have very little time
to-night, yet I would not omit acquainting you,
that the hints, which I gave you in one of my for-
mer letters, are now ufelefs. * * * * *

I thank you for the account, which you fent me
from Laufanne, though I can't fay that it gives me
great comfort. I fhall hint nothing of it to the boy*,
while he ftays at Laufanne, that he may neither
accufe nor fufpect any body there of being my infor-
mer; but, as foon as he is at Leipfig, he fhall re-
ceive *des mercuriales* (reproofs) upon all thofe points.

I own I am in great pain for the Dutch frontier,
Bergen-op-zoom, Breda, or Bois-le-duc; but chiefly
the two firft, being, I am convinced, the object of

* Philip Stanhope, lord Chefterfield's natural fon.

the French, which, if they succeed in, the consequence is but too plain. Pray tell me, what you take to be the whole force of prince Saxe Hildbourg-hausen's corps.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 17, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I SHALL take it ill of you, and look upon it as contempt, if you are not in a damn'd passion at me, for not having writ to you these two posts; but I have really been so entirely taken up with the political puzzle, which we have been in, that I have not had a minute's time to pay my separate duty to you. * * * * *

Lord Sandwich embarks for Holland on Sunday night, or Monday morning at farthest. After his arrival, I cannot find in my heart to refuse you your visit to Ubbergue*, where I wish I could attend you, and where I desire you would present my respects *a toute quante*. But I would have you contrive to set out on some Wednesday morning, and

* The country-seat of count Welderen's family in the province of Gueyderland.

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. X. XI. XII. 21
return to the Hague on the Monday night, or the
Tuesday morning following, by which means you
will miss but one post; and so we heartily wish you
farewell for to-night.

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I have this minute received yours of the
25th, by the last paragraph of which I find you are
a little angry, but not angry enough.

LETTER XII.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 31, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 4th of August,
N. S. but I have so little to say to you by this
post, that it is only the satisfaction, which I have in
writing to you, makes me write to-night. * * *

I have writ to Mr. Harte to inquire at Laufanne
of some of monsieur de Bochat's friends, in what
way to make him a compliment for the trouble he
has been at, and to act accordingly, and likewise to
make some present to monsieur de Brenles, when
they leave Laufanne, which will now be very soon,
for I have ordered them to be at Leipfig by Michael-
mas, N. S. As they will therefore leave Laufanne

in three weeks, I shall be obliged to you, if you will write to monsieur de Brenles in about a fortnight, to desire that he will send you in the utmost confidence, but with the greatest freedom, the intire analysis of the boy's heart, mind, and manners; which in all this time he must know thoroughly, having seen him every day, and in his unguarded hours. It will be of infinite use for me to know all these particulars. I have not yet mentioned, either to the boy or Mr. Harte, any thing of what madame de Bochat writ to you, that they might not suspect from whence it came, or endeavour to fish it out. But as soon as they are got to Leipzig, they shall hear of it with a vengeance, but so, as that it shall be impossible for them to guess from whence I had it.

I am astonished at the not sending prince Waldeck's corps into the lines of Bergen-op-zoom, where they would, with those troops that were in the lines before, have formed a strength, which might probably have saved the town; whereas, divided as they are, I fear that neither corps is strong enough separately for any purpose. Adieu.

Yours,

C

LET.

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 11, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES *,

I WAS in doubt, whether I should write to you to-night or not, it being doubtful, whether by this time you have a head upon your shoulders or not. But, upon mature deliberation, I determined to write eventually, knowing, that at worst, my letter would by no means be the first that had been sent to a minister without a head. I confess the hopes which I have, that the French will raise the siege of Bergen-op-zoom, arise from the apprehensions which they may entertain of you and the bishop of Raphoe; for otherwise, I see no one thing, that should induce them to it.

I suspect that the bishop of Raphoe has an eye to the bishoprick of Munster, upon the death of the elector of Cologne, and means to shew that he will do as well as Bernard Van Galen (a).

I am persuaded, that the new tax †, [from which
such

* An excursion of M. Dayrolles to Bergen-op-zoom with the bishop of Raphoe (Twissden) was the occasion of this letter.

(a) The warlike bishop of Munster, who twice laid siege to his capital, and was so active in the Dutch war of the year 1672.

† This tax, under the name of *Liberal Gift* or *Don Gratuit*, was raised in a very extraordinary manner. Large cases or trunks were placed in all the town-houses in the province of Holland, in which,

such sums are expected, will either not be laid, from the opposition it will meet with; or, if laid, will hardly be collected without the assistance of dragoons. In my opinion, when Bergen-op-zoom shall be taken, the consternation will be universal in the republic, and the tone of the most sanguine will be altered. Williamstadt or Zealand will fall next; and then what ground our troops will have to stand upon, and where they will find quarters, I am at a loss to guess. I am even in pain for their existence, after the town shall be taken.

I have signed your bill of extraordinaries. Pray what becomes of Kreuningen? Is he not frightened out of his wits? Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

C.

all persons, whose whole capital did not amount to less than 2000 florins, were obliged to deposit upon oath, either in cash, obligations of the state, or plate, to the value of at least 2 *per cent.* of whatever they possessed, either in cash, land, jewels, plate, pictures, obligations, employments, &c. nothing but household goods and wearing apparel to be excepted. They were also obliged to swear, that in case they should afterwards find out, that they had not paid in their quotas, according to a true and just evaluation of all their effects, they would faithfully make it up again, to the best of their knowledge.

The sum produced by this heavy imposition was kept a profound secret, and never came to the knowledge of the world with any certainty. However, there is good reason to think, that the amount of the same did not fall short of twenty-two millions of florins, viz. two millions sterling, in the single province of Holland. The public debt of that province alone, at that time, was computed at forty millions sterling.

LET-

L E T T E R XIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 21, O.S 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very glad to find the cannon-balls, bombs, shells, and mines, which you went to visit at Bergen-op zoom, received you so civilly, as to give you all the entertainment they could afford, without playing you those tricks, which they are apt to do to those with whom they are more familiar. In short, you are well off, and I am glad of it.

I think, as you do, that the town must fall, and soon, it being impossible for the whole army to march to its relief: at least the duke is convinced of it, though I find that the prince of Orange is of a contrary opinion. That is not, I doubt, the only point, upon which they differ.

I see the 2 *per cent.* tax is not yet laid, and that the states of Holland are separated to deliberate upon it. I own, I much doubt, whether it will be laid; and still more, whether it will be levied if laid. Adieu.

L E T.

L E T T E R XV,

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 25, O. S. 1747,

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * The taking of the Russians is, in my mind, eventually a right step, provided we make the right use of it; that is, to treat seriously of peace, with force in our hands for war. For I am convinced, that every thing that does not tend to a peace, is absurd, and will in the end prove fatal.

I have no opinion of your new tax; and though it may be laid, I believe it will be so lamely collected, that it will not produce any thing like what is proposed. Pray tell me what impartial people think of it.

Don't be distrustful of yourself; for every body here allows, that it is impossible to do better than you have done. So good night.

Yours,

C,

LET-

L E T T E R XVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 11, O.S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DON'T acknowledge separately the several letters, which I have received from you since my last, as you are sensible that I must have received them, and have not always time to answer them.

* * * arrived here the day before yesterday; but what his business is, is yet a secret to me. * * * *
* * * * * He talks more extravagantly than ever poor lord * * * * did. Bergen-op-zoom is no loss, the Dutch have more resources than they want; and though they should lose a province or two this year, they will recover that and a great deal more the next. * * * * * *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*
(Adieu, my dear child.)

C.

L E T T E R XVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 22, O.S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I am concerned for the public, which I take to be in a very dangerous situation; as to myself in particular, I am extremely easy.

easy. I will continue in public life, while I can do it with honor; and, when I cannot, I shall enjoy private life with pleasure, and I hope some reputation. The republic talks and looks big; but neither does, nor I fear can act up to it. And how they will repel the dangers of this year, by the force which they are to raise the next, I am at a loss to discover.

I have spoke to Mr. Pelham about your payment, and will take care that you shall be paid as soon as, or sooner than, any other foreign minister; and more you must not expect, for a very strong reason, which is, that there is not money.

The parliament will meet the second week in November; till when the town will continue as empty as it is now, and I never knew it emptier. My only amusement is my new house, which has now taken some form, both within and without. There is but one disagreeable circumstance that attends it, which is the expence. Adieu.

L E T T E R XVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Oct. 2, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

INCLOSED is a letter for Mr. de Bochet (*a*), which I desire that you will direct properly, and forward to him; for the proper titles are of great

(*a*) A professor of history and civil law in the university of Lausanne, whose lectures young Mr. Stanhope attended.

importance

importance all over Germany. My letter is an answer to a very civil one, which you sent from him, and at the same time conveys my thanks for his book (*a*), which, as far as I have read, is, I think, an excellent one. He gives me in the main a good character of the boy, and he has very kindly wrote to professor Mascow (*b*), to inform him previously of what the boy does or does not know, of his dispositions, character, &c. all which it is right that the professor should know before-hand, in order to take his measures the better. * * * * *

Though things go now smoothly, and to the wish of the stadtholder in Holland, I suspect that they will not long continue to do so. The heads, that govern now, are too hot for the old ones that are to obey; and I foresee that the string will be pulled till it breaks.

Make my compliments to your aunt. Yours most faithfully,

C.

(*a*) *Critical researches into the ancient state of the Helvetic body, with an account of the monuments of antiquity found in Switzerland.* That gentleman had published, ten years before, a critical and political enquiry into the origin of the custom of letting national troops to various powers practised by the Swiss cantons.

(*b*) Professor of laws at Leipfic.

LET-

L E T T E R XIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 16. O.S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU allow me the privilege of a busy man; which is, not to write, when he has not time to do it; and that of a lazy man, which is, not to write, when he has not a mind to it; but for the two last posts I claim the privilege of a sick man, for I have had confounded rheumatic pains in my shoulder, for which I have been let blood, physicked, and confined, but I am now pretty well again:

* * * * *

Has Kreuningen paid his two *per cent.* and survived it? Have you seen your old friend? *Bon soir.*

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R XX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 1, O.S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Received but last Sunday yours of the 1st N. S. and there are now two more posts due from Holland.

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Though

Though your correspondence cannot, in this season of inaction, be so informing as at other times, it is still the correspondence of a friend; and I value much more what the heart dictates, than what occurrences supply. So write on, when you have leisure; and depend upon your letters being equally welcome to me, however full of, or free from, news. Chetwynd * tells me that you have some doubts, whether you should regularly write your office-letters or not, as you have not great variety of materials for them at present. That is none of your fault. * * * *

* * * * But, however, I can tell you that the king reads your letters with great attention, and is very well pleased with them; therefore continue by all means, and insert every thing that comes to your knowledge. His majesty loves to hear the little occurrences of every place. * * * *

Pray endeavour to get me an exact account of all the troops now in the service of the republic; distinguishing those that were there before the election of the stadthouder, and those which have been raised since; and likewise an account of the prisoners still in the possession of the French. This account, I know, you can hardly get in any other shape, but that of bataillons and squadrons; but, however, I desire you will accompany it with the best-grounded conjecture that you can form of the real number of effective men, to which that whole establishment amounts.

* William Chetwynd, esq. under secretary of state in the Northern department.

As the world goes, I am not displeased with monsieur de Brenles's (a) account of the boy; and, to tell you the truth, it is better than I expected. I agree with you, that Leipzig is not the place to give him that *bon ton*, which I know he wants; but then consider, that he can acquire that *bon ton*, no where but in mixed companies, and in the pleasures of people of fashion at courts, which if he were to taste of so young as he is now, there would be an end of all studies. And he still wants a foundation in several sciences, which he will lay better at Leipzig than any where else. He will there make himself master of the German language, the history and constitution of the empire, some Grotius, some civil law, and other things, which he must either learn now or never. It is true, that in all this time he will contract a little German dirt; but that is easier rubbed off, especially at his age, than English dirt. Turin will effectually do that; and Paris shall give, at last, the true varnish.

Harte writes me word, that the boy really works hard, and has barely time to eat, drink, and sleep. In all the vacations, he is to go to Dresden; which will do some good to his manners.

Adieu.

(a) The gentleman at whose house young Stanhope was a boarder at Lausanne.

L E T T E R XXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 14, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received your letter of the 19th, N. S. Your account of the inefficiency of the government in Holland is, I am convinced, very true, and I have the same from various hands. Much talking, and very little doing, sanguine folly without force, and obstinacy without judgment. Maréchal de Lowendahl will, I believe, soon talk in a much more effectual manner to Zealand or Breda, though I should rather think the latter; as it is easier, and with regard to England of more importance.

If count Nassau will break bones, I presume he will begin with Rodriguez's *. It is a most scandalous article:

I have spoke again about your payment, and have had fair promises:

I have not yet received *Memnon* (a); have you read *Angola* (b)? It is very prettily written. By the first opportunity of a courier, I shall send Kreuningen a cargo of pamphlets, though we have had no good ones of late. *Adieu, mon enfant.*

* The writer of the Cologn Gazette.

(a) One of Voltaire's philosophical tales.

(b) A very licentious novel, written in the style of Crébillon.

L E T T E R XXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, O. S. 1747.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received your two last letters, and likewise *Memnon*. I always like the former; but, to tell you the truth, I do not so much admire the latter as Kreuningen does, who tells me that he *devoured* it. I have sent him a load of bad books and pamphlets, by his particular order; for none good have appeared here of late. Pray make him my compliments and my excuses for not having yet answered his letter, which I will do soon.

By what you tell me, and by what I hear from other hands, there is much talking and little doing at the Hague; whereas the French, though they love talking as well as other people, seem to be doing, as I fear we shall soon find. I am called away. Good-night, dear Dayrolles.

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 12, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THREE mails, which came in together, brought me two letters from you; the case of good things, of which it is often said, that but two
 6 of

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XXII. XXIII. XXIV. 35
of them come over in three ships. The abbé de la
Ville's letter, for I am sure it is his, is but superficial;
he might have made more of the subject; but, how-
ever, it is prettily writ. * * *

Whether the tone of that court be peace or war, it
differs only in point of time; for a peace there will
necessarily be. If prudence makes it soon, it will be
so much the better; but if sanguine folly delays it,
necessity will, before it is long, make it, and make
a damn'd bad one. We have not, nor can have,
any force to look the French in the face with, till the
middle of the campaign; before which time, they
will have struck their stroke, and the republic will
beg, instead of refusing, a peace.

I have desired Kreuningen to send me any good
new French books that come out, and to give them to
you, who will pay him for them, and transmit them
to me. And I insist upon your sending me the
account, that I may pay you. Our booksellers here
import no books worth two-pence. * * * * *

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS letter goes to you, in that confidence,
which I always shall, and know that I safely
may, place in you. And you will therefore not let
one word of it transpire.

D 2

What

What * * * wrote to * * * I believe will; nay, I
 am sure must, prove true. * * *
 * * *

I tell you very truly, I long for rest and quiet, equally necessary to my present state, both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease, and preserve my character. I have gone through pleasures, while my constitution and my spirits would allow me. Business succeeded them; and I have now gone through every part of it, without liking it at all the better for being acquainted with it. Like many other things, it is most admired by those who know it the least. And this one consideration would alone disgust one of it, even if one had the sole power; which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy, and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merit. Thus weary of business, you will easily imagine, that in retiring from my present business, I shall not engage in any other; but far from embarking upon any account in cabals and opposition, whenever I do take any part in the house of lords, it shall be in support of the government. Do not think neither that I mean a sullen retirement from the world; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself. What day I shall resign the seals is not yet fixed: therefore, I desire that you will not, upon any account, mention one word of
 this

this letter, or give the least intimation to any one living, that you know any thing of this resolution. As I know the warmth of your friendship for me, and at the same time the warmth of your temper, I most earnestly recommend to you; nay, I insist upon your being discreet, when this event shall become public. There are those at the Hague, who will be glad to lay hold of any little slip of yours, in order to do you an injury: disappoint them by your discretion, and say nothing more upon it than that you knew that my health required exercise, and my temper quiet; and that you know too, that whenever I can, as a private man, be of any use to the king or to the public, I shall act the same out of place as I should have done in. This conduct I shall look upon as a proof of your friendship, and not of your coolness for me. As I shall always have a satisfaction in hearing from you, write to me from time to time as usual.

* * * * *

Adieu for this time, my dear Dayrolles; and be convinced that, knowing as I do your merit, your good heart, your truth, and your affection, I shall, though hereafter a very useless one, be ever your

Very faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 9, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

L*E sort est jetté* (the die is cast): you receive this letter from a sincere friend, but not from a secretary of state; and I know you to be so true a friend too, that I am sure you value it more in the former character than in the latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals into the king's hands, who parted with me in the most gracious manner possible. My health, my spirits, and my character, all concurred in this measure, and made it absolutely necessary for me. I retire without any personal quarrel with any man whatsoever; and if I disapproved of measures, it was by no means upon account of their authors. Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my power, support the king and his government; which I can do with more advantage to them, and more honour to myself, when I do not receive five thousand pounds a-year for doing it. I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures; the hurry and plague of business, either in or out of court, succeeded, and continued till now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life, quiet, liberty,

liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement I mean solitude and misanthropy; far from it, my philosophy, as you know, is of a chearful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends, will divide my time pretty equally; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall chuse it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical: on the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove; but, alas! not so amorous. At least, whatever else you find me, you will always find me with the truest affection,

Your, &c.

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to my baron, and thank him both for his books and his letters: I will do it myself very soon.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Feb. 23, O. S. 1748.

ME voici, mon cher enfant (here I am, my dear boy), enjoying liberty and idleness, but attended with a great cold, which I got upon the road, in the coldest weather, and the deepest snow,

D 4

that

that I ever remember. This has hindered me from drinking the waters hitherto; but that is no great matter, as I came here more for the sake of quiet, and absence from London, while I was the only subject of conversation there, than for any great occasion that I had for the waters.

Without affectation, I feel most sensibly the comforts of my present free and quiet situation; and if I had much vanity in my composition, of which I really think that I have less than most people, even that vanity would be fully gratified, by the voice of the public upon this occasion. But, upon my word, all the busy tumultuous passions have subsided in me; and that not so much from philosophy, as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes, both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pulleys and dirty ropes, which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow-candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

Since my resignation, my brother, as you will have seen in the news-papers, is appointed commissioner of the admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling, and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this post; and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather as it was the king's own doing.

George

George Stanhope * too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him; so that it seems I have a much better interest out of place than I had in.

All goes well at Leipzig; the boy applies and improves more than I expected. Count and countess Flemming, who saw him there, and who carried him to the dutchess of Courlande's, gave me a very good account of him; and assured me, that he was by no means the aukward English oaf, but *passablement décrotté* (tolerably polished). He shall stay there a year longer, and then go to Turin. If you should accidentally hear, or can procure, any memoirs of his private character, pray let me know them.

Remember the cautions which I gave you in one of my former letters. When lord Sandwich goes to the congress, you will have a great deal to do, and play a considerable part, at the Hague; which I know you are able to acquit yourself of very well. This, I think, will put you *en train d'être monsieur l'envoyé*, upon lord Sandwich's return to his post here, which will be before it is very long; for, however little peace is at present intended, necessity will soon make it by the means of the *maréchaux de Saxe et Lowendabl*; and then, being upon the place, I think you may reasonably ask, and probably obtain, the character and appointments of envoy. * * *

May you have all you wish!

Adieu, yours,

C.

* Brother to earl Stanhope.

L E T T E R XXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, March 22, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM now returned from the Bath in a state of health, which I have not known of some years, and which is owing to quiet of mind and exercise of body. I am now master of my own time, and of my own motions. I do whatever I please, whenever I please, and am mightily pleased with it. * * *

I lay no great stress upon * * * remaining at the Hague, which I do not think is with any other design but only to be the channel of a certain correspondence. *A propos* of that correspondence, * * * has confessed the impotence of the republic; has owned that they are disappointed in their levies, and has desired to borrow twelve hundred thousand pounds, or at least a million sterling, without which he says that the republic must be inevitably ruined. When the king heard the purport of his commission, he said, *Chesterfield told me six months ago that it would be so.* As to his loan of a million at least, he has been told, that, if he can get it, *à la bonne heure* (so much the better), but that it is not very likely that he should, when our own loan is at five *per cent.* discount, and when it is very doubtful whether the further payments will be made at all. At last he came down

down to beg for God's sake, that we would, at least, take the whole expence of the Russians upon ourselves, for that the republic cannot possibly pay the share that they had stipulated. What answer he has received to that request I do not yet know. Money was never so scarce in the city, nor the stocks so low, even during the rebellion, as now; which you, as a money'd man, certainly know. Twelve *per cent.* is offered for money, and even that will not do. And if there is not a certainty of peace in three or four months at furthest, an entire stagnation of all credit, if not a bankruptcy, is universally expected.

Could you buy me two hogsheads of superlative good claret at Palairer's, or any where else, and send it me over by some English ship, as you know the act of navigation requires? I would have it of the first growth, and a strong body. I trust to your distinguishing palate for the quality of it. I am in no sort of haste for it, so that you may take your own time to taste, consult, and at last fix. Only do not send me any, unless you can be sure of sending me what is extremely good.

Make my compliments to our friend when you see him. I am heartily glad of Wolters's new employment (*a*).

Yours affectionately,

C.

(*a*) Agent to his Britannic majesty at Rotterdam, a gentleman of uncommon merit, and generally beloved both by his own countrymen and the Dutch. He died a few years ago.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVIII,

TO THE SAME.

London, April 8, O.S. 1748,

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE my last to you I have received your two letters with their inclosures, which were a letter and a duplicate from madame de St. Gille at Madrid. She wants to have a certain Spanish prisoner exchanged, and, thinking me still in office, applies to me for it. I have, however, got it done, as I inform her in the inclosed; which I desire that you will forward to her some way or other. The safest way, I believe, will be to give it to the marquis del Puerto's secretary. It may give you an opportunity, if you have a mind, to send her something tender from yourself; for I remember you was one of her lovers.

When the treasury meets after easter, Mr. Pelham has promised me that you shall be paid every shilling that is due to you, so that then you will be out of debt. I hope you take care to live within your appointments, and to lay up all your own, that in case of any *revers* you may not be a loser by your commission. * * * *

The deliberations about the christening (*a*), and the magnificence and profusion of it, were surely *dé-placés* (improper) at this time; at least it is thought so here, unless it proceeded from a resolution of dying merrily. Your end seems to me to be near. Maastricht, I am persuaded, will be taken in a fortnight

(*a*) Of the stadtholder's son, now his successor.

de tranchée ouverte; and after that there is not any one place that can hold out a week. Marèchal Lowendahl's leaving his former destination of Breda and Zeeland, in order to join the grand army, convinces me, that something more is intended there than the taking of Maestricht; and I dread the next letters from Holland, bringing us an account of the duke's army being cut off in the whole, or in part. All my predictions are now verifying too fast. * * *

* * * * * Our army, which was, according to their calculation, to consist of 192,000 men, is actually weaker than it was last year; and that peace, which the republic will in a few weeks be obliged to sign upon the drum head, will be such a one, as will prove how much those were in the right, who were for treating last year upon the foot of marèchal de Saxe's proposals to Ligonier.

Here is a pamphlet come out entitled my *Apology* (a), which I will send to my baron, with a bundle of other pamphlets, by the first opportunity; and he will shew it you. It makes a very great noise here, as you will easily conceive that it must when you read it. Many people really believe, and many desire that it should be believed, to have been written by my direction at least: but, upon my word and honour, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in it, that I do not so much as guess at the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out. * * * * *

(a) *An apology for a late resignation, in a letter from an English gentleman to his friend at the Hague.* London, 1748. 8vo.

Pray do not buy me any claret till you hear further from me ; for I am lately informed, that there is great difficulty in importing it here, even in an English bottom. But in the mean time you may be tasting eventually if you please. * * * * *

It is time to finish this letter. Good-night then, my dear Dayrolles.

Yours faithfully,

C,

L E T T E R XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 19, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 19th N. S. The situation of the republic is now exactly what six months ago I foresaw, and foretold it would be ; there was indeed no conjuration in that prediction, nothing having happened since, that was not the necessary effect of causes well known then. * * *

If you should by accident know or hear of a *Vander Pol*, pray let the person know, that I am very much obliged to him for his correspondence, which is very instructive ; and that I beg he will continue it. I do not know who he is ; and if you should, do not send me his name in a letter by the post ; for
I know

I know that most letters from, and to, me are opened.

I am not yet able to guess who wrote my apology, which I am the more surprized at, as it must be somebody pretty well informed, all the facts being very near true. An answer to it is advertised, but not yet published. I am impatient to see it, that I may know, as I easily shall when I read it, whether it is written by order or not; if it is not, I shall not meddle with it; but, if it is, it shall have a reply.

Pray tell my baron, that I have received his letter, and will answer it before it is long. He will be able to send me all the little French books that come out, when marechal de Saxe, with his army, shall be at the Hague; for then all the French officers will be at the baron's levee, and glad to shew him those little civilities.

The duke of Devonshire will, I believe, resign soon, and be succeeded by the duke of Marlborough. Adieu, dear Dayrolles :

Yours sincerely,

C.

LET.

L E T T E R X X X .

T O T H E S A M E .

London, May 3, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

MY prophecy, as you observe, was fulfilled *sonica*, which I heartily congratulate both you and myself upon, for, had not that part of my predictions come to pass in the moment that it did, the other part would, which was inevitable ruin. Had not the French politely signed the preliminaries when they did, but resolved to profit of the advantages which they had in their hands, we were undone. Most people here are astonished at the moderation of the French court, and cannot account for it from any known rules of policy. Deep and profound historians, who must assign some great and political cause for every event, will likewise, I believe, be at a loss to assign such a one for this. But I, who am apt to take things in a more simple light, and to seek for their causes more in the weaknesses than in the wisdom of mankind, account for it in this manner. The king of France is a quiet, unambitious prince, was weary of the war, and particularly of a camp life, which, as he had once adopted, he could not well lay aside while the war lasted. The French courtiers are not so unskilful, as not to advise what they know their prince wishes, no matter whether it be consistent with, or contrary to, the public interest.

* * * * *

I do

I do not wonder in the least at the general joy, which you tell me is expressed at the Hague upon this occasion, from the princess and the baron, to the fisherman at Scheveling. * * * * *

When you happen to see *l'ami of Amsterdam*, tell him, pray, that I am obliged to him and his *ami*, and that I hope they will continue to let me hear from them. In the hand and the other circumstances in which they write, the devil cannot discover them here; all the care that is necessary is only to put their own letters privately into the post.

I believe the king will set out from hence next Saturday seven-night; I suppose that you will be at Helvoet to meet him, where I desire that you will be particularly attentive to do lady Yarmouth any services that you can; she deserves them from us both, being much my friend, and yours.

Adieu, mon enfant; portez-vous bien.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 13, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU answered the prince of Orange's question, concerning me, perfectly well; far from blaming the peace, I am heartily glad that it is made. I was for making it sooner, and consequently better. I foresaw and foretold our weakness this campaign,
 Vol. IV. E and

and would have prevented, by a timely negotiation last October, those evident dangers to which it must necessarily expose us, and which we have escaped more by our good fortune than our wisdom. I may add, that my resignation made this peace, as it opened people's eyes with relation to the imminent dangers of the war. * * * * * The republic is saved by it from utter ruin; and England from bankruptcy.

The king sets out this night or to-morrow morning for Holland, attended only by Mr. Stone. It is given out that the duke of Newcastle is to follow in three weeks: but that is only given out, but not intended; for I have reason to be pretty sure that he will not go at all. The king would not let either of the secretaries go to Hanover: but as the duke of Bedford has strongly solicited to go, in case the duke of Newcastle did not, it is to be said, that the latter is to go, in order to put off the former without offence.

Sir Matthew Decker goes in the yacht with Stone, and will be some time at the Hague, where I desire that you will do him all the service, and shew him all the civilities, that you can. * * * *

Lord Sandwich has asked leave to come over here for a little time upon account of his own private affairs.

I have heard of no new minister named for the Hague; but I am told that there is to be one. I should guess lord Fane, who solicits much to go to Spain, but has been refused. The duke of Richmond,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XXXI. XXXII. 51
mond, I believe, will go to Paris as ambassador for
the representation part, which part he will certainly
do well.

Yours most truly,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 10, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I WAS glad to find by your last, that the king
and you are so well together; though, if you are to
be demolished, that intimacy will not serve you. An
ambassador will certainly be sent to the Hague; but
who it will be, I have not yet discovered; nor do I
believe that it is settled. Should it be one person,
whom I am apt to suspect, I will answer for your
being very well with him, and for his doing
you all the service he can. The duke of Newcastle
will be with you about the same time that this letter
will; he relies upon your doing every thing for him
at the Hague: you may easily guess what a hurry he
will be in, in this beginning of his travels; there-
fore be officious about him. * * * * *

I have had a letter from sir Matthew Decker full
of your praises, and of acknowledgments for your
civilities to him.

E 2

I am

I am now extremely busy in moving to my new house, where I must be before Michaelmas next; so that, between my old house and my new one, I have really no house at all. As my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murtherers, I shall have occasion for a house dog; and as madame's son and heir (*a*) puts you to the expence of board wages, it may be a conveniency to us both if you transfer him to me; if you approve of this proposal, write to your gardener (Horace and Boileau both wrote to theirs) to send him to me; and I will take care, that, by your return, you shall have a hopeful son and heir of his to succeed him.

Pray, give or send the enclosed to sir Matthew Decker, to whom I do not know where to direct. Tell my baron, that I have received his *Droit public de l'Europe* (*b*); that is, the first volume of it. As far as I have gone yet, I like it mightily. I hope he will send me all the other volumes. I will write to him soon. Good-night.

Yours most truly,

(*a*) A dog, which was called Baron Trenck, from a famous captain of freebooters, employed in the service of the queen of Hungary; and no less distinguished by his bravery, than by his violences exercised upon friends and foes, for which he was called to an account, and condemned to a perpetual confinement.

(*b*) A very good book, on the political interests and claims of the European powers; by abbé Mably.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 24, O.S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very glad of what you tell me has passed between you and his grace; which, together with the trouble and expence that he has put you to, ties him down at least not to suffer you to be hurt. * *

* * * * *

Pray, how was lady Yarmouth to you? I suppose particularly civil: she has promised me to do you all the service that she can; but that indeed is not much: I wish her power were equal to her good-will.

Lord Delawar and lord Anson talk of nothing here, but of the delicacy of your table, your manner of doing the honors of it, &c. You are in the right to exert upon this occasion; but take care, however, not to run in debt; for times of bad payment may come, and in that case a small debt would soon run up to a great one. You will laugh at my preaching œconomy to you.

The mob in Holland, I see, has got the better, and abolished the farms; which will be attended with many inconveniencies to the government, though the farms were attended with some relatively to the people. I suppose, that the scheme of the pensionary Slingelandt will now be taken up; and it is undoubtedly the best. But be it ever so good, any point, how-

ever right in itself, when extorted by the violence of the mob, is a dangerous precedent, and encourages those gentlemen to further demands, which at last can only be refused by regular force. And I prophecy, that you will see, before you leave the Hague, the now-quieted mob in motion again upon some other occasion.

Baron Trenck arrived this morning, and seems to be a very civil gentleman: your gardener, a man of gravity and dignity, assures me, that his taste for mutton has left him; and that there are few Surrey gentlemen so well behaved as he is; which I can very easily believe.

I cannot tell you by the post, who the person was, whom I hinted at as a candidate for the embassy to the Hague. Lord Holderneffe is the person strongly solicited for from your side of the water. Should it be he, I think he would chuse to live well with you; but, should it be the other, I would be bound for him, that he would be your friend, in consideration of your being mine.

Yours faithfully,

C.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, July 2, 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LORD Pulteney will give you this letter: he is going to Leipsig for some time, and will not stay long at the Hague; but during his stay there, you will oblige me in obliging him. Pray, present him to the prince and princess of Orange, and air him at the assemblies.

My boy goes next spring to Turin to be *décrotté*, which I am told he wants a good deal. Sir Charles Williams writes me word, that he is very handsome, but very awkward, has a great deal of knowledge, but no manners. *Il faut remédier à cela à Turin, et à Paris, après quoi vous y mettrez la dernière main (a).*

I go to Cheltenham to-morrow for a fortnight or three weeks, not for any present want of health, but by way of preservative against the autumn, when I am apt to have fevers. Good-night. Mademoiselle * * * does not love you better than I do.

Yours,

C.

(a) This must be mended at Turin and Paris, and you'll put the finishing hand to it.

L E T T E R XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Cheltenham, July 18, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I do not see that things tend to quiet in the republic; the people, having now carried one point *, will want twenty more; of which the stadthouder must refuse at least nineteen.

This use, however necessary, of his power, will exasperate those who gave it him; and the confusion which must arise from this is obvious. I thank God, I am out of the galley; but, however, I wish it fair weather, and a good voyage. I leave this place in two days for London. I have been here three weeks, and find myself much the better for the waters. In about a fortnight I shall go for a week to lord Pembroke's, at Wilton; which will be my last excursion for this year, and then I shall settle in my new house, under the protection of Baron Trenck. I hope, that by next summer, when peace shall have taken a certain consistency, you may get leave to make us both a visit. You will not, I believe, be sorry; and, upon my soul, I shall be glad. Good-night.

Yours,

C.

* The abolition of all the taxes farmed and gathered by the excise-officers, called *Pachters*.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 16, O.S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED your last while I was at Wilton, which place Pem has improved so much, that I hardly knew it again. It is now in my mind the finest seat in England. I am returned to a very empty town, which I can bear with very well; for if I have not all the company that I could like, I am at least secure from any company that I do not like; which is not the case of any one place in England but London. Besides, I have time both to read and to think; the first I like; the latter I am not, as too many are, afraid of. The rest of the day is employed in riding, and fitting up my house; which, I assure you, takes a good deal of time, now that we are come to the minute parts of finishing and furnishing.

I am very glad that the prince of Orange has carried the affair of the *posteries* *, at Amsterdam: it is a great point gained for the public, as that revenue must be very great, and much greater than it was ever owned to be while in private hands. If he will only push such points as are of an evident national

* Till this time, the management and direction of the post-office were in the hands of private persons, who had the sole benefit of the profits arising from them.

utility,

utility, he will carry them all, notwithstanding the private or public opposition of particular interests. Queen Elizabeth was, in this free country, as absolute as the sultan is in Turkey ; but then the nation was convinced, that she only desired and exerted that power, for the public good.

I cannot think that the definitive treaty will be concluded so soon as we were told it would ; and I cannot help entertaining certain suspicions, from the queen of Hungary's conduct, which I will not communicate to you by way of letter. * * * * *

Pray, tell my baron, that I have received his packet of books by signor Martinelli ; and that I am sorry that I put him both to the expence and trouble of sending me the history of the wars between France and the house of Austria ; which is an execrable one, notwithstanding my friend Rouffet's panegyric of it in his preface.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 2, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED very safe, by sir Matthew Decker, your long letter of the 23 Aug. O. S. in which you give me, what I had long desired, *l'histoire amoureuse de la Haye*. As I am personally acquainted with most of the characters, I am convinced that all the facts are true; and I particularly foresee the ruin of one family, from the ill conduct of the lady, which will not be endured when the honey-moon is over. I am now an unconcerned spectator of the transactions of the gallant, as well as of the busy, part of the world; the first from necessity, the latter from choice; so that I only inform myself of them for my amusement, without being any otherwise affected by them than as a citizen of the world. As such, I am glad that the horrors and devastations of war are now suspended; but as such too, I am sorry to foresee the moment of their revival so near as I think I do: I mean the death of the king of Sweden. If you will have my prophetic politics, here they are. I think that the queen of Hungary has made all these difficulties of coming into the definitive treaty, not in the expectation of succeeding in any one of them, but only with the intention of delaying the return of the Russians, and of forming a plan with Russia, and possibly *some princes* of the empire, for the recovery of Silesia. Upon this supposition, I expect that she will

will very soon come into the definitive treaty, in order to be able to employ all her force *elsewhere*. The death of the king of Sweden is, in my opinion, to be the signal of this northern war. The czarina will not suffer the prince successor to succeed: this prince successor is brother-in-law to the king of Prussia, who has lately, in conjunction with France, guaranteed that succession to him. Reinforcements of Russians are marched into Finland; our Russians loiter in Germany: to me the conclusion is plain.

I am glad that my old friend Vander Duyn * has got a pension, but I am astonished at the size of it. A thousand pounds a-year sounds like an English pension; *d'ailleurs*, he has a regiment of guards and a government. This is certain, that the money will not stagnate in my general's strong box, but circulate very quickly through the Hague. *A propos* of the quick circulation of species, it is fixed that lord Holdernesse is to be our ambassador to the republic. Adieu for this time, you shall hear from me more fully before it is long.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Lieutenant-general Vander Duyn, brother to Mr. de Sgrave-moer, one of the college of nobles in the province of Holland.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 23, O.S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I THANK you for your promise of a second tome of your *histoire amoureuse*, when an occasion shall present itself; for, upon my word, Petronius nor Buffy (*a*) could not write a better than your first. The winter, which will assemble every body at the Hague, will probably furnish you materials.

Your towns and provinces seem to be running a race to the goal of slavery; and they put me in mind of the nobles and commons in Denmark, who, in the last century, strove which should first get rid of their liberties. Your stadthouder must have great self-denial, or great timidity, if he is not very soon as absolute over the seven provinces as Lewis XV. is in France. For my own part, not being a Dutchman, and having no thoughts of living in Holland, I have no objection to this new-erected despotism; which, for aught I know, may make the seven provinces a better barrier for us against France than they were

(*a*) That witty, vain, and most indiscreet count wrote a satyrical account of the gallantries of the French court in the time of Lewis XIV; in which having taken unbecoming liberties with regard to his master, he was banished at a distance from Paris, and remained there several years; notwithstanding his cringing and servile efforts to recover the favour of the sovereign.

before,

before, as an absolute government is more military, and generally in a better state of defence, than a free one. Upon this principle, were I to cut and carve out Europe to my mind, I would add the other ten provinces to the present seven, and so revive the dutchy of Burgundy; which, I am sure, would make a better barrier against France, than ever those ten provinces, in the hands of the house of Austria, will prove. *A propos* of Austria, the conjectures which I have formed these four months, and which I lately hinted to you, begin, I think, to be verified. The Russians stay in Germany, which is the first point; they will certainly some how or other be juggled out of our pay and service, which is the second point; and then the third is pretty plain. *Ce n'est pas mon affaire.* (That is none of my business.) Let the northern bears worry each other as much as they please, the gazettes will be but the more entertaining, and amuse me the more, *dans mon petit boudoir*; which (by the way) will be the prettiest thing you ever saw. Nothing in the world so gay. *Il sera impossible d'y boudier; d'ailleurs, comme vous savez, je n'y suis pas naturellement trop porté.* (It will be impossible to pout in it; and, besides, you know I am not much inclined to it.)

I have spoke to Mr. Pelham about your pay; which, I believe, will be ordered very soon.

The town is now so empty, that I have no tittle-tattle to send you. The house of * * * comes here from Ireland next month; and then, I presume, that your friend, who by this time has got the full ascendant over her husband, will open her campaign with

éclat ; though these are very bad times for the female quality and gentry, it being the great fashion for our young fellows, not only to deal with, but to marry, common whores. So that the unmarried ladies can get no husbands; and the married ones none but their husbands.

Things go to the full as well as I could wish, and much better than I expected, at Leipfig : we * are absolute masters of Latin, Greek, French, and German, the last of which we write currently. We have *le droit public de l'empire*, (the public law of the empire,) history and geography, ready ; so that, in truth, now we only want rubbing and cleaning. We begin for that purpose with Berlin at Christmas next ; Vienna at lady-day ; and the academy at Turin, at midsummer; for a whole year. Then to Paris. If at any of these places it should fall in your way, by letter or verbal recommendation, to help us, I am very sure that you will ; for I never doubt of any marks of your friendship to the most faithful of your friends.

CHESTERFIELD.

* This alludes to Mr. Philip Stanhope, who was then at Leipfig.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, October 11, O.S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED your letter of the 11th N. S. just as I was setting out for this place. I had been much out of order for above a month; languors and vertigos succeeded each other, the latter attended with sickness at my stomach. I underwent the discipline of the faculty to little purpose; who, at last, pronouncing that the seat and source of my disorder was my stomach, sent me here. I have already received advantage from these waters, though I have drank them but four days; which convinces me that they will set me quite right.

I am persuaded, that your first setting out at the Hague must have put you behind-hand; but I hope that you will take care to retrieve; for the credit of living a little better will not do you so much good, as contracting a considerable debt will do you harm. If you can get leave to come here for three or four months, when lord Holderneffe shall be settled at the Hague, which I should think would be no difficult matter, that suspension of your expence would, I suppose, go near to set you right. But, in the mean time, should you want money, draw upon me *sans façon*; for I will not have you run in debt to any body else; and you and I can, I believe, trust each other.

By all I can hear now, and by all that I knew before, the republic is so far from being settled, that I do not consider it as a government or a nation. More money is wanted than is to be found, and even the methods of collecting what is there to be found will not be easily fixed. The people will not have *pachters*. Collectors, without the powers of the *pachters*, will collect nothing, and with those powers they become *pachters* themselves, in the most odious and oppressive sense of that word. The prince of Orange has got more power than by the constitution he ought to have; and if he does not get all the rest, he will lose what he has got. *Il n'y a point de milieu*; (there is no medium;) power must either be constitutional or unlimited. Losing gamesters will not leave off while they have any thing left, and will never be quiet till they have lost all. When Cæsar had once passed the Rubicon, he well knew that he must be Cæsar or nothing. And this is now the prince's case.

I now plainly see the prelude to the pyrrick dance in the north, which I have long foretold; the return of comte Biron and the duke of Brunswick to Petersburg announces destruction to the Holstein family. The prince successor of Sweden will be the first instance of it, upon the death of that king, which I take to be very near. The next will be, setting aside the imperial prince of Russia, and declaring little czar Iwan the successor. In these transactions, the king of Prussia will necessarily be implicated, which has all along been *l'intention de l'auteur*; that is, of the court of Vienna, which absolutely governs that of

VOL. IV. F Petersburg.

Petersburg, *moyennant* some pecuniary assistance from *another quarter*. But be all this as it will, my *boudoir* and my library, which are my two objects, will be never the worse for it. And I maintain that both of them will be, in their different kinds, the compleatest things in England, as I hope you will soon have ocular proof of.

Baron Schmithburg was not arrived when I left London. My compliments to my baron, to whom I will write very soon. Adieu ; *Je vous aime véritablement*.

C.

L E T T E R XL.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 4, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 5th, N. S. and am glad to find, that your landed estate pays so well as to make up the arrears of the treasury. As soon as I go to town, which will be next week, I will quicken Mr. Pelham to pay his debts ; but *en tout cas*, I repeat it again, upon any emergency, draw upon me, for, upon my word, such sums as you can want will be no inconveniency to me to advance. You are besides very responsible, whether considered as a money'd or as a landed man ; so that, if you should

should be backward in payment, I should forthwith seize Henley park.

A propos of money; as I believe it is much wanted by many people, even of fashion, both in Holland and Flanders, I should think it very likely that many good pictures of Rubens, Teniers, and other Flemish and Dutch masters, may be picked up now at reasonable rates. If so, you are likely to hear of it as a *virtuoso*; and if so, I should be glad to profit of it, as an humble *dillettante*. I have already, as you know, a most beautiful landscape by Rubens, and a pretty little piece of Teniers: but if you could meet with a large capital history, or allegorical piece, of Rubens, with the figures as big as the life, I would go pretty deep to have it, as also for a large and capital picture of Teniers. But as I would give a good deal for them if they were indisputably eminent, I would not give three-pence for them unless they were so. I have pretty pictures enough already; but what I want to complete my collection, is only two or three of the most eminent masters, of whom I have none now. I can trust entirely to your taste and skill; so that if you meet with such a thing, do not miss it for fifty pounds more or less.

The packet of *brochures*, and flourished ruffles, which you sent me by Hop, waits for me in town. I am sure, by the former, which you sent me, I shall like these: *je m'en fie à votre bon goût*. (I trust your taste.) I shall go to them in about ten days, though, I doubt, not quite restored by these waters, which have not had their usual effects upon me this season. My vertigos still chicane and teaze me, though not

quite so frequently as formerly, but still enough to make me fear passing a languid and uncomfortable winter. Patience: I might have more painful complaints, and I will comfort myself by the comparison.

I have some reasons to believe, that what my baron mentioned to me of a new successor to Sweden, is by no means groundless. I am very sorry for it, as I think it can only be attended with very ill consequences for this country.

I look upon your republic as a chaos, in the situation which it is now in; some order may spring from it, but as yet God knows what. The antient government certainly does not exist; and I see no new one established in its stead. Abject court, it is true, is made to the prince of Orange, from fear on one hand, and hopes on the other; but still, while he has more power than he should have for the late form of government, and yet less than is necessary to carry on any other, it is no government at all. This was the great difficulty, under which Cromwell, one of the ablest men in the world, laboured, and which he was sensible of, when he wanted to be declared king; for he was above minding the title. But he knew, that his government wanted that form and consistency which were necessary for its effect and authority.

The peace is, upon the whole, better than could have been expected, from the circumstances and hurry in which it was made. * * *

I fear you will not get a furloe this winter, for I do not find that lord Holderneffe is yet making any
prepara-

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XL. XLI. 69
preparations for his embassy. *Bon soir, aimons-nous
toujours.* (Good-night; let us love each other for
ever.)

L E T T E R XLI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Dec. 6, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BY the death of poor John, you have lost a true friend, and I a most affectionate brother and friend into the bargain. The gout fell upon his bowels and head, and threw him into the convulsions, of which he died.

I acknowledge now your last of the 6th, N. S. together with your former letters; which my brother's illness, and a hurry of other affairs, hindered me from answering sooner. * * * * *

The prices of Van-Huyfen's flower-pieces, notwithstanding the scarcity of money in Holland, is owing only to that local phrenzy, which always prevails in Holland, for some pretty trifling object: tulips, hyacinths, and pigeons, have all had their days; and now Van-Huyfen has his. But while these high-finished finical pieces bear such high prices, the bold and masterly pieces of the last and the foregoing century are slighted, and more likely to come reasonably. Do not, by any means, suffer that capital picture of Rubens, which you say is to be sold at Brussels, to

slip through your hands, by the delay of sending me a drawing of it, if you can but be sure that it is an original, and not damaged. Wherefore, upon the two conditions of its being an undoubted original and not damaged, buy it me as soon as you can, or some other body may step in between.

Captain Irwin *, whom I believe you know, son to the old general, goes by the next packet-boat to Holland; he has got a furlow from his father for a year, during which time, he intends to see as much as he can abroad. I think him a good pretty young fellow; and, considering that he has never been yet out of his native country, much more *presentable* than one could expect. Pray, carry him to court, and into some companies, where I think you will not be ashamed of him, which will seldom be your case with my countrymen. I promised him that I would recommend him to you. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.* I am so hurried by lawyers, appraisers, and creditors, that I can say no more now.

C.

P. S. A propos, do not mention to any body, that the picture is for me, or what it may cost.

* Now lieutenant-general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Déc. 13, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

MY former was almost an answer, before-hand, to your last letter, which I received the day after I had wrote mine : I mean, with regard to the Rubens, which I desired you not to let slip. But I am now more confirmed in that opinion, by the drawing, which you sent me, and by the assurances that you give me of the picture's being a capital one, and in high preservation. Therefore, secure it as cheap as you can ; the subject, as you observe, might have been a more pleasing one, but this admits of great expression.

The family-piece, which you mention by Vandyke, I would not give six shillings for, unless I had the honor of being of sir Melchior's family. The several portraits are, I dare say, finely painted ; but then where is the action, where the expression ? The good man and his wife generally sit serene in a couple of easy chairs, surrounded by five or six of their children, insignificantly motionless in the presence of pappà and mamma ; and the whole family seem as insipid, and weary, as when they are really together. Their likenesses may indeed be valuable to their own posterity, but in my mind to nobody else.

Titian has done more skilfully in his fine picture of the Cornaro family, which he has put in action.

The Venus and Adonis of Vandyke, of which you likewise sent me the drawing, I do not care for, as it is a subject already *rebatu* by still greater masters, and in my mind better, as far as I can judge by the drawing; for Adonis, when he tears himself away from Venus, seems fierce and angry, which I see no occasion for. He is determined, indeed, to leave her for his field sports; but should, in my opinion, soften the rudeness by all possible complaisance in his words and looks.

So much for *virtù*, which, when I shall have bought this picture, I have done with, unless a very capital Teniers should come in your way. You will draw upon me for the money as soon as ever you please. * * * * *

Could you send me, in some of your letters, some seed of the right canteloupe melons? I should not know what to do with more than a dozen, or at most twenty, of them; so that all the seed I shall want will neither increase the bulk or weight of a letter. The canteloupes are, in my opinion, the best sort of melons; at least they always succeed best here. It is for Blackheath that I want it, where you can easily judge that my melon-ground is most exceedingly small. I am obliged to keep that place for seven years, my poor brother's lease being for that time; and I doubt I could not part with it but to a very great loss, considering the sums of money that he had laid out upon it. For otherwise, I own that I like the country up, much better than down, the river.

As

As I promised to send captain Irwin a couple of letters to the Hague, for Paris, I must put you to the expence of inclosing them to you, and to the trouble of giving them to him, not knowing how to direct them for him.

Yours faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 23, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours, with the inclosed drawing of the Vandyke, which must certainly be a very fine one, if the execution, as doubtless it is, be answerable to the disposition: but, however, I continue my negative to it, for the reasons which I gave you before, the price, and that it is a portrait, however fine a one. The Rubens, of which I have a great notion, must and shall, for a time at least, content me, unless I strain a little for the Teniers, which you hint at, which, if it be a capital one, I will; and then have done. My great room will be as full of pictures as it ought to be; and all capital ones.

I gave you by my last letter a very unnecessary trouble, which I now retract. I had forgot that you had some time ago stocked me with excellent canteloupe

loupe melon seed, which I have since remembered and found, and given to my gardener to sow at the proper season. I hope to give you some of them in perfection next summer; for I do not flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you here before that time.

Adieu, dear Dayrolles. I am hurried by a complication of most disagreeable affairs (*a*), but always,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 27, O. S. 1748.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RECEIVED this morning your letter of the 3 Jan. N. S. with the two parcels of melon seed, which, as I told you in my last, I might have saved you the trouble of sending me, if I had but remembered how plentifully you had supplied me before; but since I have so carelessly put you to that trouble, all I can now do, is to have it sowed the latest, so that you may be sure to taste the fruits of it when you shall be here, which I do not expect will be till autumn. A new minister will not, before that time, be well settled at the Hague; and till then you will not,
nor

(*a*) On account of his brother John, lately dead.

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nor should I wish you to, leave it. * * * * *
* * * * *

As to my Rubens, for I now call it mine, you have acted with your usual prudence and œconomy. But if it turns out such as it is represented to you, I do not expect that you will get any considerable abatement of the first price. As to the method of getting it over safe here, I refer myself to your abilities; many officers baggage will be coming, Ligonier's especially, into which you may possibly thrust it. Draw upon me, in an amicable way I mean, how and when you please; for I do not take your finances to be in a situation to allow long and large advances.

Your Leipzig acquaintance is setting out for Berlin. He has applied himself extremely, and with great success, at Leipzig, having made himself perfect master, as I am assured by his master, of Greek, Latin, the laws of nations and of the empire, and of the German language to boot; which, by the way, he writes as well as any German I ever knew. I am therefore no longer in the least pain about the learning part, of which he has now got such a stock, that he will have a pleasure, instead of a toil, in improving it. All that he wants now, is *les Graces*, in pursuit of which he goes, as soon as the roads will permit, from Berlin to Turin, there to remain for at least a year. I know no court that sends out at least, *des gens plus déliés*. I do not know what those may be, whom they keep at home; but by the samples I judge well of them.

The

The prince of Wales will, I believe, buy Vandyke's fir Melchior and company. I have given him the drawing you sent me; and Mr. Laurenzy is wrote to by this post to speak to you about it.

Yours very sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 20, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LAST post brought me yours of the 24th, N. S. My old disorder in my head, which has of late plagued me, hindered me from acknowledging your two former letters. I am now much better, thanks to a good blister, which I clapped upon my head, on the part offending.

Since the Rubens is secured, I am in no haste to receive it, for I could not hang it up yet, its place not being ready. The way you mention of sending it by the sloop is, I think, the best; and pray let it be directed to Mr. Hotham, one of the commissioners of the customs, who will take care of it, and pay the duty for me. You will take care to have it so safely packed up, that it may receive no damage, *en chemin faisant*. * * * * *

I am

I am glad that I have prevailed with my baron to return to his old house, for the first warm weather must have suffocated him where he now is. If he escapes dying of the first fright, when he goes back, all the rest will go very well, and go just as it used to do.

I am rejoiced to hear that I shall have another tome of the *histoire amoureuse*; for now that, thank God, I have no business, that kind of reading amuses me. The *histoire politique* of the united provinces would at present be but a gloomy one. I see no government there at all; but I see power without authority, and expence without the possible means of supplies. The prince of Orange wants a Sully. The reduction of the troops will be a decisive point: if it is a considerable one, the prince of Orange is nobody; and, if it is not, the republic is undone. * * * *

* * * *

My house and garden employ both my thoughts and my time. I am at work about them all day, and shall take possession of them in about a month; there I shall be impatient to see you; and there I believe you will not be sorry to see,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 3, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE honored your bill, as they call it; but, properly speaking I have done better, for I have paid it. I think you have brought me off very cheaply, and so much so, that I shall not own it, when I shew the picture, but intimate a much higher price; for you *virtuosos*, I know, often take the price into your consideration, in forming your judgments as to the value of a thing. I sincerely forgive you the three florins, which your curiosity costs me, and will never demand that sum of either you or your heirs, administrators, or assigns. Besides that I really think, that a gratification of three florins is by no means unreasonable for the trouble you have been at. I can tell you by the way, that when my pictures, bronzes, and marbles, shall come to be properly placed, as they will be in my new house, the collection will not appear a contemptible one. There will be nothing, that is not excellent of the kind. I hope you will be here time enough to direct me in the arrangement; for lord Holderness is now preparing in good earnest for his embassy, and talks of going soon, that is, in two or three months. He has appointed parson Tindal, who translated Rapin, and well, to be both his chaplain and his secretary; he goes first, as I hear, without
4 madame,

madame, who is to follow him some time afterwards. But though, as you will easily believe, I am impatient to see you, I would not advise you to ask leave to come over immediately upon his arrival, but to stay a couple of months at least after it.

I had a letter the other day from my baron, by which he seems to be pretty well comforted, and to thirst again for pamphlets, of which I have sent him a fresh cargo. Pray, when you see *l'ami* (a), make him my compliments, and assure him of my esteem and friendship. I suppose *qu'il n'est pas question de lui à la cour*. As for your republic, it is undone, and I think of it no more. *Conclamatum est*.

LETTER XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 24, O.S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE picture is arrived, and is, in my mind, the best I ever saw of Rubens; but as yet I have only my own opinion for it, as I have not shewn it, nor will not, till it is in perfect order. A little of the varnish, in some immaterial parts, was rubbed off in the carriage, but the painting not the least da-

(a) I believe Mr. Duncan, favourite to the prince, before his elevation to the Stadtholdership, and employed in London to settle the articles of his marriage with the prince's royal. He was lord Chesterfield's most particular friend.

aged.

maged. I have given it to Anderson, who is a very safe man, to take off that crust of varnish, with which they are so apt to load their pictures in Flanders and Holland; and, when this picture shall be delivered of it, it will be quite another thing. The figure of the virgin is the most graceful and beautiful that I ever saw, and not so Flemish-built as most of his women are. In short, the whole is excellent. The frame though not a fashionable is a handsome one, and shall, with the addition that I will make to it, be a fine one. I do not dislike something a little *antique* in the frame of an old picture; provided it be rich, I think it is more respectable. As soon as the supreme connoisseurs shall have sat upon it, I will let you know their verdict, not that for my own part I shall care two-pence about it, for I distrust the skill of most, and the truth of all, of them. They pronounce according to the pictures that they either have or have not, or that they want to buy or sell, of the same hand. You are an excellent *commissionnaire*; and my most dutiful thanks attend you for your care and trouble.

Pray do not let your *maladie du país* hurry you into any *etourderie*. * * * * *

Pray tell my baron, that I took particular care to send him the *Enquiry into the conduct and principles of the two brothers*; so that it must necessarily have been taken out of the packet. Possibly they have no mind that it should be dispersed abroad. I will send it him again the first opportunity.

Adieu. Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * UPON my soul I long to see you, for two reasons, which I have not for longing to see many people; they are, that I love you, and that I know you love me. I shall keep a little room for you at Blackheath, where I will refresh you with the best ananas and melons in England.

Pray tell monsieur Slingelandt that I have spoke to Rutter about the horse in question; and, the better to know whether he was gentle enough for him, I asked him whether he was enough so for me; to which Rutter could not answer in the affirmative, so that I bid him not send him. I take it for granted that monsieur Slingelandt, who is a civil quiet gentleman as well as myself, chuses, as I do, a horse like père Canaye's *qualem me decet esse mansuetum* (a), which serene kind of beast is still more necessary in Holland, in the midst of canals and windmills, than here. * * * * *

Bon soir, mon ami.

(a) See S. Evremond's most ingenious piece, intitled; *Conversation du maréchal d'Hoquincourt avec le père Canaye.*

L E T T E R XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 31, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

Hôtel Chesterfield.

* * * * I can tell you nothing, with any degree of certainty, of the squabbles among our ministers. That there are some, is undoubtedly true; but then, in the reports, they are either magnified or lessened, according to the wishes or the interests of the reporters. Their two graces are evidently very ill together, which I long ago knew, and said could not fail. * * * * *

I am got into my new house, from whence I shall be a most unconcerned spectator. I have yet finished nothing but my *boudoir* and my library; the former is the gayest and most chearful room in England, the latter the best. My garden is now turfed, planted, and sown; and will, in two months more, make a scene of verdure and flowers, not common in London.

Anderson has restored the Rubens perfectly well, by taking off that damned varnish, with which it was loaded, and fetching out the original painting. The *connoisseurs* have sat upon it; and, what is extraordinary, are unanimous in declaring it one of the best in England. Many have guessed it at £.800, none less than £.500. *Je les laisse dire, et je ne dis rien.* (I let them speak, and say nothing.)

I do not care for the Teniers you mention; both my picture rooms being completely filled, the great one with capital pictures, the cabinet with *bijoux*. So that I will buy no more, till I happen to meet with some very capital ones of some of the most eminent old Italian masters, such as Raphael, Guido, Corregio, &c. and in that case I would make an effort.

I will look out for a horse fit for Mr. Slingelandt, of which I think I am a better judge than a better horseman. You may tell him I shall not much regard the beauty of it, but the intrinsic merit. I desire he should be safe, for I love him both upon his own account and his father's.

I agree with you that my baron, far from travelling into other countries, will never more see his own, or put on a coat. He will think that he has escaped infection so providentially now, that I am apt to think he will endeavour to trust providence no more.

Yours most sincerely,

C.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 4, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

SINCE my last to you, I have received your two letters of the 8th and 11th, N. S. together with the pamphlet in Dutch, which you sent me by general Elliot, who delivered it to me very safe.

G 2

It

It has made me rub up my almost-forgotten Dutch, and I think I understand the meaning of it perfectly. It is extremely well written, and I dare say the facts are all as true, as the reasonings upon them are just. It coincides with, and confirms, all the notions I had formed in the present state of affairs in the republic. I should be obliged to you if you would inform me, who is either the real, or supposed, author of it. Whoever he is, he is well-informed. I am very much obliged to you for sending it to me: I have laid it by carefully, with my own predictions of general bankruptcy and confusion, which I fear a little time more will accomplish.

General Elliot * *est un dégourdi, et du bon ton*. I have not seen any Englishman more regenerated by being abroad than he is. I met him at Hop's before I knew who he was; and I was astonished to find a man, who spoke English so well, behave himself so well.

I differ with you in opinion about the king of Prussia's two very different letters to the two poets; for I am persuaded that they are both genuine. Should the two poets happen to compare notes, such is human vanity, and still more such is poetical vanity, that each would be convinced that the other was the dupe, and himself his majesty's most favoured poet. *S'il fait bon battre les glorieux, il fait aussi bon les tromper (a)*. In the first case they do not complain; in the second they do not even see. * * * * *

Yours most affectionately,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Lieutenant general in the Dutch service.

(a) An allusion to a French proverb; amounting to this, that vain men will equally bear being drubbed and being deceived.

L E T

L E T T E R L I.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 25, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM now three letters in your debt, which I would have paid more punctually, if I had any tolerable current species to have paid you in: but I have nothing but farthings to offer, and most of them too counterfeit; for being, thank God, no longer concerned in the coinage, I cannot answer for the weight of the coin. I hear, as every body does, more lies than truth, and am not in a situation of knowing which is which. * * * * *

However disjointedly business may go on, pleasures, I can assure you, go roundly. To-morrow there is to be, at Ranelagh garden, a masquerade in the Venetian manner. It is to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon; the several *loges* are to be shops for toys, *limonades*, *glaces*, and other *raffraichissemens*. The next day come the fire-works, at which hundreds of people will certainly lose their lives or their limbs, from the tumbling of scaffolds, the fall of rockets, and other accidents inseparable from such crowds. In order to repair this loss to society, there will be a subscription-masquerade on the Monday following, which, upon calculation, it is thought, will be the occasion of getting about the same number of people as were destroyed at the fire-works.

G 3

I hear

I hear nothing yet of lord Holdernesse's going to Holland, and therefore do not ask you when I may hope to see you here; for I suppose that his arrival must be previous to your departure: moreover I am told that you are so busy in moving from one house to another, that you could not yet move from one country to another. Where is your new dwelling at the Hague?

I am glad to hear that madame de Berkenroodt goes ambassadress to Paris; she will pass her time well there, and she deserves it. Pray make her my compliments of congratulation, and tell her that I am strongly tempted to pay my respects to her at Paris myself; but that, if I cannot, I will at least do it by proxy this winter twelvemonth, and send her an ambassador about forty years younger, and consequently forty times better than myself. My boy will then be at Paris; he is now at Venice, goes to Turin till November, and then to Rome till the October following, when I shall emancipate him at Paris. I hear so well of him from all quarters, that I think he will do. *Adieu; portez-vous bien, et aimez moi toujours.*

L E T T E R I.II.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 4, O.S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE scramble for power in your court, and in your republic, puts me in mind of lord Rochester's image of contending ministers.
He

He compares them to school-boys, who, at the hazard of their necks, climb for crabs, which, if they were upon the ground, solid pigs would disdain. How the pensionary could be ignorant of the favour * intended him, as it is reported that he was when he received the message, is what I cannot conceive; for I knew it above a month ago. The manner in which he took it, and spoke the next day in the assembly, was wise and skilful; but his accepting the pension †, for it is merely a pension, since he is excluded all the assemblies, is dirty, and vilifies him. If I had been he, I would sooner have lived all my life, as Van Beuningen did, by way of experiment, one year, upon six and thirty florins. Though his diet would have been but low, his character would have been high.

I have seen Laurenzi, who, I believe, must observe that diet too, unless he can get an increase of his appointments, which he is labouring for; but I much doubt of his success. He confirms the accounts I had had before from many, of *la délicatesse et le bon goût de votre table*. Marquis d'Havrincourt was worthy of it, excelling as he does, not only in the theory, but in the practical part, of the table. He dined with me once or twice, and I think I never saw a more vigorous performer. He is a very pretty man, and has *l'extrêmement bon ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie*, which is at present the short but comprehensive *éloge d'un bonnête homme*.

* His sudden dismissal from the post of grand pensionary.

† Of 8000 florins, about £. 730.

I am in debt, at least three, if not four, letters to my baron, who is a most excellent correspondent. I will pay him soon in much better coin than my own letters; for I shall send him by the first opportunity a good cargo of good books and pamphlets. Pray, make him my compliments, and tell him that I will write to him soon. * * * * *

* * * * *

I hear nothing yet of lord Holderneffe's going to Holland.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 9, O.S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE person, who will give you this letter, is the nephew of monsieur Boissier, a rich, and, for all that, a very honest merchant of the city, from whom I have received many civilities. He is a Swiss, and probably you know him by name and reputation. This nephew is desirous to get into the service of the republic; and I wish that you could be useful to him in that view. I do not mean, nor does he, that you can procure him a commission; but we
 2 think,

think, that you may be able to point out to him *le moyen d'y parvenir* (the way of succeeding), whatever that may be. If it be solicitation, you will tell him where to address it; if a private tip, you will tell him where to apply it. In short, I am sure that, from the part I take in him upon his uncle's account, you will do him what service you can.

By the way, do not apprehend from this, that I shall plague you often with recommendations of this kind, for I have refused them to several people, and shall continue to do so to nine in ten. They desire impertinent, unreasonable, or impossible things; and then desire that I will recommend them to you, because they are sure that I have great interest with you. My answer to which is, that I verily believe I have interest with you, and for that very reason will not recommend to you an impertinent or an impossible thing.

I am now assured, that lord Holderneffe, though he has not yet kissed the king's hand, will go in three weeks at farthest; so that in six I hope to see you here. I need not tell you how glad I shall be of it. We have not been so long asunder since we loved one another; as we still, I believe, do. Adieu,

LET-

L E T T E R LIV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, June 9, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS I find by your last, that your stay in Holland will now be but short, my letters will be so too, We can talk more fully as well as more freely than we can write. * * * * *

Hop * shewed me yesterday the print of your fire-works; they seem to be so fine and so expensive, that, considering the present necessitous condition of the republic, they put me in mind of a good *fanfaron* motto upon a French standard, *Peream, modo luceam*. (I will shine, though I perish.) I should have told you first, that the device was a bursting grenado.

My boy, who was going to the carnival at Venice, was suddenly seized with a violent inflammation upon his lungs, at a miserable post-house, two posts beyond Laubach, in Carniole, where he remained in great danger for twelve days. He is now recovering at Laubach; and, by this time, I hope, out of all danger. However, as soon as the heats are over, that is, at the latter end of September, I intend to send him to Naples, the best place in the world for tender lungs, and his are so yet. I shall send him a

* Lieutenant-general Hop, envoy extraordinary from the States-general.

letter of recommendation to marquis Fogliani, who is the only person I know there; and, as there is no Neapolitan minister here, that will be the only letter I can give him. Could you easily get a letter or two for him from monsieur Finochetti? If you can, you may bring them with you here; and I can send them to him time enough from hence. You will remember to call him my nephew. I am told, that the princess Strongoli and general Mahoni are the two best houses there.

The parliament is to be prorogued next Tuesday, when the ministers will have six months leisure to quarrel, and patch up, and quarrel again. Garrick and the Violetti will likewise, about the same time, have an opportunity of doing the same thing, for they are to be married next week. They are desperately in love with each other. *Adieu; je languis de vous voir.*

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 23, O. S. 1749.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this instant received your letter of the 27th N. S. which I am very little able to answer, having been ill of a fever ever since Sunday last, and this being the first day that I have been allowed to go out of my bed-chamber. I am very weak, partly from

from the distemper itself, and partly from being starved. On Monday, I shall go to Blackheath for a week ; which I hope will restore me. But I would not delay making you easier, than you seem to be at present, about the event of your letter to the duke of Newcastle. I happened to meet him last Saturday at Boden's country-house, where he told me that Stone had that morning delivered him a letter from you, asking leave to come here for a very short time. I told him that I supposed you would obtain it ; to which he answered, Most undoubtedly. So that your having yet had no answer to it, I am convinced, proceeds only from his grace's hurry. I believe he has at present business enough upon his hands. * * * * *

I thank you heartily for the letters you have procured the boy for Naples ; he is now so well recovered that he is gone to Venice, where he will stay till the middle of September, and then proceed to Naples. My head will not allow me to write any more ; it is my heart adds, that I am faithfully

Yours,

C,

LET-

L E T T E R LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 30, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOUR signs of life came very seasonably to convince me, that the concern you were in at leaving your *dear country* had not put an end to it. I happened to relate very properly the agonies I saw you in at leaving England, in company, where a lady seemed to think that she was the cause of them. She inquired minutely into the degree and nature of them; spoke of them with tenderness and compassion, though she confessed a quarrel with you for three days before you went away, which had broke off all communication between you. To this, I answered like your god-father, that to part with her would have been sufficient cause for your grief; but to part with her offended and incensed, more than justified the despair I observed in you. I obliged her at last to confess, that she wished she had seen you the day before you went. Make your most of these informations in your next letter to her.

You found Holland just as you left it; that is to say, in the same state of insolvency and confusion. I fear it will be soon worse, if my suspicions are founded; for I have good reason to suspect, that your rulers are wild enough to think of engaging in a new war. It is now beginning in the North; and though publicly it is discouraged, privately it is encouraged,
not

not only in Holland, but *elsewhere*. The czarina will, I am convinced, soon strike the first blow. The court of Vienna hopes that the king of Prussia will strike the second, and give them a pretence to strike the third. If France does not interpose, the king of Prussia is demolished. If France does, it can only be by way of diversion, in falling upon the queen of Hungary; and that will necessarily be in Flanders, which, it is *hoped* and believed, will force the maritime powers to take a part. Bentinck *, now at Vienna, could tell us more of this, if he pleased.

I have not heard one word about Mr. Hartë (a), which makes me believe that I shall not. He shall be no loser, however, and other people no gainers, by the refusal.

Mr. Durand brought me a letter from my baron, full of complaints of his health. Make him my compliments, and tell him that he shall hear from me soon.

On Thursday sevensnight the parliament rises; and the Tuesday following his majesty sets out for Hanover. The regency is at last settled, and the duke not to be one.

Adieu, mon cher enfant; soyez persuadé que je vous aimerai toujours. (Adieu, my dear friend; be persuaded I ever shall love you.)

* Count Bentinck, seigneur de Roon, of the college of the nobles, in the province of Holland.

(a) Lord Chesterfield had applied to obtain a prebend of Windsor for Mr. Hartë, then with his son, and met with unexpected difficulties and delays.

L E T-

L E T T E R LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 14, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I COULD not refuse this recommendation of a *virtuosa* to a *virtuoso*. The girl is a real prodigy; but sometimes a prodigy without a puff will not do. Your hearing her once, and your puffing her afterwards, is all that she desires. The great point is to get the princess of Orange to hear her, which she thinks will *make her fortune*. Even the great Handel has deigned to recommend her there; so that a word from your honour will be sufficient. Adieu.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 27, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM two letters in your debt; but as I knew that you were rambling, I did not know where to tender the payment.

By

By this time, it is probable that you are re-established at the Hague. Had an unhappy foreigner been obliged to pass as many days at Plymouth as you passed at Calais, how admirably he would have diverted himself, and how politely he would have been received! Whereas, I dare say, you passed your time very well at Calais, in case you were not too much an Englishman to think so.

It is very true, that, after a series of difficulties, which, I believe, were never made before upon so trifling an occasion, Mr. Harte has at last got a prebend of Windsor. I am most extremely glad of it; for, that debt being now paid, I owe no man living any thing. As it is necessary that he should come over here to take possession of his stall, I have directed him to bring the boy to Paris, and to fix him in la Gueriniere's academy there. * * * *

When he arrives at Paris, I will send him a letter of recommendation *à son excellence, madame de Berkenroodt; valeat quantum*. In all events, it will be a good house for him to frequent. *Vous y mettrez du vôtre aussi, s'il vous plait*, (you will contribute to it, if you please,) by writing a word or two in his favour to the lady, or her husband, or both.

Comte Obdam's sale, I suppose, draws near, at which, pray, buy me such bustoes and vases, as you shall find are universally allowed to be both antique and fine, at such rates as you shall think reasonable; in the whole, you may go as far as two hundred pounds, if the objects are curious and worth it.

Shall you not be surprized, if, at your return here, you find a *pendant* for your Rubens, full as large,
and

and by a still greater master? I have reason to believe that will be the case, and then I shall undoubtedly have two of the most capital pictures in England of those two great masters. For the *virtuosi* here now unanimously confess, that all the Rubenses in England must strike to mine.

I believe, as you say, that you found things in the united provinces just as you left them, a great deal talked of, and nothing done. However, they would do well to consider, that, in their situation, not to advance is to go backwards. You may depend upon it, that, whatever you may have heard said to the contrary, war was the original design, and the Prussian bear-skin was again scantled out upon paper; but the strong declarations, and indeed preparations, of France on one hand, and the apprehensions which Russia, on the other, had just reasons to entertain of the Turk, have respectively obliged *certain powers* to put water in their wine; and, I now verily believe, that the North will clear up, and settle for some time in peace. * * * * *

Pray, make my compliments to my baron, to whom I owe a letter; which I have not paid for mere want of specie. Is he got to his own house again? Surely it has undergone lustrations enough to be sufficiently purified for his reception. Every thing here is just as you left it. I am, and ever shall be so, with regard to you: *c'est tout dire; bon soir, mon enfant.*

L E T T E R LIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 25, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I FIND your journey through Flanders has been, like every man's journey through the world, some good and some bad; but, upon the whole, it was as well as being at the Hague. By what you observed, it is evident, that the court of Vienna will not lay out a shilling upon the barrier towns, but throw that burthen, as they do every other, upon the maritime powers; saying, that they get nothing by Flanders, but that it is our business to take care of it. I am an Austrian in my politics, and would support that house, if I could: but, then I would be their ally, not their bubble; their friend, but not their victim.

With your leave, sir, it is none of Boden's trumpery that is to hang over-against the Rubens, but a holy family, the master-piece of Titian; for which the late regent had agreed to give forty thousand livres to the chapter at Rheims. It was accordingly sent him; but when it arrived at Paris he was dead and gone, not to the holy family I believe. His son, the present duke of Orleans, chose rather to return the picture than the money; the chapter was obliged to take it back, and there it has remained ever since. I accidentally heard of this, and that the chapter was

special poor; upon which, I determined to try what I could do, and I have succeeded. As this picture was brought from Italy by the famous cardinal de Lorraine, after he had been at the council of Trent, and given by him to the cathedral of Rheims, of which he was archbishop, he gave them at the same time his own picture, a whole length, done by Titian; which I have likewise got: they are both arrived at Paris, and I expect them here very soon. This, you will allow, is no trumpery, and I have now done with pictures; I am brim-full, and not ill filled.

Comte Obdam's *virtù* will, I think, for the reason you give, go very cheap; few people in Holland understanding those things, or even thinking that they do. I would not give six-pence for his bronzes, nor a shilling for his books; but for some of his antique marbles, I would give reasonably. Those which, upon the face of the catalogue, I should chuse, are the following ones.

297 *Hermes (Buste) juvenis Romani cum lorica et sago, in marmore. Ant.*

298 *Bacchus, cum corona bederacea. Ant.*

302 *Caput juvenis Romani, supra basin. Ant.*

305 *Statua cum anaglyphis, sacrificium in honorem Priapi efformantibus. Ant.*

There are also in the appendix two bustos, one of Homer, the other of Apollo, by Girardon; which, if they go extremely cheap, as possibly they may, I should be glad of them; by extremely cheap, I mean about ten pounds a-piece. For the four antiques above-marked, *l'un portant l'autre* (one with another);

another); if they are fine, I would go as far as five and twenty pounds a-piece. But should these which I have mentioned, have great faults, and others which I have not mentioned have great beauties, I refer to your decision, who are upon the place, and have *un coup d'oeil vif et pénétrant*: (a quick and penetrating eye.)

You will see Hop at the Hague next week; it is sooner than he proposed to go, but he is ordered, which gives him some apprehensions. You will also see the famous madame du Boccage, who sets out from hence with her husband, and abbé Guaſco *de l'académie des inscriptions*, next Tuesday. She has translated Milton into French verse, and gave a tragedy last winter at Paris, called *les Amazones*. She has good parts, *n'affiche pas le bel-esprit*: (and does not make an ostentatious display of wit.) Pray, give them *un petit diner*, and let them know that I did them justice with you; they stay but a few days at the Hague, so cannot be very troublesome to you. But I possibly shall, if I lengthen this letter: so, *bon soir*.

C.

LET-

L E T T E R L X.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 19, O. S. 1750.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I MUST say as most fools do, *who would have thought it?* My fine Titian has turned out an execrable bad copy. By good luck, the condition of the obligation was such, that, if certain good judges at Paris should declare it either a copy, or essentially damaged, the chapter of Rheims was to take it back again, I paying the carriage. This has happened; and the best painters in Paris pronounced it not only a copy, but a damned one; so that I am only in for the carriage back. The chapter must have been more fools than knaves in the affair; for, had they known it to be a copy, they might have known, at the same time, that it would be returned them; by which they would get nothing but the discrediting of their picture for ever.

I have received a letter from madame du Boccage, containing a panegyric of his majesty's resident at the Hague. *Il est très aimable, très poli, il est au mieux avec tout ce qu'il y a de meilleur ici, et il fait très-bonne chère.* (He is very amiable, very polite, extremely well received in the best company, and keeps an excellent table.) *Faire bonne chère* (to keep a good table) you know, always sums up a French panegyrick. She says, that by your means she received a thousand civilities at the Hague. I do not know

whether my friend abbé Guasco's judgment in *virtù* will be of any great service to us at comte Obdam's, and I would sooner trust to your own *coup d'oeil*, *qui est mordieu vif et perçant*.

I am very much *par voyes, et par chemins*, between London and Blackheath, but much more at the latter, which is now in great beauty. The shell of my gallery is finished, which, by three bow-windows, gives me three different, and the finest, prospects in the world. I have already two or three of your canteloupe melons, which are admirable; I have covered those, which are not yet ripe, with frames of oyled paper, which I am assured will do much better than glasses. * * * * *

The prince of Wales's last child was at last christened the day before yesterday, after having been kept at least a fortnight longer than it should have been out of a state of salvation, by the jumble of the two secretaries of state, whose reciprocal dispatches carried, nor brought, nothing decisive. Adieu.

LETTER LXI.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I MOST heartily wish you and Mrs. Dayrolles joy, and I believe you have had it. May it continue long! I came to town this morning on purpose to make my compliments to you both, but you were gone

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gone to shady groves. I hope you will take those
of Greenwich in their turn, and the sooner the better.

— *En ceci*

La femme est comprise aussi (a).

Lady Chesterfield would have come, to have waited
upon Mrs. Dayrolles, but was prevented by a great
cold. Adieu.

Saturday, July 31, 1751.

L E T T E R LXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Oct. 5, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM heartily glad to find that you nicked your
passage to Holland so well, for a day or two
later it would have been a bad one; I mean for ma-
dam Dayrolles, *car pour vous, vous avez le pié marin*,
(for as to you, you are used to the sea,) and more-
over are minister to the master of the seas.

I have been here now just three weeks, though I
have drank these waters but a fortnight, upon ac-
count of a most confounded cold, which I got at my
first arrival. However I find *du mieux*, as Rodrigue
happily expresses himself in his gazettes, and I expect
a thorough vamp, before I leave this place, which I
shall do just time enough to exhibit a brown suit,

(a) In this, the lady is likewise included.

H 4

with

with a very rich gold button, at the birth-day. * *

* * * * *

I am astonished at Slingelandt's being displeased, that I did not answer, or rather reply to his letter, for mine was an answer to his. He tells me an anecdote, a fact, which I dare say is a very true one; well, what answer is to be made to it? none that I know of, unless I had laid hold of that opportunity to have kept up a regular correspondence with him, and to say the truth, my literary correspondence is already more extensive than my eyes, my head, or my laziness, will admit of.

I am glad of the accounts you give me of my baron and Duncan, both whom I love; and pray tell them so. I will write to the former soon, though this is not a place from whence I can write him a letter to his mind. Here I neither enquire, nor know any thing of the busy world. I hardly read a news-paper. Thank God, I am safe and quiet on shore; and as I do not intend to put to sea again, why should I study navigation any more? I read here a great deal, but then it is partly for my own amusement, and partly for the improvement of my little friend, who is with me. In that way he labours most willingly, and is even for more of it than I desire to give him. But what I labour at most, and find the most difficulty in, is, to give him *les manières, la politesse, et la tournure*, of a man of fashion. He thinks knowledge is all; there I differ from him, and endeavour to convince him, that, without manners and address, it is very useless. However, I gain ground, and he is already very different from what you saw him. He makes his compliments

pliments to you and madam Dayrolles. Pray make mine to her too; and tell her that, time out of mind, there has always been, *un vieux Dayrolles, et un jeune Dayrolles*, and that, as you cannot now claim the latter appellation, it is incumbent upon her to make us *a jeune Dayrolles, dans la fabrique duquel je la prie très instamment de mettre beaucoup du sien*: (in the fabric of whom I earnestly beg she would contribute a good share.) Before you leave the Hague, pray remember to beg or steal for me some melon-seed of the *largest* and best canteloupes. The older it is, the better. *Adieu, mon cher enfant*. I am, with the truest affection,

Yours,

C.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 28, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Arrived here but last night from Bath, which journey delayed till now my answer to your last. I have brought with me from Bath a stock of health, which, with my œconomy, will, I think, last me for a year, and I pretend now to no more. Formerly I was foolish enough to think of no more than *au jour la journée*; and now I am wise enough, to expect no more than *de l'an à l'année*.

I am very glad that all was so quiet in Holland, upon an event so little expected as the death of the prince

prince of Orange. Various conjectures and deep political refinements will be made upon the probable consequences of it; you shall have mine for nothing. *Or /sus donc.* In my mind, the whole will depend upon the conduct of the *gouvernante*. If that be moderate, gentle, and œconomical, this event will secure and fix the stadthouder-form of government more effectually than the life of the prince of Orange could have done. A minority is not a time for enterprizes, nor for the extension of power; and the people, the most jealous of their liberties, are lulled by the very name of it, into a security, if no imprudent step be taken, to rouse their fears, and awaken their jealousies. In the mean time, those who, having had the greatest share in the former republican government, were the most uneasy at the alteration of it, if not provoked, will not disturb, and will insensibly grow used, and to some degree reconciled, to the present form, if gently and moderately administered. Many or most of these will be dead, by that time the young stadthouder comes to be of age; and the growing generation, who will be of age with him, will have seen, nor known, no other kind of government, and will naturally look up to a young prince. As for the herd of the people, a minor is always the object of their compassion, and consequently of their love. In these circumstances, her royal highness may, if she pleases, fix and settle her son's future government upon a more solid foundation than his father could have done. But if, on the contrary, spirit, which always means heat and fury, should be the word, and the active and busy administrations of your Catharines and Marys
of

of Medicis, your Anns of Austria, &c. should prove the model of your *gouvernante*, that conduct, which very near destroyed them in an absolute government, will ruin her family irretrievably in a free one.

Now I have shot my bolt, to another point. The duke of Newcastle told me this morning, that Mr. Yorke would go to the Hague in a few days; and that, in a few days after his arrival there, you would receive your orders to go to Brussels.

Creighton gave me your melon-seed, for which I thank you, and which I rob you of with the less regret, as, by your own account, you seem not to want any of *les quatre semences froides*.

I have no news to send you from hence; I have been too few hours in town to know any, and am moreover too indifferent to ask for any.

By a little *brochure*, which my baron has sent me, and which I take to be written under, at least, the inspection of the king of Prussia, it appears to me that some changes are intended to be made in the form of government of Sweden. If so, that may produce some Northern squabbles, though I think they will be carried on rather by the pen than the sword. For I see very many good reasons, why both Russia and the king of Prussia should rather scold than fight. But if they should come to blows, I foretel that Russia will have the better on't.

Pray make my compliments to my baron; and tell him, that I will soon send him a long and uninteresting letter: my waters, my journey, and my unsettled state, for these last two months, have hindered me from
doing

doing it sooner. This is already too long, so good night to you.

Yours.

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 15, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE received yours of the 19th, N. S. for which this is only an acknowledgment, but no equivalent. All the news of yesterday, such as speech, addresses, &c. you will have authentically from the office; and I have nothing to add to it. * * * * *

Sans vanité, as people commonly say, when they say a vain thing, I am of my baron's opinion, and think it would not be the worse for *la gouvernante*, if she pursued the measures which I mentioned in my last. I would not give her just the advice, which lord Clarendon was accused of having given king Charles II. at his restoration, not to mind his friends, but to gain his enemies. But I would advise her to think rather more of gaining over reasonable enemies, than of gratifying unreasonable friends. She should consult indiscriminately the ablest and the most respectable people of the several provinces, upon the single principle of the public good, and without adopting their provincial piques and prejudices. She should take off all proscriptions, and mitigate all that military stuff of councils of war with unlimited powers, down to the mere necessary discipline of an army.

Private and public œconomy should be her great objects ; and if she would act firmly upon such principles, she would not want our advice, but I believe would do a great deal better without it. I would not desire a finer part to act than she has ; and, were I in her case, I would undertake to fix the present form of government upon a more solid foundation than it has been upon since the time of William I.

Lord Holderneffe's baggage is not yet arrived, consequently I have not yet received my baron's bill of fare, but by a little specimen of it, which he sent me lately in a specimen of a letter, I believe I shall not be able to furnish him with some of the rarities that he desires ; for he composes these bills of fare upon the advertisements in the news-papers, and the pastry-cooks have been before-hand with him, at this season of minced-pyes. He is now pastorally inclined, and has wrote to me for some particular pastorals, which to this hour I am very sure no gentleman ever heard of or read.

My boy set out this morning for Paris, improved a good deal, in my mind, *du côté des manières*. Lord Albemarle has promised to employ him in his *bureau* as much as if he were *secrétaire de légation*, and, if he does, it will be just as well as if he were, the salary excepted, which I do not much mind. In all events, he has time enough before him ; and, if Paris will not do, some other place, some time or other, will. Make my compliments to madame Dayrolles. Adieu.

Yours.

L E T-

LETTER LXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 6, O. S. 1751.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

OUR long friendship neither requires, nor allows ceremony and compliments. We are, I dare say, reciprocally glad to write to each other, whenever business does not interfere on your part, or laziness on mine; in either of which cases be it understood, that the party at leisure, or in humor, *va toujours son train*, whether the other answers or not.

Colonel Yorke has, I suppose, brought you your pass to Brussels, which I suppose too that you will soon make use of. The sooner the better; in the present situation of affairs in the united provinces and at St. James's, that of an English minister at the Hague is not to be envied, *elle sera scabreuse*: (it will be difficult.) * * * * *

In all events you will be out of the scrape, and I am very glad of it. If you get into any at Brussels with monsieur le marquis Botta d'Adorno *, it will be of no great consequence, as he is not in very good odor here.

Our parliament is so unanimous, that the house of lords hardly sits at all, and the house of commons seldom till three o'clock, to the infinite grief of the speaker, who, I believe, would now willingly change

* Her imperial majesty's minister plenipotentiary in the low countries.

with

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. LXV. LXVI. 111
with the first president of the parliament of Paris,
which makes a greater figure at present. The *beau
monde* is not quite in such a state of inaction. * * *
* * * * *

I have sent my baron some bad books by colonel
Yorke, whose departure did not give me time to send
him the others that he desired, which I will do by the
first opportunity. I will send him two copies of
Hammond's elegies, of which he will send you one to
Brussels, if you are there before he receives them.
His tender turn is a new one, and may possibly re-
move his fear of collision with human bodies. Pray,
return him my thanks for *les mémoires de Brandebourg*,
which I have at last received from lord Holderneffe,
with a sybil's leaf, which I snatched and saved from
the wind. Pray, make my compliments to Mrs.
Dayrolles.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 14, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YESTERDAY I received yours of the 21st, N. S.
You have done very wisely in leaving the
Hague, and presenting your memorial without further
order; for had you waited here, for the return of it
revised, corrected, and amended by his grace, you
would

would have seen not only the funeral of the late, but the majority of the present, stadthouder; two objects that appear very difficult to be settled. If the *gouvernante* be not both in earnest and in haste to have a proper provision made for the probable case of her death, she must be mad. Her son's life possibly may, but his power certainly will, depend upon that previous care. The *quomodo* will not be so difficult there as it was here, there being no uncles in the question.

By all that I have heard of the character of the prince of Brunswick *, I should wish him to be the intermediate stadthouder under proper restrictions. A prince supported by any considerable power, or a Dutchman by any considerable party, might be equally dangerous; as, on the other hand, a number of guardians of the several provinces would be so like the former republican government, that it might possibly revive it. * * * * *

I know of no one event to communicate to you; there never was so serene a winter as this. I will not trouble you with news so very old, and so long known, as my being

Yours most faithfully,

C.

* Prince Lewis of Brunswick.

LET-

L E T T E R LXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 7, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

LAST post brought me your notification of your establishment at Brussels: *quod felix faustumque sit!* You begin well at least. You are soon to have a colleague there, not as minister, but as commissary for the *barrier* and the *tariff*. It was first offered to Tom Page at Chichester, whom I suppose you know; but he refused it: now I believe it will be Mr. Mitchell *, a Scotch member of parliament; he is a sensible good sort of man, and easy to live with.

Though madame Dayrolles has a very good natural color; yet, living with people so highly colored, if I were she, I would allow myself an ounce of red to their pound, which I think would be a fair composition.

All business or expectation of business is over in parliament, which sits now only for details, such as turnpike-bills, poor-bills, &c. and will certainly rise the first week in April at farthest, when his majesty proposes going to Hanover, to settle the tranquillity of the North. I am called away suddenly: *bon jour donc.*

C.

* Afterwards sir Andrew Mitchell, knight of the Bath, and envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary at the court of Berlin.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 17, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE you half the œconomist you are supposed to be, you would not pay for my letters, but return them to the postman. If they only tell you, that I am your sincere friend and servant, they tell you nothing new. You have known it long; and the repetition of that assurance is not worth the shilling it costs you. Any news, they can tell you, will, I fear, not be new news; and nothing is so dull as old news. Fresh virgin news, whether of a public or a private nature, does not come to my share; nor is it the object of my enquiries.

The chapter of the garter, as I dare say you already know, was held last Friday. I was at it, and so was at least half the town. The countess of Coventry appeared as such, for the first time, at the chapter, and was afterwards presented to the king, and, in the news-paper style, met with a most gracious reception.

The king sets out for Hanover as soon as ever he can, and that, I believe, will be within three weeks. Much business is intended to be done at Hanover this year: the election of the king of the Romans is to be attempted, which, I think, will now meet with very great difficulties, and two years ago would have met with none. France and Prussia have had time to work against it, and I fear with success, at least with

so much, that it will now be the most contested, and the most important affair, that hath happened these many years. It must have great, and God knows what, consequences. France is able, but, I hope, at present not inclined, to quarrel. The house of Austria is always inclined to quarrel, though seldom able. The king of Prussia is inclined to fear Russia; but Russia is inclined to English subsidies, which England cannot pay, and without which he will not fear Russia. The republic of the united provinces is totally impotent. Three of the electors will protest against the other six, and the *princes* will protest against all the electors, as to the question *an?* This great business will engross the attention of all Europe this year; so that, I believe, the *barrière* and the *tarif* will be pretty much neglected till the next. In the meantime I advise you and Mr. Mitchell, to divert yourselves as well as ever you can at Brussels. But whenever you do proceed to business, remember to put the Dutch ministers in the front of the battle, and sustain them in every thing. As they are the most immediately concerned, you may trust to them as to their demands; but then you must take care to support them with so much vigor, that wherever they fail, as in many points they will, they may not lay the blame, which they would be willing enough to do, upon the slackness and indifference of the English commissaries, which would hurt you both here.

My compliments to madame Dayrolles, and so we bid you heartily farewell.

C.

L E T T E R LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 17, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DID not expect to have heard from you so soon, well knowing the variety of trifling business, which always takes up more time than great business, that you must have been plagued with of late. I wish you joy of your good delivery from it. * * * *

I am very glad to hear, that the election of the king of the Romans is in so fair a way. It tends eventually to preserve the peace of Europe, which, I am sure, is very necessary for this country in particular. Pray, let me know as soon as you know, when and where that election is likely to be. My reason for thus interesting myself, as to the time and place of it, is upon account of my boy, who, I am determined, shall be at it, and I would adjust the other parts of my plan for his motions to that circumstance. He is to leave Paris in about six weeks, and to go through the courts upon the Rhine in his way to Hanover, where I did not propose his arrival till September. But if the election should be sooner, he must be there sooner, because he is to go to that election in the *suite* of one of the king's electoral ambassadors, the only way in which strangers, who are otherwise excluded the town upon that occasion,
can

can see that ceremony. Next March, he shall make his court to you at Brussels for a month or two, where I will beg of you to employ him in your *bureau*, in the things of no importance, and also that you will make him read those pieces, and give him those verbal instructions, which may put him *au fait* of the affairs of the *barrière* and the *tarif*.

I am of your opinion, that your conferences upon those points will break up, as they have often done already, *re infecta* *. Nay, considering the resolution, which you think is taken, of making Flanders once more a commercial country, it will be well if insensibly the Schelde be not opened, and the port of Antwerp restored, like that of Dunkirk, though contrary to treaties. That would be the last finishing stroke to the commerce of the united provinces, and would extremely affect ours.

I have been extremely deaf, and consequently extremely dull, this last fortnight. I am something better now, though far from being restored to my former hearing. As I have no cold, nor any bodily disorder to ascribe this deafness to, as symptomatical only, it makes me the more uneasy, by reviving in my thoughts my strong hereditary right to it; a right, which, as I do not indefeasibly allow even in kings, I would by no means exert as a private man, but would very willingly part with it to any minister, to whom hearing is often disagreeable, or to any fine woman, to whom it is often dangerous. But, whether deaf or dumb, blind or lame, for I am come to

* Which actually proved to be the case.

the period at which one has only one's chance of different ills, I shall be invariably and sincerely,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXX.

T O T H E S A M E .

London, May 19, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THIS goes to you from a deaf crippleman, confined to his bed or his chair, for above a fortnight past. My little black mare, whom you have long known to be as quiet as any thing of her sex can be, wanted to drink in Hyde-park. Accordingly I rode her into one of the little ponds, and in order to let her drink I loosed the bridon, which, by her stooping, fell over her head. In backing her out of the pond, her foot unluckily engaged itself in the bridon; in endeavouring to get clear of it, she hampered herself the more, and then, in a great *saut de mouton*, she fell backwards, and threw me with great violence about six feet from her. I pitched directly upon my hip-bone, which, by unaccountable good fortune, was neither fractured nor dislocated; but the muscles, nerves, &c. are so extremely bruised and strained, that to this moment, and this is the nineteenth day, I feel some pain, and cannot stand upon that leg at all. This confinement, especially at this time of the year, when I long
to

to be at Blackheath, is not, as you will easily guess, very agreeable; and what makes it still less so, is my increasing deafness. I have tried a thousand infallible remedies, but all without success. I hope for some good from warm weather, for hitherto we have had none. But this is more than enough concerning my own infirmities, which I am of an age to expect, and have philosophy enough to bear without dejection.

I can much more easily conceive that your affairs go on very slowly, than I can that they ever will be finished; but in the mean time, *vous êtes bien, belle ville, bonne chère, et belle femme*: make the most of them all, enjoy them while you can, and remember that our pleasures, especially our best, last too little a while to be trifled with or neglected. As for your business, you and Mitchell, to whom my compliments, have nothing else to do, but to put yourselves behind your Dutch colleagues, whose distinguishing talent is to wrangle tenaciously upon details.

I do not believe now, that a king of the Romans will be elected so soon as we thought; the court of Vienna, long accustomed to carry its points at the expence of its allies, and sensible that we wish to bring this about, will not contribute any thing to it. But truly we must satisfy the electors and princes, who stand out still, and form pretensions, possibly because they hope that it will fall to the share of England, who pays well, to satisfy them. My young traveller will therefore, I fear, have full time to walk about Germany, before he has a call to Frankfort. He is now at Luneville, from whence he goes to

Straßbourg, and then follows the course of the Rhine, through Mayence, Mannheim, Bonn, &c. to Hanover.

By his last account of the present state of France, the domestic disorders are so great, and promise to be so much greater, that we have but little to fear from that quarter. The king is both hated and despised, which seldom happens to the same man. The clergy are implacable upon account of what he has done; and the parliament is exasperated, because he will not do more. A spirit of licentiousness, as to all matters of religion and government, is spread throughout the whole kingdom. If the neighbours of France are wise, they will be quiet, and let these seeds of discord germinate, as they certainly will do, if no foreign object checks their growth, and unites all parties in a common cause.

Having now given you an account of my distempers, my philosophy, and my politics, I will give you quarter, which I can tell you is great lenity in me; for a man, who can neither use his legs nor his ears, is very apt to be an unmerciful correspondent, and to employ his hand and eyes at the expence of his friends. I close this letter, and open a book. Adieu.

Yours affectionately,

C.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Greenwich, June 30, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYRÖLLES,

SINCE public events were neither the cause, nor the cement, of our long correspondence, that private friendship, that began, may e'en continue, without the assistance of foreign matter. We will reciprocally ask, and tell one another, how we do, and what we do: if we do little worth telling, which is and will be my case, our letters will be the shorter, but not the less welcome, for being only the messengers of friendship.

I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone. I read as much as my eyes will let me: and I walk and ride as often as the worst weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs*, good health, natural good spirits, some philosophy, and long experience of the world, make me much less dejected and melancholy, than most people in my situation would be, or than I should have been myself some years ago. I comfort myself with the reflection, that I did not lose the power, till after I had very near lost the desire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head; and when I consider how much of my life is past, and how little of it according to the course of nature remains, I can almost persuade myself,

self, that I am no loser at all. By all this, you see that I am neither a dejected nor a sour deaf man.

In spite of this cold and rainy weather, I have already eaten two or three of your canteloupe melons, which have proved excellent, and some very ripe muscat grapes raised in my anana-house, which is now stocked with African ananas, much superior to the American ones. The growth, the education, and the perfection, of these vegetable children engage my care and attention, next to my corporal one, who is now going to Hanover, and who I hope will reward all my care, as well as all my ananas have done.

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am most affectionately and truly

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 24, O. S. 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I MOST heartily congratulate you upon the safe arrival of my godson, and madame Dayrolles upon his civil departure: but as for himself, considering the place he has left, and that which he is come into, I suspend my congratulations, but most sincerely wish that he may have great reason to receive, and his friends

friends to make him, those congratulations, threescore years hence. When one is in the world, one must make the best of it; but, considering what that best is upon the whole, I doubt it is only making the best of a bad bargain: however, may that best be as good to him, as it ever has been, or can be, to any body!

* * * * *

A propos, pray give me credit for whatever is proper to be done with regard to nurses, midwives, &c.; and do for me whatever you are to do for *mon compère* *.

I am very far from resolving not to try the Eyndhoven farmer †; but, as all his skill can only consist in a nostrum or two, which he indiscriminately makes use of, I postpone that trial, till I have first taken all regular steps to no purpose. I have just now begun fumigations, from which I am promised wonders. Pumping at Bath is to be the next step; and, in case of necessity, even electrification is to be tried. For my own part, I expect no considerable relief; and rely much more upon my own temper and philosophy to bear my misfortune tolerably, than I do upon any medicines to remove it. I suppose you have seen your old friend * * *, who made her husband take the route of Flanders to Paris, in order, as she said, to make her court to you. *Cela ne sent pas son vieux Dayrolles, enfin, vieux, jeune, et belle, Dayrolles, fussiez vous dix mille, je suis votre très fidèle serviteur.*

C.

* The late duke of Newcastle.

† Famous for curing deafness,

L E T T E R LXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 15, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IN the first place I make my compliments to my god-son, who, I hope, sucks and sleeps heartily, and evacuates properly, which is all that can yet be desired or expected from him. Though you, like a prudent father, I find, carry your thoughts a great deal farther, and are already forming the plan of his education, you have still time to consider of it, but yet not so much as people commonly think; for I am very sure, that children are capable of a certain degree of education long before they are commonly thought to be so. At a year and a half old, I am persuaded, that a child might be made to comprehend the injustice of torturing flies and strangling birds; whereas, they are commonly encouraged in both, and their hearts hardened by habit. There is another thing, which, as your family is, I suppose, constituted, may be taught him very early, and save him trouble and you expence, I mean languages. You have certainly some French servants, men or maids, in your house. Let them be chiefly about him, when he is six or seven months older, and speak nothing but French to him, while you and madame Dayrolles speak nothing to him but English; by which means those two languages will be equally familiar to him. By the time that he is three years old,

old, he will be too heavy and too active for a maid to carry, or to follow him; and one of your footmen must necessarily be appointed to attend him. Let that footman be a Saxon, who speaks nothing but German, and who will, of course, teach him German without any trouble. A Saxon footman costs no more than one of any other country, and you have two or three years to provide yourself with one upon a vacancy. German will, I fear, be always a useful language for an Englishman to know, and it is a very difficult one to learn any other way than by habit. Some silly people will, I am sure, tell you, that you will confound the poor child so with these different languages, that he will jumble them all together and speak no one well; and this will be true for five or six years; but then he will separate them of himself, and speak them all perfectly. This plan, I am sure, is a right one for the first seven years; and before the expiration of that time we will think farther.

My boy has been a good while at Hanover: he kissed the king's hand, which was all I expected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you take for granted, *et c'étoit dans les formes*. But the duke of Newcastle has been most excessively kind and friendly to him; had him always to dine with him, even *en famille*. * * * * *

I am really most extremely obliged to the duke of Newcastle, and will shew him that I am so, if ever I have an opportunity. He is now gone to Brunswick, and from thence goes to pass the carnival at Berlin: he will kiss your hands at Brussels in March or April, unless an election of a king of the Romans should call him to Frankfort; for I cannot help thinking,
notwith-

notwithstanding what I read in the news-papers, and what you hint in your last, but that there will be a king of the Romans elected before it is long. That affair has been too eagerly and publickly pursued, to be now dropped without ridicule and disgrace. At bottom, the court of Vienna must earnestly wish it, and it's pretended indifference was merely to throw the whole expence upon us. We have been haggling all this time about it with the court of Vienna; which, I suppose, will at last be prevailed with to do something; and we shall, according to custom, do all the rest. The electors, who are to be paid for it, as those of Palatine and Cologne, will be paid in a few ducats, and a great many guineas.

I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath, where I am to bathe and pump my head; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped, little good comes of it. However, I will try every thing, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it. My compliments to madame Dayrolles. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

C.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 7, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BEFORE this packet will reach you, another little round packet of mine probably will; I mean, Mr. Stanhope, who, by a letter of the 26th of September, which I have just received from him from Hanover, acquaints me, that he is setting out to make his court to you at Brussels. I know your friendship for me too well to want any new proofs of it; and therefore I do very seriously insist, whatever either your friendship to me, or your attention to him, might otherwise make you intend, that you do not make him lodge in your house. Let him be your guest at dinner or supper, as often as you please, but very positively no longer. A dissipated young fellow of twenty is a very improper piece of furniture in a regular family. In short, *en un mot comme en mille*, all ceremony apart, I will not have him lodge in your house. *Au reste*, I put him entirely into your hands, do whatever else you will with him. Thrust him into company. Pray inform him a little of the affairs of the *barrière* and *tarif*, which are not of a secret nature; and inform me truly, and *de bonne foi*, how you find him now. Has he better air, address, and manners, than when you saw him last? I beg of you to reprimand him seriously if he has not. As being
mine,

mine, look upon him as your own ; as I should look upon my god-son as mine, being yours, were he with me, and of an age to be rebuked and reprimanded for his good.

I have been here now just a week, blistering, pumping, and drinking ; by all which I think I have gained a little, though very little as to my hearing.

Yours most affectionately,

C.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 18, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOUR last letter of the 6th, and my last of the 10th, crossed one another somewhere upon the road, for I received yours four days after I had sent mine. I think I rather gain ground by the waters and other medicines ; but, if I do, it is but slowly, and by inches. I hear the person who sits or stands near me, and who directs his voice in a strait line to me ; but I hear no part of a mixed conversation, and consequently am no part of society. However, I bear my misfortune better than I believe most other people would ; whether from reason, philosophy, or constitution, I will not pretend to decide. If I have no very chearful, at least I have no melancholy,

choly, moments. Books employ most of my hours agreeably ; and some few objects, within my own narrow circle, excite my attention enough to preserve me from *ennui*.

The chief of those objects is now with you ; and I am very glad that he is, because I expect, from your friendship, a true and confidential account of him. You will have time to analyse him ; and I do beg of you to tell me the worst, as well as the best, of your discoveries. When evils are incurable, it may be the part of one friend to conceal them from another ; but at his age, when no defect can have taken so deep a root as to be immoveable, if proper care be taken, the friendly part is rather to tell me his defects than his perfections. I promise you, upon my honor, the most inviolable secrecy. Among the defects, that possibly he may have, I know one that I am sure he has ; it is, indeed, a negative fault, a fault of omission ; but still it is a very great fault, with regard to the world. He wants that engaging address, those pleasing manners, those little attentions, that air, that *abond*, and those graces, which all conspire to make that first advantageous impression upon people's minds which is of such infinite use through the whole course of life. It is a sort of magic power, which prepossesses one at first sight in favour of that person, makes one wish to be acquainted with him, and partial to all he says and does. I will maintain it to be more useful in business than in love. This most necessary varnish we want too much : pray recommend it strongly. * * * * *

He has, I dare say, told you, how exceedingly kind [the duke of Newcastle was to him at Hanover, for he wrote me word with transports of it. *Faites un peu valoir cela*, when you happen either to see or to write to his grace, but only as from yourself and historically. Add too, that you observe that I was extremely affected with it. In truth, I do intend to give him to the two brothers for their own; and have nothing else to ask of either, but their acceptance of him. In time, he may possibly not be quite useless to them. I have given him such an education, that he may be of use to any court; and I will give him such a provision, that he shall be a burthen to none.

As for my god-son, who, I assure you, without compliment, enjoys my next warmest wishes, you go a little too fast, and think too far before-hand. No plan can possibly be now laid down for the second seven years. His own natural turn and temper must be first discovered, and your then situation will and ought to decide his destination. But I will add one consideration with regard to these first seven years. It is this. Pray let my god-son never know what a blow or a whipping is, unless for those things for which, were he a man, he would deserve them; such as lying, cheating, making mischief, and meditated malice. In any of those cases, however young, let him be most severely whipped. But either to threaten or whip him, for falling down, bepissing himself, or not standing still to have his head combed and his face washed, is a most unjust and absurd severity; and yet all these are the common causes of whipping.

This

This hardens them to punishment, and confounds them as to the causes of it; for, if a poor child is to be whipped equally for telling a lye, or for a snotty nose, he must of course think them equally criminal. Reason him, by fair means, out of all those things, for which he will not be the worse man; and flog him severely for those things only, for which the law would punish him as a man.

I have ordered Mr. Stanhope to pass six weeks in Flanders, making Brussels his head-quarters. I think he cannot know it as he should do in less time; for I would have him see all the considerable towns there, and be acquainted and *faufilé* at Brussels, where there is a great deal of good company, and, as I hear, a very polite court.—From thence he is to go to Holland for three months. Pray put him *au fait* of the Hague, which nobody can do better than you. I shall put him into Kreuningen's hands there, for the reading, and the constitutional part of the republic, of which I would have him most thoroughly informed. If, by any letters, you can be of use to him there, I know you will. I would fain have him know every thing of that country, of that government, of that court, and of that people, perfectly well. Their affairs and ours always have been, and always will be, intimately blended; and I should be very sorry that, like nine in ten of his countrymen, he should take Holland to be the republic of the seven united provinces, and the states-general for the sovereign. *Mais à force d'être sourd je deviens bavard*; (deafness makes me loquacious;) so a good-night to you with

madame Dayrolles ; and I think that is wishing you both very well.

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 25, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this instant received yours of the 17th. If you are not partial to what belongs to me, I will hope, by your account, that your little friend is improved in his air and manners ; there was undoubtedly great room for it. If he does not divert himself so well at Bruffels, as from the reputation of Bruffels one might expect, he will only have the more time to inform himself of the very many things, that he ought to know relatively to Flanders. I am as much obliged to you for your intentions to lodge him in your *bôtel*, as if he were actually lodged there ; but I do seriously and earnestly insist that he be not your lodger. When he comes even to London, he shall not lodge in my house, though it is full big enough to hold him : but youth and spirits never do well under the same roof with age and gravity. Do not think from this, that I call you an old fellow.

God

God forbid! but you will allow yourself to be something older, and rather graver, than a boy of not quite one and twenty.

I think I gain a little ground by pumping my head, and by all the other operations which I undergo here; but it is very little. *Adieu, mon cher enfant.*

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 30, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM very sure that you are much more concerned than I am at the accident that happened between you and marquis de Botta relatively to my boy. My greatest concern arises from the apprehensions that it may possibly affect you at that formal court: if it does not, there is no harm done. You conducted yourself, in the whole affair, with all the prudence of a man much less irascible than you naturally are, especially where your friends are concerned. As for the boy himself, people in his situation must sometimes expect disagreeable things of that nature; and I have made use of this incident in my letter to him, to shew him how necessary it is for him to counterbalance this disadvantage by superior

K 3

merit

merit and knowledge. He has desired to go again to Paris; which I have very willingly consented to, as he is received there in the best companies, and employed by lord Albemarle in the most secret correspondence.—This incident makes me still more desirous than before, that the duke of Newcastle's proposal for him may take place (*a*); which, together with his being in parliament, as he will be in the next, will put an end to all these discussions. Adieu; I have pelted you lately with so many letters, that you will be afraid, for some time, of every post from England.

Yours most affectionately and sincerely;

C.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 14, 1752.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I RETURNED here yesterday from Bath, the better in my health, but little so in my hearing, for the stay I made there. The bathing and pumping my head did me a great deal of good at first;

(*a*) The appointment to the place of resident at Venice, which, after all, the king refused to grant to Mr. Stanhope. See Memoirs, sect. VI.

but

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. II. LET. LXXVIII. LXXIX. 135
but I gradually lost what ground I had gained, and
am now just as deaf as when I went there. Thus
deaf, and not having been four and twenty hours in
town, you will easily judge that I have seen little, and
heard less. * * * * *

Your little friend and servant is at Paris, where he
will continue three or four months longer; and where
I hope he will learn more manners and attentions.
If I can get him into this parliament for any of the
vacant boroughs, I will; and that, as you justly ob-
serve, will remove all difficulties: but I fear they are
all engaged. I am hurried at present by visits and
ceremonies, though, thank God, not by business; so
must abruptly wish you all well, and tell you that I
am most sincerely

Yours,

C.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is true, that I have been long silent; and am,
contrary to custom, two letters in your debt. I
would have paid better, had my specie been better;
but it is really so bad, that it would be both impu-
dent and fraudulent in me to pretend to give it cur-
rency.

rency. But, since you will take it for the sake of him whose image and inscription it wears, you shall have it, and with my wishes that it were better.

I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society, every day. I can now say of the world, as the man in Hamlet, *What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?* My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things, that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one: I will keep dipping in it, for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself; that self, as now circumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.

I am very glad to hear that my god-son flourishes. I hope he is very noisy and very active, which, at his age, are the only symptoms of health and parts.

* * * * *

I believe you are not at all sorry, for in your case I know I should not, that your great men have taken your negotiations out of your hands. It secures you ministers of a subordinate rank from any blame, in whatsoever manner the negotiations may be concluded, if ever they are concluded at all. The credit or the blame will be theirs, the appointments *en attendant* are yours. Adieu, my dear Dayrolles. I am most warmly and affectionately,

Yours,

C.
L E T.

L E T T E R LXXX.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 13, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I think it is very lucky for you inferior ministers, that those *de la première volée* * have taken the work off your hands; for the blame, which always exceeds the honor in those affairs, will be theirs too. A good tariff, if we can get one, would be a good thing; but for the *barrière*, I could wish that there were no treaty at all, and that the Dutch would, as they easily might, make their own interior *barrière* impenetrable, and leave the care of Flanders entirely to the house of Austria, who would, in that case, take care of it, notwithstanding all they give out concerning it, as that it is an expence to them, and only of use to the maritime powers. They know the contrary; and they know that it is the single point of union between them and the maritime powers, a connection which they would be very sorry to lose. That haughty house ought to be made sensible, that the money and the fleets of the maritime powers are more necessary to them, than their land forces are to the maritime powers. The late Duke of Marlborough, for his own private interest, laid the foundation of our subserviency to the court of Vienna.

* Count, now prince Kaunitz, and count Bentinck, who repaired to Brussels upon this occasion, but to as little purpose as the commissaries.

Upon

Upon the same principle, the late king carried it on till, upon private *pique* in the year 1725, he ran into the other extreme, and, by the treaty of Hanover, more absurdly threw himself into the arms, and consequently into a dependency, of the house of Bourbon. England ought to be the friend, but neither the slave nor the bubble, of the house of Austria; we have nothing to fear but from the house of Bourbon.

Hanover is frightened by the king of Prussia's ordering an encampment at Magdebourg, which he does only to frighten them, for he dares not touch them, even should we take one of his Embden ships, which I dare say we shall not. He is a great deal too wise to attack Hanover, without being previously very sure of some things, which I am sure that he cannot be sure of. He must be sure, that, in consequence of such a measure, the two Empresses will not fall upon both ends of his dominions; and he must be as sure, that France will effectually assist him. He is sure of no one of these things: he is certainly an able man, and therefore I am sure that he will be quiet.

But what have I to do, my dear Dayrolles, either to talk or think of these matters, which I long ago renounced by choice, and am now unfit for from necessity? And what is public life to me, who am cut off from all the comforts even of social? This political excursion, which is *un reste de l'homme d'affaires*, (the remains of the man of business,) puts me in mind of Harlequin's making several passes against the wall, *par un reste de bravoure*, (from a remainder of bravery.)

By

By your account, madame de Mirepoix has had one fine night on't : could I have such a one for my ears, as she has had for her whole head, I should prefer it to the best night I ever passed in my life ; but sleep is now the only business, and the only hope, of my nights. It is my greatest comfort, for it banishes the thoughts of my deafness, and my deafness in return renders my sleep less liable to interruption.

Your little friend will come here from Paris in about a month. * * * * *

My compliments to madame Dayrolles ; and lay by a stock of them for my god-son, to deliver to him when he shall be willing or able to receive them.

Yours most affectionately,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 6, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * HERE is a comte de Paar arrived from Brussels, who brought me a letter from my old friend, and your present ally, monsieur Van Haaren *. He dines with me to-morrow, though God knows that, deaf as I am, I am very unfit to do the honors of either my own country, or my own house, to foreigners. He seems

* The Dutch minister at Brussels.

to

to be a very good sort of man, without *la morgue Autrichienne*, (the Austrian pride.)

I am now, for the first time in my life, impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath, and converse with my vegetables *d'égal à égal*, which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. I propose to migrate there in about three weeks, and idle away the summer, without fearing, or wishing the return of winter. Deaf as I am, I would not change the interior quiet and tranquillity of my mind, for the full possession of all the objects of my former pursuits. I know their futility, and I know now, that one can only find real happiness within one's self. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours affectionately,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 25, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Suspended the course of my letters for some time, from mere compassion to you. Dull they must be from one, who has neither business nor pleasure, and whose fancy must consequently stagnate. Our friendship only can make them either worth writing or reading, and it is upon that principle only that this goes to you. I hope it will find you, madame Dayrolles

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. LXXXII. LXXXIII. 141
rolles, and my god-son, all well ; I am sure I sincerely
wish it.

I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horses agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them.

* * * arrived here last Saturday, but I have not seen him, and very probably shall not ; for I believe he will not seek me, and I seek nobody. Some say, that he is come over to transact great and important affairs ; but others say, and I have some reason to think with more truth, that he is come *parce qu'il boude*, (because he pouts,) and threatens with retiring from business. * * * * *

Good night.

Yours sincerely,

C.

LETTER LXXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 22, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is very true, that I am very well in health ; but I can assure you that my deafness is much more than a thickness of hearing, and that I am very
I far

far from being a social animal. I will never be an unsocial one, however, and I will wish my fellow-creatures as well as if I heard them. I have natural good spirits to support me under this misfortune, and philosophy enough not to grieve under any that I cannot remove, bodily pain excepted, of which, thank God, I have had as small a share as any body of my age, perhaps even a smaller. My only society is the person, who, for the time being, sits near me. It is a great satisfaction to me to reflect, that I retired from business to the comforts of a quiet and private life, before my unfortunate deafness reduced me to the necessity of doing it ; or it would never have been thought choice, had it been ever so truly so, the generality of mankind not having the least notion of giving-up power or profit. * * * * *

I hope my god-son and madame Dayrolles's son will divert part of her grief for the loss of her father ; and it is her duty to think more of one to whom her attention is both useful and necessary, than of one to whom all grief is unavailing. Wise people may say what they will, but one passion is never cured but by another : grief cannot be talked away, but it may and will be insensibly removed by other objects of one's attention. You should, therefore, put my god-son much in her way, and talk to her constantly upon his subject. *Au reste*, your precaution about him is, I hope and believe, very unnecessary, though eventually very prudent. You will probably live till he will want no guardians. In the course of nature, not to mention my shattered constitution, I probably shall not ; but however, in the uncertainty
of

of events, I accept that mark of your friendship and confidence, which you propose giving me, and promise you in return, that, should the case exist, which I both hope and believe will not, I will take the same care of my god-son, that I would, were he my own son. But, as I am utterly ignorant of all pecuniary affairs, I could rather wish, that you would appoint proper trustees for the care of his fortune, and me only guardian of his person and education.

I suppose he now aims at some words, and, considering the composition of your family, I suppose in various languages: all the better, let him go on with all the languages of Babel if he pleases, English, French, Flemish, and German; for though he will certainly jumble and confound them now, he will as certainly *débrouiller* them hereafter, and it will be so much clear gain for him, without any trouble. Pray let him neither be chid nor whipped for any childish trick; but reserve chiding and whipping for his first deliberate act of obstinacy, falsehood, or ill-nature, and then do it to the purpose. I am persuaded that a child of a year and a half old is to be reasoned with.

The bill, which passed last session, for the naturalization of the Jews, and which was a very right one, makes a strange noise among the generality of the people here. Many really think it, and many pretend to think it, calculated and intended for the destruction of the Christian religion in this kingdom, which they tell you will become the new Jerusalem, and be not only inhabited, but governed by the Jews. Among the thousand absurd and scurrilous

pamphlets, letters, and advertisements, that have been published upon this occasion, there has been but one good conceit, and that I think has some humor in it. It is an advertisement inserted lately in the Evening-post, as from a surgeon, who takes the liberty to inform the public upon this occasion, that he has a fine hand at circumcision of adult persons as well as children, and that he performs that operation with little pain and no danger to the patient, and at the most reasonable rate. * * * * *

From a hermitage, this is, I think, a very long letter and full of news. You may very probably think the letter too long, and the news too old; but I will conclude it with a piece of much staler and older news, which you have known these twenty years, that I am,

Affectionately and sincerely,

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU very much over-rate an office of friendship, which I both hope and believe it will never be in my power to perform. There is little probability, I had almost said possibility, that my shattered carcase, with twenty years more over my head, should survive
your

your strong and healthy constitution, in the meridian of your life. But, should the unaccountable chapter of accidents determine otherwise, you may depend upon my taking all the care of my god-son that his mother would take, and at the same time with all the strictness that a father ought to use. I owe you much more than that, in return for your constant friendship and attachment to me, in all times and upon all occasions, since our first acquaintance. With regard to myself, I might have added the epithet singular; for I have not met with the same return from many others, for whom I have done much more. I forgive them, because it is the general way of the world; but then that reflection endears those to one the more, who have virtue enough to deviate from it.

The good bishop of Waterford *, singular too in the goodness and tenderness of his heart, is now here with me, but sets out to-morrow for Ireland. He was charmed with your reception of him at Brussels. He gives me a good account of the health and strength of my god-son; and tells me what, begging your pardon, I am not sorry to hear, that the resemblance of his mother is predominant. If you are angry at me for this, complain to madam Dayrolles, who probably will not; and so I shall have one friend in the family still. * * * * *

I shall bring your little friend into the next parliament. In the mean time, I shall re-export him, for he shall not idle and saunter about the town of London next winter. He goes in about three weeks, first to Holland for a month or so, and from thence to the

* Dr. Chenevix.

three electoral courts of Bonn, Manheim, and Munich, where there are never any English, for that is my great object. He has conversed with them but too much in France, where they now swarm.

As soon as I have dispatched him, I shall set out for Bath, and try what a second boiling and pumping will do for me. Within these last three weeks, I am grown much deafer, without being able to assign any other cause for it than the natural progression of ills. *Il faut patienter*; and whether deaf, dumb, or blind, I shall always be, my dear Dayrolles,

Most faithfully yours,

C.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Nov. 16, 1753.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS I know that you interest yourself more in what is personal to myself, than in what only relates to others, I delayed answering your last till after my return from Bath, when I could give you some account of myself. It is not such a one as we could wish, for though the waters have done a great deal of good to my general state of health, they have not done me the least in the essential point of deafness. I am full as deaf, consequently full as *absurd*, as ever. I give up all hopes of cure; I know my place, and
form

form my plan accordingly, for I strike society out of it. I must supply its place as well as I can with reading, writing, walking, riding, gardening, &c. though all these together still leave a great void, into which weariness and regret will slip, in spite of all one's endeavours to banish them. But enough of this disagreeable subject.

Yesterday the parliament met; and the duke of Newcastle, frightened at the groundless and senseless clamors against the Jew-bill passed last year, moved for the repeal of it; and accordingly it is to be repealed. * * * * *

Things are very quiet here, excepting the universal drunkenness of the whole people of England, which is already begun by way of preface to the approaching elections. Parliament stock rises extremely; and one man, an East-India director I think, has bought the whole borough of * * *, which consists of ninety votes, at fifty guineas a man. This, by the way, is not reckoned a very dear bargain neither. The fury of this war is chiefly whig against whig, for the tories are pretty much out of the question; so that, after the new parliament shall be chosen, the greatest difficulty upon the administration will be, to find pasture enough for the beasts that they must feed. * * *

* * * * *

My plantation is of a very different nature from yours, and is all confined to my little spot of earth at Blackheath, which I now cultivate with as great eagerness as ever I did any other spot in my life. I have turned my green-house into a grape-house, which, with the help of a little fire, supplies me with an im-

menſe quantity of muſcat grapes, and as ripe as I pleaſe to have them, the climate depending wholly upon my orders. Theſe two little bits of garden, *tels que vous les avez vûs*, ſupplied me laſt ſummer with a ſufficient quantity of the beſt fruits I ever eat. Such are now the quiet amuſements of your retired, deaf, and inſignificant,

Friend and ſervant,

C.

LETTER LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU fine gentlemen, who have never committed the ſin or the folly of ſcribbling, think that all thoſe, who have, can do it again whenever they pleaſe; but you are much miſtaken: the pen has not only it's moments, but it's hours, it's days of impotence, and is no more obedient to the will, than other things have been ſince the fall. Unſucceſſful and ineffectual attempts are alike diſagreeable and diſgraceful. It is true, I have nothing elſe to do but to write, and for that very reaſon perhaps I ſhould do it worſe than ever; what was formerly an act of choice, is now become the refuge of neceſſity. Though I keep up a certain equality of ſpirits, better I believe than moſt people would do in my unfortunate

fortunate situation, yet you must not suppose that I have ever that flow of active spirits which is so necessary to enable one to do any thing well. Besides, as the pride of the human heart extends itself beyond the short span of our lives, all people are anxious and jealous, authors perhaps more so than any others, of what will be thought and said of them at a time when they cannot know, and therefore ought not reasonably to care for, either. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, I will confess to you that I often scribble, but at the same time protest to you that I almost as often burn. I judge myself as impartially, and I hope more severely, than I do others; and upon an appeal from myself to myself, I frequently condemn the next day, what I had approved and applauded the former. What will finally come of all this I do not know; nothing, I am sure, that shall appear while I am alive, except by chance some short trifling essays, like the Spectators, upon some new folly or absurdity that may happen to strike me, as I have now and then helped Mr. Fitz-Adam in his weekly paper called the World.

The Irish part of the world, I take it for granted you have heard, is in the utmost confusion, and I now fear, and the more because I cannot foresee, the consequences of it. The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed and animated parties. While these parties avowed and confined themselves to personal views, it signified little to the public which prevailed; but now the affair

is become national, and consequently very serious. The speaker's party, which is now, by the ill management of others, become the majority of the house, deny the king's right to the surpluses of the Irish revenue, and in consequence of that principle have rejected a bill for the application of them, because the council here had inserted, and rightly, in the preamble of the bill, these words, *by and with the consent of his majesty*. It is believed, that the house of commons will proceed to some personal votes.

* * * * * This only is certain, that the duke of Dorset is making what haste he can to come over here, and will not, nor cannot, go back again. Various successors are talked of, but I believe no one fixed. Some talk of lord Holderneffe, who in that case, they say, is to be succeeded in the secretary's office by the solicitor general, Murray. Others talk of lord Winchelsea, as recommended by lord Granville; and this I think not improbable: but some, who go deeper, name the duke of Bedford; and this, I think, by no means impossible.

This is the season of well-bred lyes indiscriminately told by all to all; professions and wishes unfelt and unmeant, degraded by use, and profaned by falshood, are lavished with profusion. Mine for you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and my god-son, are too honest and sincere to keep such company, or to wear their dress. Judge of them then yourselves; without my saying any thing more, than that I am most heartily and faithfully yours,

C.

LET-

L E T T E R LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been lately very ill, and am still far from being very well. My complaint was a goutish rheumatism, or a rheumatic gout; its principal seat was in my right arm, of which I lost the use for three weeks; but it visited all the other parts of my body by turns, not excepting my head and stomach. The weather was then so very cold, that I was confined to my room above a month, and great part of that time to my bed. I am now free from pain, and got abroad again, if going chiefly to take the air in my coach can be called going abroad; but what with the distemper itself, and the great, though necessary, evacuations, I am still very weak, and extremely dispirited. *Mais à quelque chose malheur est bon, dit on,* for probably this weak state, joined to my former deafness, will procure me the pleasure of seeing you and yours at Brussels in about two months time. The learned insist upon my going to Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, which, they promise me, will restore my health and spirits, and perhaps relieve my deafness, if it proceeds, as both they and I believe it does, from that flying goutish humour. Were it only to prolong the sag end of my tattered life, I am sure I would not take the trouble of this journey; but I undertake it merely in the hopes of making the re-

mainder of my life, be it what it will, more easy and comfortable. If it will but do that, it is all I ask; and for that I would go any where. Pleasures are over with me; negative health and quiet are the only remaining objects of my wishes. At this moment, I know that you are allotting me a bed-chamber in your house, and resolving to write to me to insist upon my taking up my quarters there. But as I am very sure, that these intended offers are not the result of form and ceremony, but of real friendship, I will, with the same truth and sincerity, tell you, that if you would have me easy, as I am sure you would, you must let me sleep at an inn in Brussels. I will breakfast, dine, and sup with you, and I will make use of your coach to carry me from my inn to your house, for I will set my foot in no other, and back again; but it has been my rule for these forty years, never to be in a friend's house, when I could be at an inn, it being so much more convenient to both. This preliminary being thus fixed, I hope to sup with you at Brussels some day of the last week in April, because I would be at Spa the first week in May, that I may get away from thence before the fashionable season begins, which is about the middle of July. Pray mention this scheme of mine to no mortal living, because that, like some great German prince, though not for the same reasons, I will, as far as possible, keep the strictest *incognito*. I have done with the world and with those who are of it; and any civilities, which they might still shew me, would only distress me, and make me feel more sensibly my inability of either returning or hearing them. I know comte de Lannoy and others

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. II. LET. LXXXVII. LXXXVIII. 153
at Bruffels; but, in my present situation, I should
dread to see them; and I hope I shall have all Spa to
myself, and my friend and doctor Garnier, who goes
along with me, during our residence there.

I am too much *isolé*, too much secluded from either
the busy, or the *beau monde*, to give you any account
of either. The accounts of my own microcosm I
have given you; a scurvy one it is, much shattered
and decayed; but the heart, that still animates it, is
most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 2, 1754.

DEAR PAYROLLES,

* * * * * THE preliminaries for our meet-
ing at Bruffels have been sooner and better settled,
than those for the tarif and barrière were. I am to
find myself with sleep; and you are to find me with
every thing else, that is, you are to *treat*, you are to
furnish the matter, and I am to digest it as well as I
can. *A propos*, this suggests to me a little com-
mission, which you must allow me to trouble you
with. I shall not carry my cook with me to Spa,
both for my own sake and his. He is a very good
cook; but, as he has no settled aversion to drinking,
he would find bad wine and bad company very cheap
there,

there, and be spoiled. Besides, he would tempt me with things which, as I am resolved not to eat of, I am determined not to see, while I am at Spa. I wish therefore, that you could find me at Brussels an humble *marmiton, tournebroche*, or other animal, who could roast and boil decently, and do nothing more. If you can find such a being, pray engage him for me, at so much certain a week, including wages, board-wages, and every thing, from the 30th of this month. As, in going to Spa, I shall stay but one whole day and two nights at Brussels, I think I need not take any other name for privacy's sake. For let who will know of my arrival, as to be sure comte Lannoy must, *ne bougeant de chez vous je serai à l'abri des visites*, (not stirring from your house I shall escape visits.)

You have heard, no doubt, of the very many removes at court, occasioned by Mr. Pelham's death, more, I believe, than were ever made at any one time, unless in a total change of ministry, which is by no means the case at present, the power being continued, and in my opinion more securely than ever, in the same hands. I will not therefore repeat to you what you have already found in the news-papers, and the office-letters. Still less will I trouble you with the millions of absurd reasonings, and speculations, of the uninformed, and almost always mistaken; volunteer politicians. But, when we meet, I will tell you the few things, that have accidentally come to my knowledge, and that I have reason to believe are true. This in the mean time is certain, that the parliament will be dissolved next Saturday, and that the

-writs

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. LXXXVIII. 155
writs for the new one will be issued on the Tuesday
following, the 9th. After which day, till forty days
afterwards, you may depend upon it, that much the
greater part of this kingdom will be uninterruptedly
drunk. My boy will be chosen without the least op-
position or trouble. * * * * *

It was absolutely necessary for him to be in parlia-
ment. He is now at Manheim, and is to come to
me at Spa, from whence, in our return to England,
he will kiss your hands at Brussels. I flatter myself
that he will do in the house of commons, where *les*
manières, les attentions, et les graces, are by no means
the most necessary qualifications. Good night.

Yours most faithfully.

C.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 23, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WERE I to answer Mrs. Dayrolles's compli-
ment as a fine gentleman, I would tell her
that prudence forbids me to stay more than one day
at Brussels, that more would be too dangerous, and
that even the recovery of my health would not make
me amends for the loss of my liberty. But to answer
more in character, that is, as a deaf old fellow, I must
tell her the truth, which is, that, loving ease and quiet

as I do, I transport myself with as much unwillingness as any convict at the Old Baily is transported, and I prefer it only as the lesser evil of the two. My stay abroad will consequently be as short as my health, the object for which I go, will possibly allow, for I confess that my impatience to return to my cell at Blackheath is extreme; and I must be there by the middle of July at farthest.—Formerly I did not much dislike the Tartar kind of life, of camping from place to place, but now there is nothing that I dislike so much. Moreover, I can assure you, that both Mrs. Dayrolles's lungs and yours will have had exercise enough in one day, with a deaf man, to be very willing to part with him the next. To bring things as near precision as I can, I will tell you, that I shall leave London next Sunday morning, and consequently be at Dover that night. From thence it is probable that I shall get to Calais some time the next day; and from Calais it is certain that it is at most three days journey to Brussels; so that in all likelihood I shall get there on Thursday, and the very moment I do get there, I shall pay my duty, as due, to the British minister.

I had almost forgot to trouble you with another little commission, though a necessary one; it is to engage a *valet de place* for me, to go with me from Brussels to Spa, and to serve me during my stay there, and till my return to Brussels, at so much a day certain for wages, board-wages, rags, &c. There are always such animals to be had; and I need not have troubled you with so frivolous a commission, but that I would much rather have one who will not rob me, than one who will; and some of your servants are
more

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. LXXXIX. XC. 157
more likely to procure me such a one, than the people at the inn. I shall tire you so soon with my company, that I will spare you in writing, and bid you abruptly good night.

L E T T E R XC.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 4, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM persuaded that lord Holderneffe's silence was merely accidental, and not intended as a civil refusal of your request, which I dare say will appear by his answer to your private letter. In that case, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you here. * * * *
If you come, you shall have excellent beef and mutton, and every thing else extremely bad; for these are, as lord Foppington says, a most barbarous race of people, stap my vitals! Most of the necessaries and conveniencies of life are absolutely unknown to them; one strong instance of this is, that the old invention of a pair of bellows has never yet been heard of in the principality of Liege; but, instead of it, a maid, with an exceeding strong breath, as you will easily believe, blows the fire through the broken barrel of an old gun.

Ten thousand thanks and compliments from me to Mrs. Dayrolles, for the trouble she has taken to execute those commissions herself, which I only intended for
her

her maid. My benediction to my god-son; and my sincere sentiments of love and friendship to yourself; and so good night.

L E T T E R XCI.

T O T H E S A M E.

Spa, June 12, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

NOTHING is changed in my arrangement as to this place, and I believe you are very sure that nothing is as to my desire of seeing you here or any where. I will complete my two months, however unwillingly, in this detestable place, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with when I leave it, which will be about the 17th or 18th of next month. You shall have good beef here, and super-excellent mutton, one intire sheep weighing but six and twenty pounds. You shall also have admirable champaign and rhenish; every thing else is as detestable as the place or the company. * * * * *

Pray make my compliments to my old and good friend your aunt; and to all others at the Hague, who may chance to remember and enquire after so insignificant a being as

Your faithful servant,

C.

L E T -

L E T T E R XCII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Aug. 1, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

A Thousand thanks to you and Mrs. Dayrolles, for your kind and friendly reception at Brussels, and your company at Spa. As those sentiments are the first in my mind, my first letter from England shall convey them.

My journey home would have been as good as I could have wished, had I not been immediately preceded by lord and lady Cardigan, who, travelling with six and thirty horses, sometimes left me none, but at best tired ones. However I scrambled to Calais about noon on Sunday, where I found the wind directly contrary, but polite enough to change exactly at the time I wanted it the next morning, and to waft me to Dover in less than five hours. From thence I set out for my hermitage, and arrived here on Tuesday evening safe and sound, my ears excepted. This, I find, is my proper place; and I know it, which people seldom do. I converse with my equals, my vegetables, which I found in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, which has been full as cold and wet here as we had at Spa. I wish I could send you some of my pine-apples, which are large and excellent; but without magic that cannot be done, and I have no magic. Contentment is my only magic; and, thank God, I
6 have

have found out that art, which is by no means a black one.

I have neither heard nor asked for news; and shall certainly tell you none, when I tell you that I am most faithfully and affectionately

Yours,

C.

LETTER XCIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD my letters be less dull, they should be more frequent; but what can a deaf vegetable write to amuse a live man with? Deaf and dull are nearer related than deaf and dumb. This, though the worst, is not all that hindered me from acknowledging your last sooner; for I have been very much out of order this last fortnight, with my usual giddinesses in my head, and disorders in my stomach, so that I find the Spa waters gave me but what the builders call a half-repair, which is only a mere temporary vamp. In truth, all the infirmities of an age, still more advanced than mine, crowd in upon me. I must bear them as well as I can; they are more or less the lot of humanity, and I have no claim to an exclusive privilege against them. In this situation, you will easily suppose that I have no very pleasant hours; but on the other hand, thank God, I have not one melancholy one; and I rather think that my philosophy increases with my infirmities. Pleasures I think

think of no more; let those run after them that can overtake them, but I will not hobble and halt after them in vain. My comfort and amusements must be internal; and, by good luck, I am not afraid of looking inwards.—Some reading, some writing, some trifling in my garden, and some contemplation, concur in making me never less alone than when alone. But this letter runs too much into the moral essay of a solitaire. *Changeons de thèse*, (let us change the subject.)

I shall go to London in November, upon the account of lady Chesterfield, and even of my servants, who, not having the resources that I have, would be very miserable here in the winter. The difference will be but little to me, it would be great to them, which in my mind makes it a social duty.

I reckon that my god-son now begins to chatter, and confound two or three languages. No matter; they are so much clear gain to him, and in time he will unconfound them of himself.

I had a letter two days ago from lord Huntingdon, who seems very sensible of your civilities, and charmed with those he received from prince Charles of Lorraine, and comte Cobentzel*. Pray assure the latter of my respects. I like and honor him extremely. I need not surely make any compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. Nor will I prophane our friendship with any, but tell you heartily and honestly that I am

Faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Her imperial majesty's minister plenipotentiary at that time in the low countries.

L E T T E R XCIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 17, 1754.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Received your last while at Bath, from whence I arrived here a few days ago. The waters did me a great deal of good, as to my general state of health; but I grow deafer and deafer every day, by the natural progression of all ills with age. As I know my ill to be incurable, I bear it the better, from a philosophy of my own, very different from most other people's: for while I have both hopes and fears, I am anxious; but when I have no hopes, I take my *party*, and am easy. * * * * *

I have now a most important commission to trouble you with, it is no less than to receive eighteen thousand pounds sterling for me at Brussels; that is, when the lottery there shall be drawn, in which I have three tickets. One of them is unquestionably the great prize. The numbers of my three tickets are 66694, 66695, 66696. I think I am very modest in only desiring one prize in three tickets. It is true that it is the great one, but then I leave you the five or six next best, which are more than equivalent to mine; and as all the drawing depends, I presume, upon you and Cobentzel, I hope you will take care of yourselves and your friends. If you chuse to have the great prize for my god-son, I will give it up to him, but to nobody else. In all events, pray have my above-mentioned numbers examined, after the drawing of
the

the lottery, and let me know my good or ill fortune. I shall bear either with great moderation.

Our ministerial affairs here are still in great confusion. It is said, they will be settled during the recess of the parliament at Christmas; but if they should, which I much question, that settlement will, in my opinion, by no means be a lasting one. It would take up reams of paper to relate to you the various reports and conjectures of our speculative politicians here; and therefore I will only give you my own short conjecture upon what little I see and hear myself. I think I see every thing gravitating to Fox's center, and I am persuaded that in six months time he will be the minister. * * * * *

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles; *et adieu, mon cher ami.*

LETTER XCV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

DEAF men and dead men differ very little except in one point, which is, that letters from the dead would be very curious, and probably very instructive; whereas those from the deaf must necessarily be very dull. Were I dead, and allowed to write, you should hear from me much oftener, as my letters would be like those of the missionary Jesuits, *curieuses*

et édifiantes (a), and well worth the postage, though it would probably be considerable, *car il y a bien loin de ce pays-là*, (as the distance is great.) But being only deaf, crazy, and declining, I consider both your time and your purse, which would be but ill-employed in reading, and paying for, such letters as mine.

Notwithstanding my state of ignorance and solitude, I dare say you will expect some news from me, now that you read every day of fitting out great fleets, and raising additional troops. It is true, that we are equipping a very great fleet, which is to be commanded by lord Anson, and three other admirals; and we are raising some regiments of marines, in order to man it, which otherwise we found that we could not. From all these warlike preparations, the public is convinced that we shall have a war; but I am by no means so. I cannot see that it is the interest, nor can I believe that it is the inclination, of France, at this time, to bring on a general war; and I am very sure that we are absolutely unable to support one. I am, therefore, persuaded, that we are reciprocally endeavouring to intimidate each other, and that all this *levée de bouclier* (blustering) will end quietly in referring our American disputes to com-

(a) These are occasional accounts of the transactions of the Jesuits sent out to different parts of the world, for the conversion of the heathen to *their* Christian religion, which used to be published in French at Paris, and consist of about forty volumes in octavo. Amidst an immense quantity of trash, stories of wonderful events, encomiums of their zeal and address, miracles performed, christenings by stealth of infants and dying people, of their sufferings, persecutions, &c. a good deal of information, about the natural history of the countries, as well as the manners and characters of the inhabitants, may be picked up from these relations.

missaries *de part et d'autre*, who will decide and settle them much about the time that the tariff and the *barrière* shall be finally determined. Should we really come to hostilities in America, with advantage on our part, monsieur de Maillebois would very probably make another journey to Lower Saxony; in which case a second neutrality would be too dangerous either to accept or refuse, which is another reason why I think that the dilemma will, if possible, be avoided. And indeed, upon the whole, I wish it may, considering our national debt, and the two very sore places which we have in Lower Saxony and the highlands of Scotland. Another little circumstance, which seems to favour my pacific opinion, is the late hasty nomination of lord Hertford to the French embassy, and the hurry he is in to go there. A Frenchman who is now here, le comte d'Estaing, said the other day, *Pardieu, messieurs, ce seroit bien ridicule de faire casser la tête à dix mille hommes pour quelques douzaines de chapeaux*, (it would be absurd to have ten thousand men knocked on the head for a few dozen of hats,) alluding to the castors of North America.

The earl of Bristol is appointed envoy to Turin, to watch the motions of that court, in the room of the earl of Rochford, who is sent for home to receive the gold key.

In parliament, things go very quietly this session. Fox has evidently the lead there. Mr. Pitt rather hints, than declares, opposition. Legge is discontented, but silently so. The parliament is to be prorogued at Easter, and his majesty will set out for

Hanover the day afterwards. He is to be attended, as I am informed, only by Sir Thomas Robinson.

For *un reclus, un solitaire, un sourd*, I think, I have given you a great deal of news; at least I am sure I have given you all I have; and no man, you know, can do more. * * * * *

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R XCVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 2, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

WHAT can a deaf hermit write? The repetition of my affection and friendship for you would be as dull, as I am persuaded it would be unnecessary; you are either convinced of them already, or you never will be so. Would you have news? Mine is always stale; and, though I was the introducer of the new style, in all those matters I go by the old, and am at least eleven days behind-hand.

I could tell you, but I will not, that the king sailed from Harwich last Monday; but I can tell you, and will, that the duke of Cumberland and Mr. Fox are appointed of the regency; the consequence of which new measure, I presume, you can tell yourself. Peace and war seem yet so uncertain, that nobody knows which to expect.—The people in general, who always wish

wish whatever they have not, wish for a war; but I, who have learned to be content with whatever I have, wish for the continuation of peace. My country-folks think only of the new world, where they expect to conquer, and perhaps will; but I cannot help dreading the *contrecoup* of those triumphs in the old one. I have ninety-nine reasons against a land war in Europe; the first of which being that we are not able to carry it on, I will not trouble you with the others.

You have certainly heard of, and probably seen, * * * 's extraordinary motion, which he made in the house of lords, just before the rising of the parliament, when it could not possibly have any good effect, and must necessarily have some very bad ones. It was an indecent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved the house to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the king, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have; for that I am to have one they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear, I have nothing to ask, and there is nothing that I will or can have. Retirement was my choice seven years ago: it is now become my necessary refuge. Blackheath, and a quiet conscience, are the only objects of my cares.

What good I can do as a man and a citizen, it is my duty, and shall be my endeavour, to do; but public life and I, we are parted for ever.

To-morrow I go to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we have one. That little hermitage suits best with my inclinations and situation; it is there only that I do not find myself *déplacé*. My little garden, the park, reading and writing, kill time there tolerably; and time is now my enemy.

My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles. My god-son, I suppose, by this time, chatters a Babel language of English, French, and Flemish: so much the better, *c'est autant de gagné, et avec l'âge il débrouillera ce petit chaos*: (it is clear gain, and in time he will unravel that little chaos.) Good-night.

Yours faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 10, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT was my *ennui*, and not my amusements, could I now have any! that occasioned my long silence; depend upon it, nothing else could or should. I break daily, my friend, both in body and mind, their union being very intimate. Spirits consequently fail,

fail, for they are the result of health, and I cannot say that, since I am here, I have had three days together uninterrupted health. Sometimes strong returns of my inveterate giddinesses, sometimes convulsive disorders in my stomach, always languor, weakness, and listlessness. I find that I am got half-way down hill, and then you know the velocity increases very considerably. But what is to be done? nothing but patience. Whatever the purest air, constant moderate exercise, and strict regimen can do, I have here; but they serve only to prolong, for a little time, an irksome situation, which my reason tells me, the sooner it is ended, the better. My deafness is extremely increased, and daily increasing; this cuts me wholly off from the society of others; and my other complaints deny me the society with myself, which I proposed when I came here. I have brought down with me a provision of pens, ink, and paper, in hopes of amusing myself, and perhaps entertaining or informing posterity, by some historical tracts of my own times, which I intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons; myself not excepted. But I have not yet employed my pen, because my mind refused to do it's part; and in writing, as well as in other performances, whatever is not done with spirit and desire, will be very ill done. All my amusements are therefore reduced to the idle business of my little garden, and to the reading of idle books, where the mind is seldom called upon. Notwithstanding this unfortunate situation, my old philosophy comes to my assistance, and enables me to repulse the attacks of melancholy, for I never have

one

one melancholic moment. I have seen and appraised every thing in its true light, and at its intrinsic value. While others are outbidding one another at the auction, exulting in their acquisitions, or grieving at their disappointments, I am easy, both from reflection, and experience of the futility of all that is to be got or lost.

But *trêve de réflexions morales*, (too much of, moral reflections.) A man may be too sober as well as too drunk to go into company, and his philosophical reflections may be as troublesome in one case, as his extravagancy in the other.

Well then; we will hope, you warmly and I coolly, that great things are reserved for us in the fifth and last class of this lottery; but if fortune will take my advice, though ladies are seldom apt to take the advice of old fellows, she will transfer whatever she intended to you or me to my god-son. * * *

* * * * *

The present situation of neither peace nor war is, to be sure, very unaccountable, and I cannot help fearing, that we shall be the dupes of it at last. Surely we, I mean our ministers, ought to have known, before this time, which of the two the French really intended; and, if they meant peace, to have had it concluded, or, if they meant war, to have given them the first blow at sea; for if, instead of that, you give them time to augment their marine, while you keep yours at an immense and useless expence, I believe they will be more explicit with you next year. The clamor at our inaction is universal and prodigious, people desiring something for their money,

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK II. LET. XCVII. XCVIII. 171
money. From that, and many other concurring
causes, the next session will be a very boisterous
one. * * *

Adieu, my dear Dayrolles : lady Chesterfield's and
my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles.

C.

L E T T E R XCVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, August 15, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU insult my incredulity in your prophecy,
and triumph in the possibility, or, as you call
it, the probability of its being fulfilled ; but a little
patience, for perhaps the distress, which you flatter
yourself will happen to you, may not, and I will lay
you one of our lottery tickets, that Mrs. Dayrolles
will be up again before the French take possession of
Brussels. They certainly may, whenever they will,
and therefore seem to be in no haste to do it ; besides,
can they, with the least color of justice, invade the
queen of Hungary's dominions, because captain
Howe has taken captain Hocquart in America (a) ?

(a) He commanded the Alcide, a man of war belonging to a
French squadron conveying troops to America, and taken by captain
Howe of the Dunkirk, one of the fleet sent out under the command
of vice-admiral Boscawen to oppose the designs of the French
court,

Such

Such a step as that, is not warranted by any thing that I ever read in Grotius or Pufendorf. You will probably say, that great powers are not apt to trouble themselves about reason and justice, and that is certainly true; but, in my own opinion, France is at this time neither desirous of a general war, nor very fit to carry one on; so that I rather think they will confine their indignation to the king, both as king and elector, and attempt to invade both England and Hanover. I fear them in neither of those cases. Be easy therefore till the evil day draws much nearer than it seems to be at present.

I shall say nothing to you about my own health, though I know that it is not quite indifferent to you; but it is really so indifferent in itself that it is not worth mentioning, for I am never quite well, and the whole difference is *du plus au moins*. I will weather out these six weeks, if I can, and then go to Bath, which is always a temporary, but never a lasting, cure; however, *c'est autant de pris sur l'ennemi*.

If, by chance, you meet with any quantity of seed of excellent melons, whether canteloupes or others, provided they are but very large ones, I shall be much obliged to you, if you will let me go a dozen or two seeds with you. I would not have more than what may be conveyed in a letter or two. My melon ground is so small, that it will not afford to raise little ones, and I must make up in size what I want in number. I have had some excellent good, and very large, ones this year, from your Sorgvliet feed (a),

(a) The late count Bentinck's villa, near the Hague, on the road to Scheveling.

How does my god-son go on with his little *lingua Franca*, or jumble of different languages? Fear no Babel confusion. *L'âge débrouillera tout cela*; (age will unravel all this.)

I hear no news, or there is none; but lyes are extremely rife, especially from America; which, I dare say, was not so much talked of, when first discovered by Columbus, or Vesputius Americus, as it is now. But I am so humble a politician, that I content myself with wishing well to my country, and for the rest, *vogue la galère*. But the rest of my countrymen, and even country-women, are not so passive; for I am assured they are so brim-full of politics, that they spill them wherever they go. If I had no better reason to lament my deafness than not hearing them, I should be much easier than I am under my misfortune. *Adieu, mon ami.*

LETTER XCIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1755.

DEAR DAYRÖLLES,

* * * * * The king is expected to land every minute, which, I suppose, will produce more decision concerning war or peace than has appeared yet; for, at present, there is a kind of a mist before them, which one cannot see through. I do not, in the least, fear a war, provided it be not in Flanders, where the
French

French must always make it with infinite advantage, and where the empress queen will not, and our allies the Dutch cannot, assist us effectually. I am therefore very glad to find, that the garrisons in Flanders are evacuated; and I hope that the Dutch will make a neutrality; so that there may be no field of battle in the seventeen provinces for us to be beaten in again. And what will the French do then? At sea, it is certain that we must destroy both their navy and their commerce. Will they attempt invading us here again? Let them, they are very welcome, that is too contemptible. Will they march an army to Hanover? *à la bonne heure*; (be it so;) what will become of that army after a thirty days march in the desarts of Westphalia, especially now that we have secured a force in that part of the world, superior to any they can send? Their army will melt away there faster than in Bohemia; and care will be taken, before their arrival there, to leave them even no *ponpournichil* (a) to subsist upon. * * * * * Your quiet situation at Brussels will therefore, I hope, not be disturbed; and, in that case, I confess, I would rather have war than peace with France: as the former, if vigorously carried on at sea, must greatly check, if not destroy, their growing navy and commerce.

A thousand thanks to you for your melon seed, which I will sow and cultivate with great care, in hopes that I may give you some of the fruit of it next

(a) A very coarse kind of hard brown bread, eaten in several parts of Germany, and especially by the poor inhabitants of Westphalia.

year in this hermitage; for I think you gave me some reason to flatter myself that I shall see you here next year. In that case, perhaps, I may shew you some melons much more extraordinary than yours, though probably not quite so good; for I have had a present made me, by a Persian merchant of good credit, of a few melon seeds, that he brought himself from Diarbeck, which was the antient Mesopotamia; and which, he protests, produce melons, that weigh from ninety to one hundred, and one hundred and ten pounds each. But, notwithstanding the gentleman's credit as a merchant, I am a little incredulous.

I go next week to Bath, where, for the time being, I am always well; and that is so much clear gain, and worth the journey to one, who has not, for these six months, been well for four and twenty hours together. Besides, all places are now alike to me, and I can be more alone at Bath, than any where. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours, wherever I am,

C.

LETTER C.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 4, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * * I have been here now just a week; too little to have found much benefit, but, however, long enough to give me reason to hope that

that I shall find some, for my stomach is rather less disordered than I brought it down with me here. But upon the whole, I am, and always shall be, *un pauvre corps, dont il ne vaut pas la peine de parler*; (a poor wretch, not worth mentioning.)

I think it impossible, that the French can insist upon more than a neutrality on the part of the republic of the united provinces. Upon what pretence can they? But if they should, they cannot invade them, without first invading Flanders, and bringing the queen of Hungary upon their backs, which I cannot think them at present willing to do. But suppose they should, they will with ease over-run all Flanders in a fortnight, so that where will there be a field of battle left? We can send no troops to Holland that can be of any use. The Dutch have not enough to oppose a French army of 100,000 men; so that, in that case, they have nothing to do, but *subir la loi du vainqueur*; (to yield to the conquerors.) But, depend upon it, things will not be carried to those extremities. The French, at this time, dread a general war. Their ministry is weak, and their king weaker; the clergy and the parliament, hating each other irreconcilably; they have no general, in whom they have the least confidence; and, by the interest they pay, it is plain they want money. From all this, and from our inevitable successes at sea, I take it for granted, that a peace, and a reasonable one, will some how or other be jumbled up in the course of seven or eight months; so that, with all your ingenuity in anticipating misfortunes, I am persuaded, that your journey to England next year will be
merely

merely a voluntary one, and not a necessary flight from where you now are.

The next session, which now draws very near, will, I believe, be a very troublesome one; and I really think it very doubtful, whether the subsidiary treaties with Russia and Cassel will be carried or not. To be sure, much may be said against both; but yet I dread the consequences of rejecting them by parliament, since they are made. But what have I to do with public matters? Moreover, a man, who has not the whole thread of them, talks of them as a blind man does of colors; for the least circumstance unknown often changes the whole thing (*a*). This I know perfectly, that I am truly,

Yours.

LETTER CI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1755.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

YOU will think me very lazy, for that I am sure is the worst thing that you will ever suspect me of, with regard to yourself, in having

(*a*) That was really the case with regard to lord Chesterfield, who, at that time, was totally ignorant of the French court's alliances with the principal powers of Europe, and altered his opinion when he was acquainted with them, as appears by the following letters. But the fluctuations of mind of great men may be instructive, and their dreams, at least, are always entertaining.

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N

been

been so long without answering your last. But it has not been quite laziness; for some few days, business, and for many days weakness, dispiritedness, and languor, would not allow me to put pen to paper; otherwise, deaf people are commonly as frivolously *writative*, as blind people are often frivolously talkative: but, when a general disorder and decay of the body is added to impenetrable deafness, one becomes too like a dead body, to write any thing but a codicil.

Were I, now that I am writing, to pretend to send you but a short account of our transactions here, I must send you a large folio. The house of commons sits three or four times a week till nine or ten at night, and sometimes till four or five in the morning; so attentive are they to the good of their dear country. That zeal has of late transported them into much personal abuse. * * *

Even our insignificant house sat one day last week till past ten at night upon the Russian and Hessian subsidiary treaties; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead: for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the house, very near annihilated me. I was for the Russian treaty, as a prudent eventual measure at the beginning of a war, and probably preventive even of a war, in that part of the world; but I could not help exposing, though without opposing, the Hessian treaty; which is, indeed, the most extraordinary one I ever saw. It can have no effect, for you are not to have the troops till after you do not want them, viz. till six months

months after the requisition made; and after you dismiss the troops, should you ever call for them, the subsidy is to be doubled for the remainder of the term. It is certain, that his most serene highness is full as good at making a bargain as any Jew in Europe.

Places, as you will see by the news-papers, are emptying and filling up every day. The patriot of Monday is the courtier of Tuesday; and the courtier of Wednesday is the patriot of Thursday. This, indeed, has more or less been long the case, but I really think never so impudently and so profligately as now. The power is all falling from his grace's into Fox's hands, which, you may remember, I told you long ago would happen. * * * * *

Besides these discords and misfortunes, we live here in dread of two others of a very different kind, an invasion from France, and a *bricole* of the earthquake from Lisbon. For myself, I cannot say that I have any great apprehensions of either; but of the two, I have more faith in the earthquake than in the invasion. France has too often experienced the futility of those attempts. But be these things how they will, *réjouissez-vous autant que faire se pourra, et surtout portez-vous bien, car il n'y a rien de tel. Adieu, mon ami.* (Rejoice as much as you can, and above all keep in health, for there is nothing like it. Adieu, my friend.)

L E T T E R CII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 23, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

DO yourself justice, and you will cease to wonder at either the beginning or the continuance of my friendship for you. I soon discovered, and have now long experienced, the honest truth and warmth of your heart. Friendship, like health, is to be preserved by the same means by which it is acquired, and I believe we shall neither of us *démentir* (forsake) those means.

Every thing tends more and more every day to the verification of my prophecy; for in our political balance, Fox's scale grows heavier and heavier, which every body perceives. * * * * *

We are here in daily expectation of a formal declaration of war from France, as it seems to be the natural consequence of the memorial sent by monsieur Rouillé to Mr. Fox, through Holland, which perhaps you have seen; but which, no doubt, you have heard the substance of, and therefore I shall not repeat it. I am not so fond of war as I find many people are. *Mark the end on't.* Our treaty lately concluded with Prussia is a fortunate event, and secures the peace of the empire; and, is it possible, that France can invade the low countries, which are the dominions of the empress queen, only because admiral Boscawen has taken two of their ships in America?

America? But then you will ask me probably, where can France annoy us then? I see but two places; in America, by slipping over, in single ships, a considerable number of troops; and next, by keeping us in a state of fear and expence at home, with the threats and appearances of an intended invasion; which, I dare say, they will not think proper to attempt in reality. In my opinion, our greatest danger arises from our expence, considering the present immense national debt. I take it for granted, that the Dutch will endeavour to obtain from France a neutrality, and I wish they may get one; for, I am sure, they have no other safety, for they can neither defend themselves, nor can we defend them. They have no longer any *barrière* in Flanders; and Maestricht and Bergen-op-zoom would not delay their ruin above three months, should the French think proper to *brusquer* Flanders to get at them.

I have been for some time, and am still, very much out of order, my complaints in my head and stomach being returned; so that I fear I shall be obliged to go to the Bath this season for a month or six weeks, which, though never a radical cure, is always a palliative for some time, and that is *autant de pris sur l'ennemi*. Whatever happens to my shattered carcase, God bless you all.

Yours faithfully,

C.

LETTER CIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 3, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I AM too sensible of your affection for me, not to know that you will be impatient to hear what is become of me, after the account I gave you of myself in my last. This is therefore to inform you, that I am something, though indeed but little, better than I was. I am still excessively weak and dispirited, and do not expect to regain much strength or spirits, till I have been a few days at Bath, which never fails to vamp me for a time. I set out for it to-morrow morning.

My nephew, sir Charles Hotham, either now is, or will be very soon, at Bruffels. I recommend him to your care during his stay there. I am told by those who have seen him lately, *qu'il a l'air, et les manières d'un honnête homme* *, but that he is rather of too grave and solitary a turn; therefore, pray thrust him into company as much as possible, and, [when you have analysed him thoroughly, send me freely and sincerely your opinion of him. Pray remember, no lodging in your house.

Yours most sincerely,

C.

* *Honnête homme* means no more in the French style than a man of fashion.

LET-

L E T T E R CIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 5, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAD but one reason for not acknowledging, long before now, your last letter, which reason was that I could not. I went, as you know, ill to the Bath; I continued ill there, and returned from thence still worse. I am now very far from being well, and am this moment going to settle at Blackheath, for the sake of sleeping in a purer air and more exercise, though I believe to very little purpose; for, if I do not much mistake, I think I am very near *le bout de mon latin*, (the end of my career.) In this languid and miserable state, you will easily judge that I am little informed of public matters, and must consequently be little informing; so I shall not pretend to send you any news from hence.

I suppose that sir Charles Hotham and Tollot * are by this time at Bruffels, to both whom I desire that you will make my compliments; and pray tell Tollot, that I received his letter, which I will answer as soon as I am able, if ever I am able.

Do you think of coming over this year with your family, as you intimated when I saw you at Bruffels? or will the present strange situation of affairs keep you there this summer? Whatever you do, may it

* Dr. Tollot of Geneva, travelling-governor to sir Charles Hotham.

be for the best! for all happiness both to you and yours is most sincerely wished by, dear Dayrolles,

Your most faithful friend

and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER CV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, April 30, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I DELAYED answering your kind inquiries after the state of my existence, in hopes of being able to have given you by this time an account of it more satisfactory to us both; and I now write these few lines, in order not to give you a worse some time hence, than I can at present. In truth, I am in so miserable and fluctuating a state, that I can in no one hour judge what, nor where, I shall be the next.

It would undoubtedly be improper for you to ask leave to come here this summer; and, were I in your place, I would send for somebody from Holland to inoculate the children, that operation being, as I am assured, now very well understood there, and frequently performed.

Adieu, my dear friend; I am most truly,

Yours,

C.

LET-

LETTER CVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 17, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

COULD I give you better accounts of either myself or the public, I would give you more frequent ones; but the best, that I can give you of either, are such as will not flatter that affection which I know you have for both. We are both going very fast, and I can hardly guess which will be gone first. I am shrunk to a skeleton, and grow weaker and weaker every day. And as for my fellow sufferer the public, it has lost Minorca; and may perhaps soon lose Gibraltar, by a secret bargain between France and Spain, which I have reason to think is negotiating, if not concluded. Our naval laurels are withered. * * * * *

The French are unquestionably masters to do what they please in America. Our good ally, the queen of Hungary, has certainly concluded some treaty, God knows what, with our, and her old, enemy France. The Swedish and Danish fleets are joined, undoubtedly not in our favour, since France pays both. We have an army here of three score thousand men, * * * * * We cannot pay it another year, since the expence of this year amounts to twelve millions sterling; judge if we can raise that sum another year. * * * * *

These are not the gloomy apprehensions of a sick man; but real facts, obvious to whoever will see and reflect. One of the chief causes of this unfortunate situation is, that we have now in truth no minister; but the administration is a mere republic, and carried on by the cabinet council, the individuals of which think only how to get the better of each other. Let us then turn our eyes, as much as we can, from this melancholy prospect, which neither of us can mend, and think of something else. * * * * *

I am told that you have an infinite number of English gentlemen now at Brussels; but I hope you do not put yourself upon the foot of stuffing them with salt beef, and drenching them with claret; for I am sure your appointments will not afford that expence, and by the way, I believe, that in their hearts they would much rather you would let them alone, to be jolly together at their inns, than go to your house.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles, to my god-son, to *tutti quanti*, in short, who can receive them, for *mademoiselle* cannot yet. Adieu, my dear and faithful friend. May you, and all who belong to you, be long happy, whatever becomes of

Yours,

C.

LET-

LETTER CVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 27, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

BY your last of the 18th, I believe it crossed my last of, I have forgot what date, upon the road, for I there gave you an account of my poor state of vegetation, after which you inquire. I still continue to crawl upon the face of the earth, but it is like those humble and short-lived vegetables, who, seemingly conscious of their condition, crawl very near that earth to which they are so soon to return.

I entirely agree with you in your resolution of breeding up all your sons to some profession or other, but, at the same time, your usual vivacity carries you much too prematurely, to fix their several destinations. You must not so much consider what you would chuse for them, as what they are likely to succeed best in; and that cannot be discovered these seven or eight years. It is certain that, whether from nature, or from early accidental impressions in their youth, I will not say, it being very hard to distinguish, children, after eight or ten years of age, often shew a determined preference for some particular profession, which it would be imprudent for their parents to oppose, because, in that case, they would surely not succeed so well, or perhaps at all, in any other. In the mean time, give them all eventually a good education, so as to qualify them, to a certain

certain degree, for whatever profession you and they may hereafter agree upon; for I repeat it again, their approbation is full as necessary as yours. These, however, are the general rules, by which I would point out to them the professions which I should severally wish them to apply to. I would recommend the army, or the navy, to a boy of a warm constitution, strong animal spirits, and a cold genius; to one of quick, lively, and distinguishing parts, the law; to a good, dull, and decent boy, the church; and trade to an acute, thinking, and laborious one. I wish that my god-son, for whom you must allow me some degree of predilection, may take a liking to the law, for that is the truly independent profession. People will only trust their property to the care of the ablest lawyer, be he whig or tory, well or ill at court.

Our public affairs are, in my opinion, as bad as possible, and I turn my thoughts from them as much as ever I can. The queen of Hungary will repent, at leisure, of the treaty which she has concluded in such haste with France. Those two powers never can agree long; and when they come to quarrel, it is easy to foresee which will have the better of it. She will then call in vain upon her old allies, who will probably not be able, and perhaps not willing, to assist her. *Adieu, mon ami.*

I believe my brother is with you now; if so, pray tell him that I writ to him by the last post.

LET-

LETTER CVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 16, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

IT is true, I have been long silent with regard to you: but it is as true too, that when I am so, it is because I am unable to be otherwise. I have not wrote at all, I have spoke little, and I have thought less, for these last three months; the frequency of the attacks in my head and stomach gave me no time to recover from the weakness, languor, and dispiritedness, which they always leave behind them; and I am, at this moment, little stronger than I was sixty-one years ago, that is at one year old. All these complicated ills, however, have not, I thank God, given me one moment's melancholy; and though in a manner they deprive me of existence, they do not deprive me of my natural tranquillity of temper, nor of my acquired philosophy. So much, and too much, *pour cette guenille de corps*, (for this insignificant body.)

Sir William Stanhope has given me very good accounts of my god-son, and of *la bonne chère de l'hôtel Dayrolles*; and I knew enough of both before to give him intire credit.

Here is a fire lighted up in Germany, which, I am persuaded, I shall not live to see extinguished; but of which the effects must, in the mean time, be dreadful to England, considering our connection with, and our tenderness for, certain possessions in the scene
of

of action. The queen of Hungary will, I am convinced, repent of her *envie de femme grosse* (longing) for Silesia, and her child may probably be marked with it. France will finally reap all the benefit of this new and unnatural alliance, and make a second treaty of Westphalia more prejudicial to the house of Austria than the first. But I leave these matters to be considered by better heads than mine.—My heart is the only part worth hanging, that is now left me; and, while that beats, you will have a good part of it, for I am most truly and affectionately yours,

C.

Pray return my compliments and thanks to abbé Guaſco for his books, which I have read with great pleasure and improvement.

L E T T E R C I X.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 26, 1756.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

AS a good Christian, I think one should tell one's enemies of one's physical ills, to give them pleasure; and as a good friend, conceal them from one's friends, not to give them pain. Upon this principle, I have delayed writing to you till now, well knowing the part you take in whatever good or
ill

ill happens to me. I had nothing good to tell you, but *ains au contraire*, and therefore I told you nothing. But now I can acquaint you, that I am something better, and that I have regained a little strength and flesh, of which I had neither when I came here a month ago; but I still want a great deal more of both, before I can either persuade myself or others of my existence. I really believe that the undisturbed quiet, which I have enjoyed here, and could not have at London or Blackheath, has done me almost as much good as the waters, for which reason, though I should not continue to drink them, I will continue here till the great hurly-burly at court is in some degree over; for, as I am an impartial and very disinterested spectator, engaged in no cabal or party, all the contending powers insist upon telling me their own story, though never with strict truth, and then quote me with as little. I say nothing to you of the late changes at court, which, to be sure, you know as well as I do, and perhaps comprehend as little. There must be some *dessous des cartes*, some invisible wheels within wheels, which, at this distance, I cannot guess at. * * * * *

In these strange bustles, I heartily pity the king, and the kingdom, who are both made the sport of private interest and ambition. I most frequently and heartily congratulate and applaud myself, for having got out of that *galère*, which has since been so ridiculously tossed, so essentially damaged, and is now sinking. I now quietly behold the storm from the shore, and shall only be involved, but without particular blame, in the common ruin. That moment,
you

you perceive, if you combine all circumstances, cannot be very remote. On the contrary, it is so near, that, were Machiavel at the head of our affairs, he could not retrieve them; and therefore it is very indifferent to me, what minister shall give us the last *coup de grace*. * * * * *

I believe you will not grudge the additional expence for the inclosed letter from king P. to king G.: it has since been printed and cryed about the streets. It is lord Bath's. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER CX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 28, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been too long in your debt: but the true reason has been, that I had no specie to pay you in; and what I give you even now does not amount to a penny in the pound. Public matters have been long, and are still, too undecypherable for me to understand, consequently to relate. Fox, out of place, takes the lead in the house of commons; Pitt, secretary of state, declares that he is no minister, and has no ministerial influence. The duke of Newcastle and lord Hardwicke lye by, and declare themselves for neither party. Byng is reprieved for a fortnight; what

what will become of him at last, God knows: for the late admiralty want to shoot him, to excuse themselves; and the present admiralty want to save him, in order to lay the blame upon their predecessors.

* * * * *

The fright, that your friend Mr. Van-haaren has put the Dutch into, by telling them the French army is intended for Cleves and Gueldres, is a most idle alarm. They are not of importance enough to be in danger; nobody thinks of them now. Hanover is evidently the object, and the only rational one, of the operations of the French army; not as Hanover, but belonging to the king of England, and that electorate is to be a reply to the present state of Saxony. The fields of Bohemia and Moravia will become Golgothas, or fields of blood, this year; for probably an hundred thousand human creatures will perish there this year, for the quarrel of two individuals. The king of Prussia will, I suppose, seek for battle, in which, I think, he will be victorious. The Austrians will, I suppose, avoid it if they can, and endeavour to destroy his armies, as they did the French ones in the last war, by harrassing, intercepting convoys, killing stragglers, and all the feats of their irregulars. These are my political dreams, or prophecies, for perhaps they do not deserve the name of reasonings.

The Bath did me more good than I thought any thing could do me; but all that good does not amount to what builders call half-repairs, and only keeps up the shattered fabric a little longer than it would have stood without them: but take my word for it, it will stand but a very little while longer. I

am now in my grand climacteric, and shall not compleat it. Fontenelle's last words at a hundred were, *Je souffre d'être* (a) : (I feel the pain of being.) Deaf and infirm as I am, I can with truth say the same thing at sixty-three. In my mind, it is only the strength of our passions, and the weakness of our reason, that make us so fond of life; but, when the former subside and give way to the latter, we grow weary of being, and willing to withdraw. I do not recommend this train of serious reflections to you, nor ought you to adopt them. Our ages, our situations, are widely different. You have children to educate and provide for, you have all your senses, and can enjoy all the comforts both of domestic and social life. I am in every sense *isolé*, and have wound up all my

(a) Lord Chesterfield wrote this but six weeks after the death of Fontenelle; but, as his information of that celebrated Frenchman's observation on his own death is imperfect, the readers will not be displeased to find here a more accurate, as well as fuller, account of his dying words, given us by his countryman M. le Cat in his eulogy of that great man: "His end was the last period of a machine, settled by the laws of nature. His death was not preceded by any sickness; nine days before it happened, he perceived a considerable diminution in his strength, and prepared for his dissolution by performing the duties of an honest man and a christian. It proved, however, much slower than he expected, which made him say three days before his last: *I did not think I should have made so much ado about dying.* He continued a philosopher to the last, and preserved the full enjoyment of all his faculties. He reflected upon his own situation, just as he would have done upon that of another man, and seemed to be observing a phenomenon. Drawing very near his end, he said, *this is the first death I have ever seen;* and his physician having asked him, whether he was in pain, or what he felt; his answer was, *I feel nothing but a difficulty of existing.* (Je ne sens autre chose qu'une difficulté d'être.)

bottoms;

bottoms; I may now walk off quietly, neither missing nor being missed. Till when,

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R CXI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 16, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

THE books, which my *confrère* l'abbé Guaſco has ſent from Paris to comte Cobenzel, and he to you, are the laſt volumes of the *Mémoires* of l'*académie des belles lettres*, of which, as you know, I have the honor to be an unworthy member. Thoſe memoirs are our annual perquiſites, and they are really not only very entertaining, but very inſtructive books. However, I am in no manner of haſte; ſo pray keep them for me, till, without trouble to yourſelf, or any body elſe, you find a convenient opportunity of ſending them to me. Pray make my compliments and excuſe to comte Cobenzel, for the trouble he has had about them.

I returned the laſt week from the Bath, where I had run for a fortnight only, more for the ſake of journeying, which always does me good, than drinking the waters, though they always do me ſome; and both together have now made me as well as I ever expect to be, and better than probably I commonly ſhall be.

But this my present state is at best an intermediate state between health and illness, with which my philosophy makes me content.

Our public situation of affairs is now perhaps more ridiculous and unaccountable than ever; for those who would form themselves into an administration, cannot. Two posts, which were once thought considerable ones, which used to be solicited by many, and wished for by more, I mean those of secretary of state, and chancellor of the exchequer, have been proffered about to a degree of prostitution, and yet refused. The late possessors of them were most imprudently turned out, before the end of the session, and are thereby become not only the most, but perhaps the only two, popular men now in this kingdom. * * * * *

Where all this confusion will end, God only knows: but, for a while at least, I believe it will center in Fox, who, at the end of the session, will, I presume, be the first commissioner of the treasury, and chancellor of the exchequer. In that case, the duke of Newcastle and his friends will probably join with Mr. Pitt and his, who united will make a strength that the new ministry will not be able to withstand. *Ainsi va le monde.* (This is the way of the world.)

This would be the right season for you, to carry your children to the Hague, to be inoculated, and a very proper one also, I should think, for you to ask leave to go there, as you cannot have any business now at Brussels. I look upon inoculation to be so useful and necessary a preventive, that I would not delay it one hour. I do not, at the same time, recommend

mend to you to be inoculated yourself, though you have never had the small-pox, because at your time of life, perhaps, it may not be quite so safe. My compliments to Mrs. Dayrolles and Co. and so we heartily bid you good night.

L E T T E R CXII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 4, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE been some time in your debt. The reason of it was, that I waited from week to week, to inform you what ministry should be finally settled, for there was one to be settled every week, for these last three months. Sometimes the duke of Newcastle and Co. were to make up matters with Fox and Co.: then that plan failed. Then Pitt and Co. were to join with Newcastle and Co.: and that broke off. At last, after many negotiations, breakings-off, and reconciliations, things are at last fixed, as it is called, in the manner you see in the news-papers. About three weeks ago, Fox was in a manner declared the minister, to the exclusion of the duke of Newcastle and Pitt, and the seals of the chancellorship of the exchequer were to have been given him the next day. Upon this, Holderneffe resigned, the duke of Rutland and some others declared their intentions of following his example, and many refused the places that

were offered them by Fox, as the first minister for those two or three days. Upon these discouragements, Fox went to the king, and told him, that it was impossible for him, in such a situation, to undertake the management of affairs. The king hereupon, though very unwillingly, sent for the duke of Newcastle again, and at last, after a thousand difficulties, things are as you have seen them, by last post, in the news-papers. * * * * *

These are only the outlines of what has passed: the details would fill reams of paper, which you would not have time to read, nor I to write.

Whoever is in, or whoever is out, I am sure we are undone, both at home and abroad; at home, by our increasing debt and expences; abroad by our ill luck and incapacity. The king of Prussia, the only ally we had in the world, is now, I fear, *hors de combat*. Hanover I look upon to be, by this time, in the same situation with Saxony; the fatal consequence of which is but too obvious. The French are masters to do what they please in America. We are no longer a nation. I never yet saw so dreadful a prospect (a).

As Colloredo (b) and Zöhrn (c) are recalled from hence, without taking leave, I suppose you will receive the same orders from hence; which must be very inconvenient to you. * * * * *

(a) Subsisting only in the noble writer's imagination, which was rendered somewhat gloomy by his own melancholy situation, and his feelings for his country.

(b) The envoy and minister plenipotentiary from the Imperial to the British court.

(c) Secretary of embassy from the same court.

I am

I am rather in a better state than I have been in for some time past ; and, as a proof of it, I went post thirty miles beyond York, to make a visit of four days only to sir Charles Hotham, and was back here, at my hermitage, the eleventh day. However, you must not judge from this, that I have recovered my health and strength of seven years ago ; but only that I am a less miserable and uneasy being to myself, than I have been these last two years. If my body will but let me alone, while it lasts, I am satisfied ; for my mind I am sure will. Adieu, my dear friend.

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 15, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE this moment received your letter, and am, as you will easily believe, much concerned at your present situation, and the more so, as I know that no man in Europe has a quicker sense of distresses than you have. This occurs to me, though problematically, to prevent some of the inconveniencies you mention. Why should you not stay at the Hague, till Mrs. Dayrolles is brought to bed, and in the mean time have your children inoculated by the professor ? Besides, as the war must soon now be at an end, for it is evident that neither we, nor our only ally the

king of Prussia, can carry it on three months longer; perhaps you may have a better chance of recovering your old employment, or of getting some other of that sort, by being ready on the other side of the water than on this. All that I can do, you are sure that I will do. I will speak strongly to his grace; but whether he can serve you, or who can, is much above my skill to discover; for, in the present unaccountable state of our domestic affairs, no man knows, who is minister, and who not. We inquire here, as the old woman at Amsterdam did long ago, *où demeure le souverain?* (where does the sovereign live?)

In my retirement, and with my deafness, and other infirmities, I am useless to you, and to every body else; but in my sentiments, I am not the less warmly and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 10, 1757.

I PASS over lightly the arrival of the young lady, to congratulate you very heartily upon Mrs. Dayrolles's recovery from pain and danger. My compliments to her thereupon.

I am glad that Keith goes soon to Russia; he will execute his orders, I believe, faithfully, but I wish we had

had somebody there, who could occasionally soften, or invigorate, his instructions, venture to take something upon himself, insinuate rather than propose, and according to occurrences say more or less than he thinks; but where is this man? I am sure I do not know him. I wish the king of Prussia could and would send a very able fellow, who belongs to him, *incognito* to Petersburg. It is one Cagnoni, who is well acquainted with that court, and is, I believe, the ablest, and most dextrous, agent for that sort of work in Europe. We may flatter ourselves as much as we please, and be in silly high spirits upon trifling fortunate events; but if we cannot break the alliance, that now subsists against us, we must be finally undone; and that is as demonstrable, as it is that three are more than one. O, but now we have hopes of Denmark; such hopes, I suppose, as we had very lately of Spain, with whom we never were worse than at that very moment. But take my word for it, you will not get Denmark. *Que diable feroit notre gendre dans cette galère?* (Why should our son-in-law (a) interfere in this quarrel?) Will he renounce the French subsidies, which he now enjoys gratis and quietly, and thrust himself in, between Russia and Sweden, to be crushed by both? Are we in a situation to invite or tempt foreign powers to embark in our wretched bottom? Surely not. They are perhaps not convinced that we have heads to contrive; but they are very sure, by experience, that we have

(a) The king of Denmark. This lord Chesterfield took from Moliere's *Fourberies de Scapin*. Several of this inimitable author's sentences are become proverbs.

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no hands to execute. * * * * *

They know our debt, and they know our expence. *Bernsdorf (b) ne s'y laissera pas prendre.* (Bernsdorf is not to be taken in.) Our prince of Brunswick will, I believe, have the advantage in the first blow, and then how glad we shall be, in what spirits! The post afterwards will bring an account of Hanover's being put to fire and sword; and then how sorry, how dejected we shall be! * * * * *

His grace of Bedford seems to pass his time but indifferently in Ireland. Our news-mongers here recal him from Ireland, and make him lord-steward, which by the way, I dare say, he will not accept of. They send lord Holderness in his room to Ireland, where, if he does go, the Lord have mercy upon him! for that machine is falling to pieces, let who will go. Then they make lord Halifax secretary of state in his stead, and Dupplin first lord of trade. Whether this, or but half on't, or none on't, be true, I little either know or care. I am but a passenger, and so near my journey's end, that I am very little inquisitive about the remainder of it.

I am very *unwell*, but not worse than when I wrote to you last. This I am sure, I am,

Yours,

C.

P. S. This moment I have received the news of the king of Prussia's farther successes. I am very glad of them, but calmly so; whereas I am sure they will make many, I might say most, people drunk,

(b) The prime minister of Denmark.

and

and mad with joy. But the great alliance still subsists, and that is the object that I have always in my mind. I have also this morning received a letter from the resident at Hambourg (*a*), in which he tells me, that he has reason to believe that he shall be soon ordered to return here, to attend this session of parliament. I hope he is misinformed; for, in the first place, I see no probability that his single vote can be wanted, as the vigorous prosecution of the war, the king of Prussia for ever, and down with the French, makes all that mob as unanimous as any bear-garden mob whatsoever. In the next place, it would take the boy from his trade, which he has but begun to learn, and seems to apply himself to, to be sauntering about the streets of London, with all our young *fainéans*. Pray, therefore, lose no time in soliciting the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderneffe, in my name, that he may not be sent for over this year, unless there should be such an absolute necessity for one single vote, as I am sure I cannot, and as I believe they do not, foresee. I should be very glad hereafter, to have him find favour in his walk of life; but I would first have him deserve it by his diligence and abilities. This winter's interruption of his business would put him at least three or four years back. Therefore again, with my best compliments to the duke of Newcastle and lord Holderneffe, tell them that I earnestly beg it as a favour of them, that he may not return, this year at least, without a most absolute necessity.

C.

(*a*) His son Mr. Stanhope, then member of parliament for Lestard in Cornwall.

L E T-

L E T T E R CXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 20, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

* * * * I am afraid still, as I told you in a former, of the consequences of the king of Prussia's passionate desire of taking Breslaw, not only for the sake of recovering his capital of Silesia, but of taking prince Charles Daun, and the numerous Austrian garrison; exactly the case of Prague. As to our final success upon the whole of the war, I absolutely despair of it, and I think it must necessarily end both disgracefully and disadvantageously for us. Were my three schemes executed, as I am morally sure they might be, our terms of peace would be something better. I hope we shall no longer be frightened out of our wits with the never-intended French invasion of this country, which has been hitherto puffed by, I know who, and I know why, and has crippled all our operations abroad. Is lord Loudon recalled, as the news-papers say? For my part, since he is there, I would rather continue him, and send him positive and unequivocal orders what to do, than send a new man, who might perhaps get there too late, and might then, if a backward one, plausibly plead his ignorance of the state of those affairs, and do nothing at all. * * * * *

Adieu, my friend,

Yours,

C.
L E T.

L E T T E R CXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Christmas-day, 1757.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE, this moment, received your letter. I firmly believe the king of Prussia's victory at Lissa; the account of it, to, and from, the two Mitchels *, must, I think upon the whole, be true, though perhaps magnified in particular parts. I am very glad of it; but soberly so, for, to give me joy, I must have a great deal more. If there has been a battle in the electorate, I will venture to prophesy that those who attacked got the better; for I suppose that monsieur de Richlieu would be wise enough not to risk a battle without a great superiority, and in that case, if he attacked, I fear we shall be beaten; but if he found himself in a situation, in which he could not avoid a battle, and that we attacked him, I think we shall beat him. But, if we do, still mark the end on't.

The more I think over the three plans mentioned in my last, the more I think them both necessary and practicable. This, at least, I am sure of, that they are our last convulsive struggles, for at this rate we cannot possibly live through the year 1759. *Nous jouons de notre reste*, and therefore should push it, à

(a) Sir Andrew Mitchel, the British envoy to the Prussian court; and Mr. Michel, for many years resident from the king of Prussia in London.

toute

toute outrage. (This being our last stroke should be a desperate one.)

As for the house of lords, I may say with truth, what can I do in that numerous assembly, who cannot enjoy the company of three or four friends by the chimney-corner, or round a table? Can I, or should I speak, when I cannot reply? No: quiet is both my choice and my lot. The will must now stand for the deed; I shall sincerely wish well to my species; to my country, and to my friends, but can serve none of them. What little offices I can do in private life, I will to my power.

This is the season of compliments, consequently of lyes: I will therefore make you none at such a suspicious time. You know, I love you, Mrs. Dayrolles, and all who belong to you both: guess the rest.

Yours, faithfully,

C.

LETTER CXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 10, 1763.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I Heartily congratulate you upon your gout, it is a certain cure for all your other complaints.—It is a proof of present riches, and a certain pledge of their future increase.—It is a sign of long life, for it is well known that every man lives just as long after the first fit of the gout, as he had done before it.

I

Though

Though this fit has been a very slight and short one, it is, however, an earnest of frequent and beneficial returns of it.

It is a grant of health for life, not in the power of kings and courts to give or take away, and therefore more valuable than all the places and reversions which his majesty has been pleased to grant lately to so many of his faithful subjects.

As an introduction to this last favour, it pleased heaven to grant you previously a great share of exemplary patience, to enable you to make a right use of it.

But after all, if comparison lessens calamities, and that you should grumble a little at some trifling shootings and throbbings in your foot, any lady can assure you, that they are nothing when compared to the pangs of child-bearing.

God bless you and Co. very seriously ; for I am very seriously and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R CXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 10, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I KNOW, by long experience of your friendship, that you will not grudge in a manner any trouble that I may desire of you, that can either be of use or pleasure to me. My present request to you is of that kind.

I have had several letters from the boy (*a*) since he has been abroad, and hitherto all seems to go very well. But I am too old to trust to appearances, and therefore I will beg of you to write to Mr. D'Eyverdun (*b*), and desire him to send you a letter concerning every thing good or bad about him. You must be sensible of the great importance which it is of for me, to be thoroughly informed of his faults as well as of his perfections; and this is, if not the only one, I am sure the best, method of my knowing them really and truly. I am rather better than I was when you saw me last, but indeed very little, and extremely weak. I hope you and *tutti quanti* are in a better plight. My compliments to them all, and believe me to be, what I sincerely am,

Your faithful friend,

and very humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

(*a*) The present earl of Chesterfield.

(*b*) A Swift gentleman, of great merit, to whom the care of the young man was intrusted by our earl, during his first travels.

L E T T E R. CXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 17, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I ACKNOWLEDGE my blunder; for how should the boy and monsieur D'Eyverdun have communicated to you their direction without inspiration; which, though you are a very devout man, I don't believe has been granted you. The direction is very short; To monsieur D'Eyverdun at Leipfig; and I send all my letters by the common post, and not one of them has miscarried.

I am very angry at the return of Mrs. Dayrolles's old complaint, especially as she is out of the call of doctor Warren; but I am glad to hear, that your olive-branches are all well. Good night to you.

Yours, most faithfully and sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R CXX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 24, 1772.

DEAR DAYROLLES,

I HAVE just now received your letter, and likewise the copy of that which, at my request, you wrote to * * *. I think it must have its effect.

I am extremely sorry for Mrs. Dayrolles's situation, but I am a little in her case; for it is now four months since I have been labouring under a diarrhoea, which our common doctor Warren has not been able to cure. To be nearer him, and all other helps, I shall settle in town this day se'nnight, which is the best place for sick people, or well people, to reside at, for health, business, or pleasure. God bless you all.

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R CXXI *.

To Sir THOMAS ROBINSON Bart.

Blackheath, Oct. 13, 1756.

SIR,

WHAT can a hermit send you from hence, in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody

* This and the two following detached letters are fallen into my hands: however unconnected with the former, they are here inserted,

body by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary, sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health and spirits, as I hope you are. Since I saw you I have had not one hour's health, the returns of my vertigos and subsequent weaknesses and languors grow both stronger and more frequent, and, in short, I exist to no one good purpose of life; and therefore do not care how soon so useless and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read with the utmost coolness and indifference the accounts in the news-papers, for they are my only informers now you are gone, of wars abroad, and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular; and therefore lament the havock that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter: but, I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others; and perhaps too, self-love being now out of the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others, as I should do, if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature.

ferted, as, I flatter myself, every genuine piece of the noble author will prove acceptable to my readers.

I have been informed that an intimate acquaintance subsisted between the writer of the following letters, and the gentleman to whom they are addressed, for above half a century, which gave rise to a very voluminous correspondence. Should these letters, together with the answers, that have been carefully preserved, ever appear in print, as possibly they may, they must prove an agreeable literary acquisition, and furnish a very striking and progressive picture of modern times.

Since you are your own steward, do not cheat yourself, for I have known many a man lose more by being his own steward, than he would have been robbed of by any other: tenants are always too hard for landlords, especially such landlords as think they understand those matters and do not, which, with submission, may possibly be your case.

I go next week to the Bath by orders of the skilful, which I obey because all places are alike to me; otherwise, I expect no advantage from it. But in all places I shall be most faithfully

Yours,

C.

LETTER CXXII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Jan. 15, 1757.

RECEIVED of Sir Thomas Robinson baronet, two letters, the one bearing date the 10th, the other the 13th, of this present month, both containing great information and amusement, for which I promise to pay at sight my sincerest thanks and acknowledgments: witness my hand.

CHESTERFIELD.

This

This promising note is all that, in my present state of ignorance and dullness, I can offer you; for pay, I cannot. The attempt upon the king of France was undoubtedly the result of religious enthusiasm: for civil enthusiasm often draws the sword, but seldom the dagger. The latter seems sacred to ecclesiastical purposes; it must have a great effect upon him one way or other, according as fear or resentment may operate. In the former case he will turn bigot, which is the most likely. In the latter he would turn man, which I do not take to be easy for him. In either case, the priesthood or the parliament must be desperate. And with all my heart,

I am impatient to read some of the 209 letters addressed to your humble servant, under the name of Fitz Adam; for God forbid that I should read them all!

Though Archibald Bower, esq; has used a great deal of paper, he has not, in my opinion, wiped himself clean; a noble friend of ours loves sudden and extraordinary conversions; but, for my part, I am very apt to suspect them.

I shall so soon have the pleasure of seeing you in person, that I will spare you upon paper, and only assure you, *en attendant mieux*, that I am most faithfully

Yours,

C.

L E T T E R CXXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 30, 1767.

S I R,

I CANNOT conceive why you will not allow your letter to have been a news-letter ; I am sure I received it as such, and a very welcome one too. However, I am glad you do not reckon it one, for that makes me expect another very soon, according to a good custom, which I hope you will not break through now.

I ask no politics, they are both above and below me. I have quite lost the clue to them, and should only bewilder myself, if I were to put my head into that labyrinth. The three great strokes of lord — I approve of. The inclosure of the king's forests, now an expence to the crown, and a great grievance to the country, will be an advantage to both, and I am astonished it has not been done long ago ; but for a general excise, it must change its name by act of parliament before it will go down with the people, who know names better than things. For aught I know, if an act for a general excise were to be entitled an act for the better securing the liberty and property of his majesty's subjects, by repealing some of the most burthenfome custom-house laws, it might be gladly received.

The two great weddings you mention have supplied the town with that sort of conversation which

is the fittest for them. Custom, which governs much more than reason, has laid the tax of foolish expence upon young and rich couples, which is collected by folly. I do not entirely disapprove of that ingenious gentleman, who has married — ; he has rushed into the danger to avoid the apprehension, reflecting no doubt that, had he married any other woman of equal beauty, he must at all events have worn the fashionable badge of distinction that he now does.

I flatter myself that I am well with your brother, the primate of Ireland, who is here at present in perfect health, and by much the fattest of the family. My brother's fit I take to have been only such a vertigo as I have had a thousand times formerly, when, if I had not been supported by two people, I should have fallen down. I have sent him my prescription, which, I am sure, will relieve, if not cure him, if he will but follow it.

Yours faithfully,

C.

L E T T E R CXXIV.

To Dr. CHEYNE, of Bath *.

London, April 20, 1743.

DEAR DOCTOR,

YOUR inquiries and advice concerning my health are very pleasing marks of your remembrance and friendship; which, I assure you, I value as I ought. It is very true, I have, during these last three months, had frequent returns of my giddinesses, languors, and other nervous symptoms, for which I have taken vomits; the first did me good, the others rather disagreed with me. It is the same with my diet; sometimes the lowest agrees, at other times disagrees with me. In short, after all the attention and observation I am capable of, I can hardly say what does me good, and what not. My constitution conforms itself so much to the fashion of the times, that it changes almost daily its friends for its enemies, and its enemies for its friends. Your alkalised mercury, and your Burgundy, have proved its two most constant friends. I take them both now, and with more advantage than any other medicine. I propose going to Spa as soon as the season will permit, having really received great benefit by those waters last year; and I find my shattered tenement admits of but half repairs, and requires them annually.

* This letter is printed from a copy which was given me by the countess of Chesterfield. Dr. Cheyne died soon after the date of this letter.

The

The *corpus sanum*, which you wish me, will never be my lot; but the *mens sana* I hope will be continued to me, and then I shall better bear the infirmities of the body. Hitherto, far from impairing my reason, they have only made me more reasonable, by subduing the tumultuous and troublesome passions. I enjoy my friends and my books as much as ever, and I seek for no other enjoyments; so that I am become a perfect philosopher; but whether *malgré moi* or no, I will not take upon me to determine, not being sure that we do not owe more of our merit to accidents, than our pride and self-love are willing to ascribe to them.

I read with great pleasure your book, which your bookseller sent me according to your directions. The physical part is extremely good, and the metaphysical part may be so too, for what I know; and I believe it is; for, as I look upon all metaphysics to be guess-work of imagination, I know no imagination likelier to hit upon the right than yours; and I will take your guess against any other metaphysician's whatsoever. That part, which is founded upon knowledge and experience, I look upon as a work of public utility; and for which, the present age and their posterity may be obliged to you, if they will be pleased to follow it.

CONFIDENTIAL - EYES ONLY

TO: [REDACTED]

FROM: [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: [REDACTED]

DATE: [REDACTED]

TIME: [REDACTED]

LOCATION: [REDACTED]

STATUS: [REDACTED]

REMARKS: [REDACTED]

SIGNATURE: [REDACTED]

INITIALS: [REDACTED]

REMARKS: [REDACTED]

SIGNATURE: [REDACTED]

INITIALS: [REDACTED]

REMARKS: [REDACTED]

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REMARKS: [REDACTED]

SIGNATURE: [REDACTED]

INITIALS: [REDACTED]

REMARKS: [REDACTED]

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S
LETTERS to his FRIENDS.

B O O K III.

L E T T E R S
To Dr. RICHARD CHENEVIX,
LORD BISHOP OF WATERFORD,

A N D

TO SOME OTHER FRIENDS
IN IRELAND, &c.

FORB CHESTERFIELD
LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS

BY
J. B. CHESTERFIELD
ESQ.

TO WHICH IS
ADDED A
LETTER TO HIS SON

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE originals of the letters to the bishop of Waterford were entrusted with me, by that venerable prelate, after he had sent me copies of all, made under his eyes.

The letter to Dr. Whitcombe, and that to the late Dr. Madden, are only printed from copies, for which I am indebted to the same benevolent friend.

From him also I received the six original letters to Thomas Prior, esq; a man, whose philanthropy, and zealous attachment to the real interests of his country, were deservedly applauded, and strenuously encouraged, by the earl of Chesterfield.

Most of the notes subjoined to these letters were sent me by the bishop of Waterford, and contain such informations as he alone could give. A few of my own I have ventured to add, but only in cases where some elucidation seemed requisite.

Sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland, was pleased to communicate such of the letters from his noble friend as he judged worthy of the attention of the public. Though several of them were written while the general was either in England or abroad, yet, as most relate to Irish affairs, it was thought proper to insert them in this book.

*The two letters from Dr. Swift to lord Chesterfield, and one from his lordship to the Dean, though printed before *, were too remarkable to be detached from*

* Those of the Dean, in his works, vol. XVI. 8vo.; lord Chesterfield's, in Hawkesworth's collection of Dr. Swift's Letters.

a collection, intended in a great measure to preserve the original features of persons, equally distinguished by their humour and their wit.

I am happy in the opportunity of terminating this volume by communicating to the public three letters from lord Chesterfield to lord Stair, which were sent to me in the most obliging manner by a person of distinction in Scotland, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, but whom I desire to accept my public thanks for this favor. They are of such a nature as to make me, and I trust, every one of my readers, regret that there are so few of them.

LORD

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

B O O K III.

L E T T E R I.

To Dr. R. CHENEVIX, Lord Bishop of Waterford.

London, Feb. 15, 1740.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I THANK you for both your letters. I would have acknowledged your former sooner; but partly business, and partly dispiritedness, hindered me.

We have both lost a good friend in Scarborough; nobody can replace him to me; I wish I could replace him to you; but, as things stand, I see no great hopes of it.

As for the living of Southwark, I would not advise you to expect it; for ****, I am persuaded, will never let you have it. He carries his resentment to the highest degree even against the memory of one,
who

who was but too long his friend, and too little a while his enemy. However, when it becomes vacant, I would have you renew your application for it.

I am, with great truth,

Your sincere friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R II.

T O T H E S A M E.

Spa, July 4, N. S. 1741.

DEAR DOCTOR,

IT was with real concern that I heard you were ill; and it is with equal truth that I hope this will find you perfectly recovered: that virtue, which makes you fit, and it may be willing, to die, makes those who are acquainted with it, as I am, unwilling you should; therefore take care of your health, and let it not be affected by a too great sensibility of those misfortunes that inseparably attend our state here. Do all you can to prevent them, but, when inevitable, bear them with resolution; this is the part I take with relation to my own health: I do all I can to retrieve and improve it; and if I acquire it, I will do all I can to preserve it; my bodily infirmities shall as little as possible affect my mind, and so far at least I will lessen the weight of them.

These

These waters have already done me so much good, that I have reason to expect a great deal more from them; and I expect still more benefit from passing my autumn afterwards in constant travelling through the south of France: thus you see I anticipate eventually the good, which is at least so much clear gain, let what will happen afterwards; do so too, dear doctor, and be as well, and as happy, as you are sincerely wished to be by

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 6, 1742.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I WILL not tell you that I am sorry for your Southwark disappointment *, because, as the Irishman said, I think you have got a loss; and considering the charge of removing, and the increase of

* "The Southwark disappointment, which his lordship alludes to, was my not getting the parish of S. Olave's, when it became vacant, which had been promised me, upon his lordship's first coming from Holland, by sir Robert Walpole, on the recommendation of lord Chesterfield and lord Scarborough. On this promise not being kept, the latter complained to the king himself, and in a strong manner, of the little regard which had been paid to his recommendation in my favour."

Letter from the bishop of Waterford.

VOL. IV.

Q

your

your expence by living in London, I am sure you would have been no gainer by your preferment, and yet you would have been looked upon by the court as provided for. I need not tell you, I am sure, how much I wish to be able to contribute to the advantageous change of your situation; but I am sure too, that I cannot tell you when I shall; for, till I can do it consistently with my honor and conscience, I will not do it at all, and I know you do not desire I should. The public has already assigned me different employments, and among others that which you mention; but I have been offered none, I have asked for none, and I will accept of none till I see a little clearer into matters than I do at present: I have opposed measures not men, and the change of two or three men only is not a sufficient pledge to me that measures will be changed; nay, rather an indication that they will not; and I am sure no employment whatsoever shall prevail with me to support measures I have so justly opposed. A good conscience is in my mind a better thing than the best employment, and I will not have the latter till I can keep it with the former: when that can be, I shall not decline a public life, though in truth, more inclined to a private one. You did very well to hinder your friend, Mr. Hutchins*, from taking a useless journey. I have heard a very good character of him, and shall be very glad to do for him when in my power; but he must naturally suppose too, that I have some prior engagements to satisfy, and you will possibly think it but reasonable

* Mr. Hutchins was a very worthy clergyman beneficed in Leicestershire, and a distant relation of his lordship.

that

that you should be my first care; at least I think so, for I am very faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

My compliments to Mrs. Chenevix.

L E T T E R IV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Nov. 3, 1743.

DEAR DOCTOR,

AS this is a begging letter, I think I should begin in the usual style of those epistles, and tell you that past favours embolden me to ask for new ones, and that your ale was so good that I wish you would send me a little more of it. By the time it lasted me, for I drank the last bottle yesterday, you may judge, that I mean literally but a little more; and if you send me more than you did last time, it will only be spoiled before it is drunk.

My brother John told me he left you at Nottingham in perfect health, which I was extremely glad to hear, it being in my mind impossible for a man not to be happy with good health and a good conscience like yours. Money may improve, but cannot make happiness; and though I wish it would improve yours, yet, in the mean time, I am convinced that there are many more people in this kingdom that have reason to envy your situation, than to prefer their own to it.

Q²

I have

I have been of late a little out of order with a cold; but bleeding set me right, and I am in hopes of resisting the winter tolerably, which is the trying season to me.

Adieu, dear doctor, *divertissez-vous, il n'y a rien de tel*; and believe me most affectionately and faithfully,

Yours,

C.

LETTER V.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, March 12, N. S. 1745.

I PUT nothing at top of this letter, not knowing whether the familiar appellation of *dear doctor* would now become me; because I hope that, by the time you receive this letter, you will be, as it were, my lord of Clonfert. I have the pleasure of telling you, that I have this day recommended you to the king, for the bishopric of that name, now vacant by the translation of its last bishop to the see of Kildare. I hope my recommendation will not be refused, though I would not swear for it; therefore do not absolutely depend upon your consecration, and stay quietly where you are till you hear further from me. I assure you, I expect few greater pleasures in the remainder of my life, than that I now feel in rewarding your long attachment to me; and, what I value still more, your own merits and virtues.

Yours sincerely,

C.

LET-

L E T T E R VI.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, April 27, N. S. 1745.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I TOLD you, at first, not to reckon too much upon the success of my recommendation; and I have still more reason to give you the same advice now, for it has met with great difficulties, merely as mine, and I am far from knowing yet how it will end. Pray, give no answer whatsoever to any body, that either writes or speaks to you upon that subject, but leave it to me, for I make it my own affair; and you shall have either the bishoprick of Clonfert, or a better thing, or else I will not be lord lieutenant. I hope to be in England in about a fortnight, when this affair must and shall be brought to a decision *. Good-night to you.

Yours,

C.

LET-

* When the king refused his consent to the making me a bishop, he directed lord Harrington, then secretary of state, to acquaint lord Chesterfield that he would comply with his application in favour of any one, except me. His lordship's answer was, that he would not continue lord lieutenant of Ireland, except I had the vacant bishoprick. One of the reasons given by his majesty was, because he was told I wrote political pamphlets against the administration, which was absolutely false; for I declare in the most solemn manner, that I never wrote any pamphlet whatever; and I further declare, that lord Chesterfield never employed me to negotiate

L E T T E R VII.

TO THE SAME.

Hague, May 12, N. S. 1745.

MY GOOD LORD,

NOW you are what I had positively declared you should be, a bishop; but it is bishop of Killaloe, not Clonfert, the latter refusing the translation. Killaloe, I am assured, is better. I heartily wish you joy, and could not refuse myself that pleasure, though I am in the greatest hurry imaginable, being upon my journey to Helvoet-Sluis for England. Adieu.

Yours,

C.

riate for him any political transaction, though sir Robert thought so, because I used to go to his lordship every morning at eight o'clock, and had the honor to stay with him till he was dressed. In consequence of this, I was informed upon the best authority, that a person used to follow me upon my going out of his lordship's house; and as I sometimes went from lord Chesterfield to lord Scarborough, sir Robert thought I carried messages from one to the other, which I never did. There was no occasion for my doing it, as lord Scarborough made no secret of his going to lord Chesterfield; for I have seen him myself go from his lordship to sir Robert, they living opposite to each other, in St. James's Square. Another reason the king gave for his refusal was, because lord Scarborough had complained to him, with some warmth, of the little regard that had been shewed to his recommendation in my favour.

Perhaps another reason was, that his majesty was glad to cross his lordship's recommendation in my favour, knowing the great regard and affection he was so good to have for me.

From the bishop of Waterford.

L E T-

L E T T E R VIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 18, 1747.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your letter and for your kind hint, and am heartily glad to hear that you have made up your affair with your predecessor's widow.

What becomes of your intended establishment at Waterford for the reception of foreigners *? Does it go on? It would be of great advantage to the town, and a good example to others. How does Mr. Smith's linen manufacture flourish with you? If it prospers, I should think it would both invite and employ foreigners. I wish my country people, for I look upon myself as an Irishman still, would but attend half as much to those useful objects, as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland: nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses; this expence leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon

* That scheme, intended for the encouragement of French protestants, did not answer the expectation of those who had formed it.

the very day, that they may pay their wine-merchants.

There was a law, in one of the antient governments, I have forgot which *, that empowered a man to kill his wife if she smelt of wine. I most sincerely wish that there were a law in Ireland, and better executed than most laws are, to empower the wives to kill their husbands in the like case; it would promote sobriety extremely, if the effects of conjugal affection were fully considered.

Do you grow fat? Are Mrs. Chenevix and your children all well? Are you as chearful and as happy as your good conscience ought to make you? I hope them all; for, upon my word, nobody loves and values you more than

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* It was that of the antient Romans: that law, indeed, did not subsist long in all its severity; but even when the ladies had obtained the permission of drinking wine, they were punished for abusing that indulgence, and the wife of a senator having been convicted of drunkenness, was deprived of her marriage portion.

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

TO THE SAME.

1747 *.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM very glad to hear of your safe arrival upon Irish ground, after your distresses upon the Irish seas: escapes always make people either much bolder or more timid than they were before; yours, I hope, will have the former of these effects, and encourage you rather to visit your friends in England.

I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is; for I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* (garden-madness) has seized me, and my acre of ground here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey. Be as well and as chearful as you can; and believe me most faithfully and truly

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

* This date is not in the hand of lord Chesterfield; and I suspect it to be faulty.

L E T-

L E T T E R X.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, March 1, 1748.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life: indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life, to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, *uti conviva satur* (as a satisfied guest). This conviction from experience secured me from regret: those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations, languish for their hidden charms, which in my mind soon satiate after possession*.

I am very glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your family here this summer; I know that I cannot see a truer nor a warmer friend, which, I assure you, you may say too when you see me. I suppose that you will stop in your way in Nottinghamshire to see your son, whom as you return you will probably take with you to Ireland.

* When I had the honor to see lord Chesterfield, some time after his resignation, one reason he told me why he was glad he had resigned, was because it was very difficult, in the public station he was in, to be intirely free from doing things that were not quite right.

Bishop of Waterford.

I have

I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters, not that I had any great occasion for them; but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being talked to, and talked of, while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town.

Adieu, my dear lord: I cannot tell you how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 28, 1749.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is to most people, and in most places, the season of lies, dignified and distinguished by the name of compliments; with me it is a season of truth, when I assure you that I wish you, and all who belong to you, whatever you wish for yourselves or for each other, more particularly health, with which nobody need be unhappy.

Though you would not tell me how soon, and how generously, you provided for Dr. Young's son *,

* I must observe here, that lord Chesterfield never recommended any one to the ecclesiastical preferments in my gift but Mr. Young. When he did, it was in the handsomest manner, by telling me twice in his letter, "Remember that I do not recommend, but if you approve of his character you will do a good-natured action."

Bishop of Waterford.

he

he did, and with all the professions of gratitude which he owed you. I am as much obliged to you as he can be; I am glad that the young man has a good character, which you know I made a *conditio sine qua non* of my request; and I hope that my recommendation interfered with no views of your own in favour of any other person.

Lord Scarborough's picture will be finished this week, and sent to Mrs. Chenevix; I think it is very well done, and indeed ought to be by the time Barret has taken to do it in; but he has taken it into his head, and I cannot say that I have discouraged him, that a great painter should also be a poet; that the same warmth of imagination equally forms both; and consequently, when I expect him to bring me home a very good copy of a picture, he frequently brings an execrable copy of verses instead of it. The melon seeds shall go by the same opportunities of the picture and candlesticks, which I suppose will be time enough, since they are not to be sown till February.

I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town; and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them; for I am now full of them at Blackheath, where I am adding a gallery. *Il ne faut jamais faire les sottises à demi.* (Foolish things should never be done by halves.) I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XII.

TO THE SAME.

November 30, 1751.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY reproach by Dr. Thomas, I insist upon it, was a very just one, and your excuse a very lame one: indifferent as I am grown about most things, you could not suppose that I was become so, where the health and happiness of you and your family were concerned; on the contrary, I find, that in proportion as one renounces public, one grows more sensible to private, social cares. My circle, thank God, is so much contracted, that my attention can, and does, from its center extend itself to every point of the circumference. I am very glad to hear that your son goes on so well; and, as he does go on so well, why should you move him? The Irish schools and universities are indisputably better than ours, with this additional advantage, that having him within your reach will be much better for him than a better place out of it: a man no more liveth by Latin and Greek, than by bread alone; but a father's care of his son's morals and manners is surely more useful, than the critical knowledge of Homer and Virgil, supposing that it were, which it very seldom is, acquired at schools: I do not therefore hesitate to advise you, to put your son to the best school, that is, the nearest to your usual place of residence, that you may see and examine him

him often and strictly, and watch his progress, not only in learning, but in morals and manners, instead of trusting to interested accounts of distant school-masters.

His grace of Tuam's recovery has, I find, delayed, if not broke, a long chain of ecclesiastical promotions, of which the first link is the only one I interest myself in; I mean the translation of that good man and citizen, the bishop of Meath*, to Tuam; the more he gets, the more Ireland gets; that being your case too, pray, how goes the copper mine? Fruitful, and yet inexhaustible, I hope. If it will but supply you with riches, I will answer for your making the best use of them.

I hear with great pleasure that Ireland improves daily, and that a spirit of industry spreads itself, to the great increase of trade and manufactures. I think I interest myself more in that country than in this; this is past its perfection, and seems gradually declining into weakness and caducity; that seems but tending to its vigour and perfection, and engages one's expectations and hopes; one loves a promising youth, one only esteems an old man; the former is a much quicker sentiment than the latter: both those sentiments conspire, I assure you, in forming that friendship with which I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Dr. Maul.

LET-

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 22, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM doubly concerned at Mrs. Chenevix's illness, for, while she is so ill, I am sure you cannot be well: though in some cases I would take Ward's remedy myself, I cannot recommend it to others; it has certainly done a great deal of good in many cases, in others it has sometimes done harm; he gives it indiscriminately in all, and consequently improperly in some; it is all one and the same medicine, though he gives it in different shapes, and calls it by different names, of drop, pill, and powder: the principle is known to be antimony; but in what manner prepared, nobody yet has been able to discover.

You are engaged in a most useful and charitable design, and I think that you and my friend the bishop of Meath have begged very successfully for the time; he is an old experienced beggar, and you cannot learn the mendicant trade under a better master; this undertaking is worthy of both your characters, and becomes you as men, citizens, and bishops. I desire that I may be upon your list of contributors; therefore, pray, lay down fifty pounds for me, and draw upon me for it by the very first opportunity. Private subscriptions can never extend
this

this excellent scheme so far as it ought to be carried, though nothing but private subscriptions and diligence could have laid the foundation of it. You have made a beginning, which is often the greatest difficulty; and I think it is now impossible but that the government and parliament must carry it on. I will venture to say that they have no object which so well deserves their attention. Could the government and parliament be brought to adopt this affair heartily, and push it effectually, a considerable sum ought to be granted for that particular purpose, as was done in England, at the time of the great *réfuge* upon the revocation of the *édit de Nantes*. Lands too might be purchased, and houses and necessaries provided, for the refugees in Kerry and in Connaught, near and under the protection of some of the barracks, which would greatly improve and civilize, and in time enrich, those two at present inhospitable and almost barbarous counties. The opportunity is now extremely favourable, while the weakness of the French government suffers the rage and fury of the clergy to drive such numbers of its subjects into other countries. I wish we could get them all into England and Ireland; that would be the true and justifiable way of promoting the Protestant interest, instead of following the example of the Papists, by persecuting them. *Est aliquid prodire tenus*; (there is some merit in breaking the ice;) you have that merit, and I dare say these new little colonies will thrive and extend to a certain degree, even should the government not think them worth its attention: but I hope it will.

I have been now confined near a month by a fall from my horse, which, though by good luck it neither broke nor dislocated any bone, bruised the muscles so much, that I have yet very little use of my leg; I can just hobble across my room with a stick, and that is all: but I have had, and still have, a much worse complaint, which is my deafness, for which I have yet found no relief, though I have tried a thousand infallible remedies: as soon as my lameness will allow me, I will go to Blackheath, and seek the refuge of a deaf man, reading and walking.

Lady Chesterfield sends her compliments to you and Mrs. Chenevix, at whose illness she is much concerned; she has sent you from Bristol a busto of your humble servant, cast from a marble one done by Mr. Hoare at Bath, for Mr. Adderly: it is generally thought very like. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD:

L E T T E R XIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 14, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD

I KNOW the gentleness, the humanity, and the tenderness of your nature too well to doubt of your grief, and I know the object of it * too well to blame it; no, in such cases it is a commendable not a blameable passion, and is always inseparable from a heart that is capable of friendship or love. I therefore offer you no trite and always unavailing arguments of consolation; but as any strong and prevailing passion is apt to make us neglect or forget for the time our most important duties, I must remind you of two in particular, the neglect of which would render your grief, instead of pious, criminal: I mean your duty to your children as a father, and to your diocese as a bishop. Your care of your children must be doubled, in order to repair as far as possible their loss; and the public trust of your flock must not suffer from a personal and private concern. These incumbent and necessary duties will sometimes suspend, and at last mitigate, that grief, which I confess mere reason would not: they are equally moral and christian duties, which I am sure no consideration upon earth will ever make you neglect. May your assiduous discharge of them

* The death of Mrs. Chenevix, the bishop's wife.

insensibly

insensibly lessen that affliction, which, if indulged, would prove as fatal to you and your family, as it must be vain and unavailing to her whose loss you justly lament! I am, with the greatest truth and affection, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 11, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS is only to ask you how you do, and what you do, in both which I need not tell you how truly I interest myself. The former depends a great deal upon the latter; if you are, alternately, attentively employed, and agreeably amused, you will probably, considering your sobriety and temperance, be in very good health. Your children are now old enough to answer both those ends. Their establishment should excite your attention; and their conversation and progressive improvement amuse your leisure hours. Your son is of an age to enable you to guess a little at his turn and disposition, and to direct his education accordingly. If you would have him be a very learned man, you must certainly send him to some great school; but if you would

have him be a better thing, a very honest man, you should have him *à portée* of your own inspection. At those great schools, the heart is wholly neglected by those who ought to form it, and is consequently left open to temptations and ill examples: paternal care and inspection, attended by proper firmness and authority, may prevent great part of that mischief.

I had a letter the other day from Mr. Simond; by which I find, with great pleasure, that both the collection, and the objects of it the refugees, increase daily. If the receiving and retrieving those poor people be, as it certainly is, both a moral and political duty, what must be the guilt and madness of those, who, by persecution for matters of mere speculation, force those poor people to carry their industry, their labour, their legs, their arms, to other people, and enrich other countries. I wonder the French government does not rather chuse to burn them at home, than persecute them away into other countries; it would be full as just, and much more prudent.

These waters, which I have now used six weeks, in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly; as I do not expect it, if I receive it, it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate, without either melancholy or murmur; for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in

the world; yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the eternal divine Being, who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here.

Adieu, my dear lord; believe me most truly and affectionately,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1752.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy that greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind: proper exercise is necessary for both; go as little in your coach and as much on foot as ever you can, and let your paternal and pastoral functions at once share and improve the health of your mind. The mind must have some worldly objects, to excite its attention; otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present: your son learns what a boy should learn; and your daughters

ters read what girls should read, history; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not.

I am so weary of giving an account of my own wretched deafness, that I should not attempt it, did not I know that the kind interest, which you take in whatever concerns me, makes you both desire and expect it. I am then neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last; I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience. I am,

My dear lord,

sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD,

LETTER XVII.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 10, 1753.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED for some time acknowledging your kind letter, that I might be better able to answer your inquiries after my health. I know they flow from the part you take in it, and not from custom or ceremony. I am sure you wish all your fellow-creatures well; and, I am almost as sure, that you distinguish me among them as your friend. But
what

what account can I now give you of myself? None that will please either of us. I came here deafer than you left me at Blackheath. I have bathed and pumped my head four times, by which operations I think I have gained a little, but so little, that a solid citizen would call it at most a farthing in a thousand pounds; though at the same time he would add, that that was better than nothing. I belong no more to social life, which, when I quitted busy public life, I flattered myself would be the comfort of my declining days; but that, it seems, is not given me. I neither murmur nor despair; the lot of millions of my fellow-creatures is still worse than mine. Exquisite pains of the body, and still greater of the mind, conspire to torture many of them. I thank God I am free from both; and I look upon the privation of those ills as a real good. A prouder being than I am, a lord, or, if you will, a stately duke, of the whole creation, would place this singly to the account of his reason; but I am humble enough to allow my constitution its share. I am naturally of a cheerful disposition. I view things in their most comfortable light, and I unavailingly repine at nothing that cannot be retrieved.

I am very glad that you, and your little family, met reciprocally so well at Waterford. May you always part unwillingly, and meet tenderly! That I am persuaded will always be the case; I can trust to you for it; for I maintain that children and subjects, though their obligations are certainly the lesser of the two, are much seldomer in the wrong, than parents and kings.

You ask me what books your daughters should read. Histories of all kinds; first, *Pufendorff's Introduction to the History of all Nations*, which is very short, and then the particular and more extensive history of each. Corneille, Racine, Moliere, and Boileau, with as many of the modern French plays as they please; they being most correctly pure and moral. I do not mean those *du Théâtre Italien*, or *de la Foire*, which are exceedingly licentious. These will not be less proper for your son, whom you should never suffer to be idle one minute. I do not call play, of which he ought to have a good share, idleness; but I mean sitting still in a chair in total inaction; it makes boys lazy and indolent.

Good-night, my dear lord; no man can be more faithfully yours, than

CHESTERFIELD,

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 7, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WOULD not suffer your friendship for me to be alarmed by an account of my illness, for which I must have employed another hand, and therefore stayed till I could give you at the same time an account of my recovery under my own. This I can now do; and it is all that I can do, for I am not yet

yet got out of my room, to which I have been confined these three weeks, and with great pain, by a flying rheumatic gout. My pain is almost gone, but my strength and spirits are by no means yet restored. At my age, and with my shattered constitution, freedom from pain is the best that I can expect, and as far as my care will procure me that natural happiness, I will exert it; where it will not, I will patiently bear my share of ills.

I suppose your ill humours in Ireland are still in strong fermentation; but I hope that between the end of this session and the beginning of the next an interval of near two years, they will subside; I mean with regard to those national points which have been unfortunately stirred this winter; for I do not care two-pence for your personal quarrels and animosities, if they were but kept clear of national points, the discussion of which can never turn out to the advantage of Ireland.

The remaining pain in my right hand hinders me from troubling you with a longer letter; but it is suspended while I have the pleasure of assuring you that I am,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD,

LET-

L E T T E R XIX.

TO THE SAME.

Spa, June 15, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DELAYED acknowledging your last kind letter, which I received just before I left England, till I could give you some account of myself, and the effects of these waters upon that crazy self. I have now drank them just a month, to the greatest benefit of my general state of health, but without the least to my deafness. They have in a great measure restored both my strength and my spirits, which, when I left England, were much affected by my long illness in the spring. In hopes of still farther benefit (for who is ever satisfied with what he has?) I shall drink them a month longer, and then return with as much impatience to my own country, as I left it with reluctance. You know this detestable place well enough, to judge what a sacrifice I make to the hopes of health, by resolving to stay here a month longer.

By the public news-papers I find that you are still far from being quiet in Ireland; I am heartily sorry for it. The country in general must suffer in the mean time. Bourdeaux and its environs alone will be the gainers. Go on and follow your own good conscience, which will, I am sure, never mislead you. Vote unbiaſſed for the real good of both countries, without

without the least regard either to the *clamor civium prava jubentium* (out-cry of citizens commanding unjust things), or to the *vultus instantis tyranni* (dread of a menacing tyrant).

I hope you and all your family are well. I wish it sincerely, for I am most heartily, my dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 14, 1754.

MY DEAR LORD,

KNOWING, by long experience, the kind part you take in whatever concerns me, I delayed acknowledging your last letter, in hopes of being able, in some time, to give you a better account of my health than I could then have done. I had, just at that time, had a very severe return of my old vertiginous complaint, which, as usual, left my whole animal system weak and languid. The best air in England, which I take that of Blackheath to be, a strict regimen, and a proper degree of exercise, did not restore, I might almost say, revive me. I sought therefore for refuge here, and thank God, I have not only found it, but in some measure recovery too. The disorders of my head and stomach are

intirely removed by these waters, which I have now drank three weeks; so that I may reasonably hope, that the three weeks more, which I propose passing here, will set me up for part of the winter at least, for at my age, and with my shattered constitution, I am not fillily sanguine enough to expect a radical cure. I consider myself here as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet dock, to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear.

I hope that you, your young family, and *tutti quanti*, are all well. May you long continue so! I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE SAME.

January 29, 1755,

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM little able to write, and less so to think, having been so ill all this week of my old complaints in my head and stomach, that I am to go to Bath

Bath as soon as I shall be able to endure the fatigue of the journey, which I hope may be in five or six days. My answer to your last kind letter must therefore be much shorter than otherwise it probably would have been.

I have carefully read over lord Limerick's * bill, and approve of the principle. I had thought of such a one when I was in Ireland, but soon found it would be impossible to carry it through the house of commons in any decent shape; but, should lord Limerick think proper to push it this session, I would recommend a few alterations. I would only require the priests to take the oath of allegiance simply, and not the subsequent oaths, which, in my opinion, no real papist can take; the consequence of which would be, that the least conscientious priests would be registered, and the most conscientious ones excluded. Besides that, where one oath will not bind, three will not; and the pope's dispensation from the oath of allegiance will not be more prevalent, nor more easily granted, than his dispensation from that oath by which his own power is abjured. But then I would make that single oath of allegiance more full and solemn; as for instance:

“ I, A. B. duly considering the sacred nature of
 “ an oath, and the horrible crime of perjury, which,
 “ by all the religions in the world, is justly abhorred
 “ as a most damnable sin; do most sincerely promise
 “ and swear, that I will be faithful and bear true alle-
 “ giance to his majesty king George the second. So

* Afterwards earl of Clanbrazil.

“ help

“ help me that great and eternal God, who knows my
 “ inmost thoughts, and whom I now most solemnly
 “ call upon to attest the truth of them.”

The person taking this oath should be obliged to recite it distinctly and deliberately, and not be allowed to mutter it over in that indecent and slovenly manner, in which oaths are generally taken. I will venture to add, those who will not observe this oath, taken in this manner, will still less observe any abjuration of the Pope's dispensing power, since such abjuration is, by all papists, looked upon as a nullity.

I would also advise, that all penalties of death, which in these cases must end in impunity, should be changed into close imprisonment for a term of years, or in some cases for life. Then there would be perhaps detections and prosecutions; but, in case of death, there will be none; for who will go and hang a poor devil only for being a regular, or an enthusiast?

When I tell you that these are my thoughts upon this subject, I do not affirm that I think at all; for in truth, I am so weak in body at this time, that I presume I am just as weak in mind too. This only I am sure of, that I am, my dear lord, most faithfully

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 12, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHITE * was puzzled, what account to give you of me, and therefore gave you none ; and, to say the truth, I am pretty much in the same case myself, only resolved to answer as well as I can your kind inquiries after me. I am tolerably well one day, ill the next, and well again perhaps the third ; that is, my disorders in my stomach, and my giddinesses in my head, return frequently and unexpectedly. Proper care and medicines remove them for the time, but none will prevent them. My deafness grows gradually worse, which in my mind implies a total one before it be long. In this unhappy situation, which I have reason to suppose will every day grow worse, I still keep up my spirits tolerably ; that is, I am free from melancholy, which I think is all that can be expected. This I impute to that degree of philosophy, which I have acquired by long experience of the world. I have enjoyed all its pleasures, and consequently know their futility, and do not regret their loss. I appraise them at their real value, which in truth is very low ; whereas those who have not experienced, always over-rate, them.

* An old and faithful servant of lord Chesterfield.

They

They only see their gay out-side, and are dazzled with the glare; but I have been behind the scenes. It is a common notion, and like many common ones a very false one, that those, who have led a life of pleasure and business, can never be easy in retirement; whereas I am persuaded that they are the only people who can, if they have any sense and reflection. They can look back *oculo irretorto* (without an evil eye) upon what they from knowledge despise; others have always a hankering after what they are not acquainted with. I look upon all that has passed as one of those romantic dreams that opium commonly occasions, and I do by no means desire to repeat the nauseous dose, for the sake of the fugitive dream. When I say that I have no regret, I do not mean that I have no remorse; for a life of either business, or still more pleasure, never was, nor never will be, a state of innocence. But God, who knows the strength of human passions, and the weakness of human reason, will, it is to be hoped, rather mercifully pardon, than justly punish, acknowledged errors.

I suppose you already know that you have a new lord lieutenant, lord Hartington, who, it is thought, will heal and compose your divisions. I heartily wish, for the sake of the country, that it may prove so.

A war with France is generally looked upon here as inevitable; but, for my own part, I cannot help thinking as well as wishing that things may end quietly in a treaty. I am so remote, and so indifferent, a spectator, except in the wishes which every man

owes

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. LET. XXII. XXIII. 257
owes to his country, that I am ill informed myself,
and consequently no good informer of others.

I hope your little family are all well, and continue
to answer your care in their education. May you
and they be long and mutually comforts to each
other! Adieu, my dear lord; no man living can be
more sincerely and affectionately than I am,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 26, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

COULD I take any thing ill of you, who I
am sure never meant any to me or any man
living, it would be your suspecting that I did; which
I believe is the first unjust suspicion that ever you
entertained of any body; and I am the more con-
cerned at it, because I know that it gave you uneasi-
ness. I confess myself four letters in your debt; but,
to tell you the truth, I have of late contracted so
many debts of that kind that I am very near a bank-
ruptcy, though not a fraudulent one, upon my word;
for I will honestly declare my circumstances; and
then my creditors will, I dare say, compound with
me upon reasonable terms. White told you true,

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S

when

when he told you that I was well, by which he meant all that he could know, which was, that I had no immediate illness; but he did not know the inward feelings, which increasing deafness and gradually declining health occasion. Some time before I left London I had a severe return of my old complaints in my head and stomach, which are always followed by such weakness and languors, that I am incapable of any thing but reading, and that too in an idle and desultory manner. Writing seems to be acting, as was asserted in the case of Algernon Sidney, which my *vis inertiae* will not suffer me to undertake, and I put it off from day to day, as Felix did Paul, to a more convenient season. When I removed to this place, I flattered myself, that the purity of the air, and the exercise of riding, which it would tempt me to take, would restore me to such a degree of health, strength, and consequently spirits, as to enable me not only to discharge my epistolary debts, but also to amuse myself with writing some essays and historical tracts. I was soon disappointed; for I had not been here above ten days, when I had a stronger attack than my former, and which, I believe, would have been the final one, had I not very seasonably been let-blood. From that time, though, as they call it, recovered, I have more properly crawled, than walked among my fellow vegetables, breathed than existed, and dreamed than thought. This, upon my word, is the true and only cause of my long silence; I begin to regain ground a little, but indeed very slowly.

As

As to the letter which you feared might have displeased me, I protest, my dear lord, I looked upon it as the tenderest mark of your friendship ; I had given occasion to it, and I expected it both from your affection and your character. Those reflections are never improper, though too often unwelcome, and consequently useless in youth : but I am now come to a time of life both to make and receive them with satisfaction, and therefore I hope with utility. One cannot think of one's own existence, without thinking of the eternal author of it; and one cannot consider his physical or moral attributes, without some fear, though in my mind still more hopes. It is true we can have no adequate notions of the attributes of a being so infinitely superior to us ; but, according to the best notions which we are capable of forming of his justice and mercy, the latter, which is the comfortable scale, seems necessarily to preponderate. Your quotation from archbishop Tillotson contains a fair and candid account of the Christian religion ; and, had his challenge been accepted, he would certainly have had an easy victory. He was certainly the most gentle and candid of all churchmen of any religion. *Un esprit de corps* is too apt, though I believe often unperceived, to bias their conduct, and inflame an honest, though too intemperate, zeal. It is the same in every society of men ; for it is in human nature to be affected and warped by example and numbers : you are, without a compliment, the only one that I know untainted.

To descend to this world, and particularly to that part of it where you reside, your present state seems

to me an aukward one; your late ferment seems rather suspended than quieted; and I think I see matter for a second fermentation, when your parliament meets. Some, I believe, will ask too much; and others perhaps will grant too little. I wish both parties may be wiser and honest, and then they will be quieter than they have been of late. Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word; I mean, trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, &c. and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, They are but bunglers. No harm is intended them from hence, and if they will be quiet no harm will be done them. The people have liberty enough, and the crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expence of the other, and who have started points that ought never to have been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur.

By this time, I fear, I have tired you; but, I am sure, that in half this time I should have been tired with writing half so much to any body else. Adieu then, my dear lord; and be convinced that, while I am at all, I shall be with the truest esteem and affection,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope the young family continues to be well, and to do well.

L E T.

LETTER XXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 30, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself in every respect a very bad correspondent. My heart only does its duty ; but my head and hand often refuse to do theirs. You, I am sure, are charitable enough to every body, and just enough to me, to accept of intentions instead of actions. Besides, I must acquaint you, that I have of late had a great deal more on my hands, than I either cared or was fit for. *L'académie des belles lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body ; in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment, I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *académie en corps* (academic body), which was to be a kind of speech ; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long refused to compliments and declamations.

These last six weeks my state of health has been rather better, though by no means good, and if I can but weather out the next month tolerably, I am morally sure of being better the two following months, which I shall pass at Bath ; for those waters always prove a temporary, though never a radical or permanent, cure of my complaints. However, *c'est autant de gagné* (it is so much clear gain), and that is worth the trouble of the journey.

Hawkins brought me the other day your kind present of Dr. Seed's sermons. I have read some of them, and like them very well. But I have neither read nor intend to read those which are meant to prove the existence of God; because it seems to me too great a disparagement of that reason which he has given us, to require any other proofs of his existence, than those which the whole and every part of the creation afford us. If I believe my own existence, I must believe his: it cannot be proved *à priori* as some have idly attempted to do, and cannot be doubted of *à posteriori*. Cato says very justly, *And that he is all nature cries aloud.*

By what I hear from Ireland, the ferment does not seem to subside hitherto, but rather to increase. However, I cannot help thinking but that things will go quietly enough in the next session of parliament. The castle will, I take it for granted, some how or other, procure a majority, which, when the patriots perceive, they will probably think half a loaf better than no bread, and come into measures. I wish, for the sake of Ireland, that they may; for I am very sure that, while these squabbles subsist, the public good never enters into the head of either party.

However your public affairs may go, I am very glad to find that your private ones go so well, and that your children answer your care and expectations. May you long contribute mutually to your respective happiness!

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 8, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your last kind letter but the day before I was to leave Blackheath and set out for this place, where I have now been just a fortnight. In one respect I am the better for that fortnight, I mean with regard to my stomach, or more properly my digestion, for I do not care two-pence whether I eat or not; but I care much to digest what I do eat, which I have not done the last three months, and now do. *D'ailleurs*, I am what you call in Ireland, and a very good expression I think it is, *unwell*. This *unwellness* affects the mind as well as the body, and gives them both a disagreeable inertness. I force my body into action, and take proper exercise; but there is no forcing the mind, and all attempts of that kind are at least ineffectual, but oftener disgraceful.

You will be convinced of that truth, when I send you a copy of my letter to *l'académie des belles lettres*. It was wrote *invita Minerva*, and is the poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind. I had not time to have it copied for you before I came here, and forgot to bring it with me, but when I return to London I will send you a copy.

I am heartily glad that your quarrels are at last made up in Ireland; but I am glad from a very different motive from most other peoples. I am glad

of it for the sake of the country, which I fear was the least concern of either of the belligerent parties. The triumph of the patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury: let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and above all the protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country, by establishing a fund to invite and provide for protestant strangers. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a king, and a government, three things to which they are at present utter strangers. These and other such kind of measures would make them patriots indeed, and give them just weight and reputation. They have got their own sops, and have now leisure to think of the public, if they please.

I propose staying here a month or six weeks longer, or even more, if I think that the waters will do more for me. All places are now alike to me, as I carry my own solitude with me wherever I go. Adieu, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

C.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 15, 1755.

MY DEAR LORD,

I BROUGHT with me from Bath rather a little more health than I carried with me there, but full as much deafness; and this is all the answer I can make to your last kind inquiries. This, you see, is a state rather of suffering, than enjoying, life; and indeed I am very weary of it; but, thank God, *ennui* is not, as it commonly is, attended with melancholy; and during the rest of my journey, I shall rather sleep in the *voiture* (carriage) than be restless and uneasy, as most travellers are.

I cannot find here the only copy which I had kept of my letter to *l'académie des belles lettres*; but Mr. Bristow took one over with him to Ireland, which I dare say he will readily shew you, and you may signify my consent to it, by shewing him this part of my letter. When you do see it, you will find that its only merit is its being pretty correct French, and that it has no intrinsic right to be reckoned among *les belles lettres*.

Que le chien mange le loup, ou que le loup mange le chien, (let the dog devour, or be devoured by, the wolf,) either in Ireland or here, is to me matter of great indifference, provided that those who govern either kingdom would but, at their leisure moments, and when they have nothing better to do, a little consider

consider the public good ; for after all, there is such a thing as public good, though in general people seem not to think so. I am not Utopian enough to propose, that it should interfere with private interest ; but perhaps, if duly considered, it might appear in some few cases to coincide with, and promote it.

Sheridan has lately published here an excellent book, entitled *British Education*. Warmed with his subject, he pushes it rather too far, as all authors do the particular object that has struck their imagination, and he is too diffuse ; but, upon the whole, it is both a very useful and entertaining book. When you see it, you will perhaps think that I am bribed by the dedication, to say what I now say of it, for he lays me on thick ; but that, upon my word, is not the case. The truth is, that the several situations which I have been in, having made me long the *plastron* of dedications, I am become as callous to flattery, as some people are to abuse.

I think your brother would be much in the wrong to quit his present commission of lieutenant-colonel to an old regiment of horse, for a new-raised regiment of foot, which, with twenty others, would, I hope, be very soon broke. The extravagant and groundless, though general fears of an invasion from France, justify to the timid public the present military phrenzy ; but, as I am convinced that the former will soon vanish, it is to be hoped the latter will soon after subside. This, at least, I am very sure of, that we shall not be able to pay three years longer the number of troops which we now have in our pay.

Make

Make my compliments to your young family; and be assured that I am most faithfully and sincerely your's,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 15, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

IT is not without doing some violence to my weak hand, and weaker head, that I attempt to satisfy your friendly anxiety about my health. I still crawl upon the face of the earth, neither worse nor better than I was some months ago, weary of, but not murmuring at, my disagreeable situation. Speaking tires and exhausts me; and as for hearing, I have none left; so that I am *isolé* in the midst of my friends and acquaintance: but, as I have had much more than my share of the good things of this world in the former part of my life, I neither do, nor ought to complain, of the change which I now experience. I will make the best use I can of this wretched remnant of my life, and atone, as well as I can, for the abuse of the whole piece, by wishing that I had employed it better.

I hope your children continue to deserve well all your tenderness: that you may have that and every other happiness, is the sincere wish of

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Oct. 11, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHAT can a hermit send you from the desarts of Blackheath, in return for your kind letter, but his hearty thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody any where by fatal necessity; and as for the thoughts of a deaf, solitary, sick man, they cannot be entertaining for one in health, as I hope you are. Those thoughts which relate to you are such as you would desire, that is, such as you deserve. My others seem to be a succession of dreams, but with this comfortable circumstance, that I have no gloomy ones. No passions agitate me, no fears disturb me, and no silly hopes gull me any longer. I have done with this world, and think of my journey to another, which I believe is not very remote. In the mean time, I shall next week take one to Bath, which the skilful say may perhaps do me good; *à la bonne heure*, I will try. I only ask for negative health; and if those waters will procure me that, I shall be abundantly satisfied.

I think you have taken a very prudent resolution with regard to your approaching election.

My friend George Faulkner dined with me here one day; he tells me that reading is not yet come in fashion in Ireland, and that more bottles are bought in one week, than books in one year. Adieu, my dear

dear lord : it is impossible to be more truly and faithfully than I am yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1756.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CAN now make you a return to your last kind letter, which I know will be more welcome to you, than that which I made to your former ; for I can tell you that I am something better, and have, in the month that I have drank these waters, regained a little strength and flesh. But, as my relapses have been very frequent, when I have been in still a better state of health than I am yet, I take it thankfully, but only *à bonne compte* (on account), without relying upon its duration or improvement. Whatever happens to me, I am armed with patience, satiety, and confidence in my Creator to meet it coolly. The mad business of the world, as Swift says, is over with me* ; and when my time comes, and the sooner the better, for I am weary, I am ready and willing.

Adieu, my dear friend ; writing much hitherto is very troublesome to me.

Yours faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

* See The Day of Judgment, in Swift's works, vol. xvii.

L E T T E R X X X .

T O T H E S A M E .

Blackheath, Sept. 8, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WAS very glad to hear of your safe arrival on the other side of the water, and that you found the part of your family, which you had left there, so well; I hope that part of it which you took with you from hence will, by time and care, be as well too. My own health, which I know you always interest yourself in, gives me nothing to brag of. About three weeks ago I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again in that state of vegetation in which you left me. In about a month or six weeks I propose going to Bath, which always gives me a reprieve, but never a free pardon. The halter is always about my neck; and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.

From this hermitage you must expect no news: news does not become an hermitage; but truth does, and *foi d'hermite* (on the faith of an hermit), I am

Your sincere and faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R XXXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 22, 1757.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHALL make but a very unsatisfactory return to your kind inquiries and sollicitude about my health, when I tell you, that but three days ago I had a very strong attack of my usual illness, which has left me still weak and languid. I thought myself the better for the waters, which I have drank a month, till this relapse came and undeceived me. All mineral waters, and the whole *materia medica*, lose their efficacy upon my shattered carcase; and the enemy within is too hard for them. I bear it all with patience, and without melancholy, because I must bear it whether I will or no. Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect, how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed. How gentle are my physical ills, compared with the exquisite torments of gout, stone, &c.! The faculties of my mind are, thank God, not yet much impaired; and they comfort me in my worst moments, and amuse me in the best.

I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I

have recourse to the dead, whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. Solid *folios* are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. *Quartos* are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, *chit-chat* of small *octavos* and *duodecimos*. This, upon the whole, hinders me from wishing for death, while other considerations hinder me from fearing it.

Does lord Clanbrazil bring in his register bill this session? If he can keep it short, clear, and mild, it will be in my opinion a very good one. Some time or other, though God knows when, it will be found out in Ireland, that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the protestants, but subject to the *gavel* act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tye them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of landed property, which the pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the protestant charter-schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

Hæ tibi erunt artes.

(These will be your arts.)

This

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walslh's famous ode to king William;

Nor think it a sufficient cause,
To punish men by penal laws,
For not believing right.

I am very glad that your daughter is recovered. I am glad that you are well, and whatever you are glad of will, upon my word, gladden

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I FIND by your letter to madame d'Elitz *, that my two last to you miscarried; for, upon my word, since my return from Bath, I have sent you two letters, one of them particularly with my opinion upon lord Clanbrazil's bill. We have neither

* Sister to the countess of Chesterfield.

of us any reason to regret their loss; nor should I do it if my supposed silence had not given you uneasiness, and made you suspect very unjustly a change in my sentiments towards you. Be assured that can never happen, I am so well convinced of yours for me: my disorders in my head may, and do very often, render me incapable of writing, but they cannot affect my heart: which will always be warm for my friends, and I am very sure that you are of that number.

Lord Clanbrazil's bill is thrown out at last, and perhaps never the worse, though I approved of it; but it would be so altered and mangled before it had passed the two houses, that it would have been worse than none.

My health and strength decay daily, and of course my spirits. The idle dream of this world is over with me; I am tired of being every thing but of being

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 14, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter of the 7th. The post is favorable to us both, for I receive your letters, and you escape mine, which are not worth your receiving but from the interest you take in the health of a faithful friend. I should rather have used the word existence, than that of health, not having been acquainted with the thing these two or three years. I am now comparatively better than I have been this winter; but very far from being what a healthy man would call well. That degree of health I give up entirely; I might as well expect rejuvenescence.

Your political world in Ireland is now quieted for the time being. May that quiet last! but I do not think it will. You are come to that state in Ireland, which Dr. Brown too truly represents to be the state of England, in his Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Times, of which he has just published a second volume. If you have not already got them, I advise you to apply to my philosophical friend George Faulkner for them. They are writ with spirit and elegancy, and are, I fear, too just.

I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, May 23, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE received your letter of the 4th instant. The day afterwards I received the book which you was so kind as to send me by major Macculloch; and the day after that, by Mr. Ruffel, your bill for expences incurred and not provided for, which I have paid.

Now, first, to the first. You solicit a very poor employment so modestly, and offer your daughters as security for your good behavior, that I cannot refuse it you, and do hereby appoint you my sole commissioner for the kingdom of Ireland. To the second. This ninth volume of Swift will not do him so much honor, as I hope it will bring profit to my friend George Faulkner. The historical part * is a party pamphlet, founded on the lie of the day, which, as lord Bolingbroke who had read it often assured me, was coined and delivered out to him, to write Examiners, and other political papers upon. That spirit remarkably runs through it. Macartney, for instance, murdered duke Hamilton; nothing is falser, for though Macartney was very capable of the vilest actions, he was guiltless of that, as I myself can testify, who was at his trial in the king's bench, when he came

* The history of the four last years of the queen.

over

over voluntarily to take it, in the late king's time. There did not appear even the least ground for a suspicion of it; nor did Hamilton, who appeared in court, pretend to tax him with it, which would have been in truth accusing himself of the utmost baseness, in letting the murderer of his friend go off from the field of battle, without either resentment, pursuit, or even accusation, till three days afterwards. This *lie* was invented to inflame the Scotch nation against the whigs; as the other, that prince Eugene intended to murder lord Oxford, by employing a set of people called Mohocks, which society, by the way, never existed, was calculated to inflame the mob of London. Swift took those hints *de la meilleure foi du monde*, and thought them materials for history. So far he is blameless.

Thirdly and Lastly, I have paid Mr. Russel the twenty-seven pounds five shillings, for which you drew your bill. I hope you are sensible that I need not have paid it till I had received the goods, or at least till I had proofs of your having sent them; but where I have in general a good opinion of the person, I always proceed frankly, and do not stand upon forms; and I have without flattery so good an opinion of you, that I would trust you not only with twenty-seven pounds, but even as far as thirty-seven.

Your friend's letter to you, inclosed in the book, is an honest and melancholic one: but what can I do in it? He seems not to know the nature of factions in Ireland, the prevailing for the time being is absolute, and whoso transgresseth the least of their commandments is guilty of the whole. A lord lieutenant may

if he pleases govern alone, but then he must, as I know by experience, take a great deal more trouble upon himself than most lord lieutenants care to do, and he must not be afraid: but as they commonly prefer *otium cum dignitate*, their guards, their battle-axes, and their trumpets, not to mention perhaps the profits of their post, to a laborious execution of it, they must necessarily rule by a faction, of which faction for the time being they are only the first slaves: the condition of the obligation is this: Your excellency or your grace wants to carry on his majesty's business smoothly, and to have it to say, when you go back, that you met with no difficulties; this we have sufficient strength in parliament to engage for, provided we appear to have the favor and countenance of the government, the money, be it what it will, shall be cheerfully voted; as for the public you shall do what you will, or nothing at all, for we care for that no more than we suppose your grace or excellency does, but we repeat it again, our recommendation to places, pensions, &c. must prevail, or we shall not be able to keep our people in order. These are always the expressed, or at least the implied, conditions of these treaties, which either the indolence or the insufficiency of the governors ratify: from that moment these undertakers bury the governor alive, but indeed pompously: different from the worshipful company of undertakers here, who seldom bury any body alive, or at least never without the consent and privity of the next heirs.

I am now settled here for the summer, perhaps for ever, in great tranquillity of mind, not equally of body;

body; I make the most of it, I vegetate with the vegetables, and I crawl with the insects in my garden, and I am, such as I am, most faithfully and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 2, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM now in possession of the goods you procured me, and they are both excellent in their kind; but how difficult, not to say impossible, it is to find an honest factor! You have not cheated me it is true; but you have most grossly defrauded the bishop of Waterford, as appears by your own account here inclosed; you set down two pieces and fourteen yards of cloth £. 16. 7s. 3d. whereas I have received seven pieces and fourteen yards, which must certainly come to a great deal more. *Item*, you set down but six dozen and six pints of Usquebaugh; whereas I have received nine dozen and six, for which you put down only £. 13. 5s. and which makes it as cheap as porter's ale. Pray retrieve your character, which is at stake, and clear up this matter to the Bishop, and to

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 29, 1758.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT return such an answer as we could either of us wish, to your frequent and friendly inquiries after my weakened and decaying body and mind. I am at least *unwell*, often worse, and never quite well. My deafness, which is considerably increased, deprives me of that consolation which sickness commonly admits of, the conversation of a few friends; and my illness deprives me of the chief consolation under deafness, which is reading and writing. My head will seldom let me read, and seldomer let me think, consequently still seldomer let me write. Shall I tell you that I bear this melancholy situation with that meritorious constancy and resignation which most people boast of? No, for I really cannot help it; if I could, I certainly would; and, since I cannot, I have common sense and reason enough, not to make my situation worse, by unavailing restlessness and regret.

I hope, for your sake and many other people's, that your health is perfect, for I know that you will employ it in doing good. May you long have that power, as I am sure you will always have those inclinations! I am, with real truth and friendship,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

L E T T E R XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Feb. 20, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED yesterday your very kind letter of the 10th, with the inclosed, which I forwarded according to the directions. No apologies about that, for I am very glad to be the *entrepôt* between you and whoever you correspond with. White protests that he troubled you with a letter, long since the time mentioned in your's. For these three months he has been confined with the gout, and is but just got about me again. But neither could he, nor I myself, have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse, within the space of every half hour; all that I know is, that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to.

I said nothing to you upon the death of your brother (a); I never upon those occasions do, where I am sure the concern is sincere: yours, I dare say, was so; but you had this just reflection to comfort you, that he left a good character, and a reasonable fortune to his family, behind him.

Adieu, my dear lord; my head will not be held down any longer.

Yours sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

(a) The bishop's brother, colonel Chenevix, of the Carabineers.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 13, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM extremely obliged to you for your kind letter of the 2d, and, thank God, can return you a more satisfactory answer than, for some time past, I have been able to do. In the first place, I am alive, which neither I nor any body else, six months ago, thought that I should be. In the next place my old, crazy, and shattered carcase enjoys more negative health than it has done for a long time. I owe this unexpected amendment to milk, which, in this my second infancy, I live upon almost as entirely I did in my first. Asses, cows, and even goats, club to maintain me. I have in particular a white *amalthea*, that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. Thus I rub on in a tolerable mediocrity; life is neither a burthen nor a pleasure to me; but a certain degree of *ennui* necessarily attends that neutral state, which makes me very willing to part with it, when he who placed me here thinks fit to call me away.

I suppose you felt some pangs at parting with your son, and your tender anxiety will make you feel still more in his absence. May he answer not only your expectation, but your fondest wishes! I am sure it is one of the warmest of mine. I am

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 9, 1759.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS I have been long in arrears with you, and owe you a great deal for your frequent and kind inquiries after my health, or, to speak more properly, my want of it; but it has not been in my power to pay. I have been often, within these three months, not only too ill to write; but too ill to speak, think, or move. I have now a favourable moment of negative health, and that is the most that I must ever expect; and I think I cannot employ it better than in thanking you for your friendship, and in assuring you of mine. When I reflect upon the poor remainder of my life, I look upon it as a burthen that must every day grow heavier and heavier, from the natural progression of physical ills, the usual companions of increasing years; and my reason tells me that I should wish for the end of it; but instinct, often stronger than reason, and perhaps oftener in the right, makes me take all proper methods to put it off. This innate sentiment alone makes me bear life with patience; for I assure you I have no farther hopes; but, on the contrary, many fears from it. None of the primitive Anachorettes in the Thebais could be more detached from life than I am. I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it; and, even when I reflect back, upon what I have seen,

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what

what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself, that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality; but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and consequently better than they are. I pity the weak and the wicked, without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my abilities to be one of that minority.

You are not quite so philosophical in Ireland, where all the tourbillons of Descartes seem to be in the most rapid motion. What do your mobs mean? The Hibernian spirits are exceedingly inflammable. Lenients and refrigeratives will cool and quiet them.

I am very sorry that your daughter's lameness seems incurable; for I heartily wish well to every limb of your family; and am,

Your most sincere friend and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield bids me assure you of her service and esteem.

LET-

L E T T E R XL.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 22, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

WHEN I received your last letter, I was not in a condition to answer, and hardly to read it; I was so extremely ill, that I little thought that I should live to the date of this letter. I have within these few months more than once seen death very near; and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God, I saw it without very great terrors; but, at the same time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. The faculty tell me that I am now much better, and to be sure I am so, compared with what I was a fortnight ago; but, however, still in a very weak and lingering condition, not likely in my opinion to hold out long; but, whether my end be more or less remote, I know I am tottering upon the brink of this world, and my thoughts are employed about the other. However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow domestic sphere, to my fellow-creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do. What share you will always have in those wishes, our long friendship,

ship, and your own merit, which I have so long known, will best tell you.

I am, with great truth and just esteem,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLI.

TO THE SAME.

London, April 29,

MY DEAR LORD,

MR. des Voeux brought me your kind letter, and will send me (for he is gone to Germany) his Ecclesiastes as soon as it comes out. *A propos* of that book, I hope you have seen Voltaire's *précis* of it in verse. Nothing in my mind can be finer, than both the sense and poetry of it: for fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

Dieu nous donna les biens, il veut qu'on en jouisse,
Maiz n'oubliez jamais leur cause et leur auteur,
Et lorsque vous goutez sa divine faveur,
O! mortels gardez vous d'oublier sa justice *.

* These lines may be thus rendered in English:

God gave us blessings, freely to enjoy;
Mortals! remember from whose hand they came,
And, while you taste his gracious gifts with joy,
Both love and reverence his awful name.

This

This is exactly from the original; but the following lines are in my mind a great improvement.

Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Même aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas,
Ne vous informez pas de leur reconnoissance,
Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingrats *.

I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he: but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation; experience in this case is necessary for conviction, though perhaps at the expence of some morality.

I do not comprehend you in Ireland *en détail*; but this I comprehend *en gros*, that that poor country will be undone. All the causes, that ever destroyed any country, conspire in this point to ruin Ireland; premature luxury, for your luxury out-stripped your riches, which in other countries it only accompanies; a total disregard to the public interest, both in the governed and the governors; a profligate and shameless avowal of private interest; a universal corruption of both morals and manners. All this is more than necessary to subvert any constitution in the world.

* Diffuse your bounties with a liberal hand;
Nor spare the least-deserving to relieve:
No thanks the generous mind should e'er demand;
'Tis great, 'tis godlike, unrepaid to give.

You expect, from the interest which I know you take in it, to have some account of my wretched and almost destroyed constitution; but I will only tell you, in short, that I am not worse than I was, and that I know I never can be better than I am now, though that is bad enough of all conscience. My stay in this world cannot be long. God, who placed me here, only knows when he will order me out of it; but whenever he does, I shall most willingly obey his command, with confidence in his mercy. Adieu, my dear lord. I am most sincerely yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Aug. 28, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I SHOULD have answered your last and most friendly letter sooner, but that the weak and languid state which I have been in for some time did not leave me spirits to do any thing, much less any thing well. What was unjustly and infamously urged against Algernon Sidney, I found too true in my own case, that *scribere est agere* (writing is acting), and therefore I did not undertake it. I am now a little better, but this better moment is no security that the next will not be a very bad one, for I am more than *journalier* in my complaints, even hours

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make great variations in them. This, you must allow, is an unfortunate latter end of my life, and consequently a tiresome one; but I must own too, that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted; and even moral good and evil seem mixed to a certain degree; for one never sees any body so perfectly good, or so perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is in vain for us upon this planet to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out, *O altitudo!*

White told me that you intend to turn gardener, and that your first trial is to be raising of melons; for which reason I have sent you such a provision of good melon-seed of different kinds, as will serve you, your *nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis* (your children's children, and those that will be born of them); but, as an older and more experienced gardener than you are, I must add some instructions as to their culture. Know then, that they are much better raised in tanner's bark than in dung; that you should put but two seeds in what the gardeners call a light; and, that when they are about half-grown, if the weather is hot, you should cover them with oiled paper, instead of glass, to save the vines from being burned up before the fruit is ripe. I, and most people here, prefer the canteloupes, but they are not the best bearers.

I am very glad that your son does hitherto so well at the university, and there is no doubt of his continuing to do so, provided he keeps clear of the epidemical vices of colleges in general, and of Irish colleges in particular. You may easily guess that I mean that beastly degrading vice of drinking, which increases with years, and which ends in stupid. sottishness. I hope all the rest of your family are as well as I wish them; for, upon my word, I sincerely wish you all *tutti quanti* as well as you can wish yourselves.

I am, my dear lord,

Your faithful friend and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 16, 1760.

MY DEAR LORD,

I MAKE no excuses for the irregularity of my correspondence, or the unfrequency of my letters; for my declining mind keeps pace with my decaying body, and I can no more *scribere digna legi* (write things worthy to be read), than I can *facere digna scribi* (do things worthy to be written). My health is always bad, though sometimes better and sometimes worse, but never good. My deafness increases, and consequently deprives me of the comforts

forts of society, which other people have in their illnesses; in short, this last stage of my life is a very tedious one, and the roads very bad; the end of it cannot be very far off, and I cannot be sorry for it. I wait for it, imploring the mercy of my Creator, and deprecating his justice. The best of us must trust to the former, and dread the latter.

I do not know what picture it is of the late lord Scarborough, that you would have copied; I have none, nor do I know of any, unless perhaps Jemmy Lumley has one; so send me your farther directions about it.

In my opinion you are very much in the right not to concern yourself in the contested elections. *Abstine à fabis* (Abstain from beans) is as becoming a maxim for a bishop, as it was for Pythagoras; moreover, in parliamentary elections perhaps there is no choice. You are all wild about them in Ireland, and want, it seems, to have all the ill blood, expence, and riot, which they occasion, renewed every seven years. I wish you would be quiet, for I prophecy that you will get no 'good by your politics, but I fear much the contrary.

I question whether you will ever see my friend George Faulkner in Ireland again, he is become so great and considerable a man here in the republic of letters; he has a constant table open to all men of wit and learning, and to those sometimes who have neither. I have been able to get him to dine with me but twice; though otherwise I must do him the justice to say, he lives with his old friends upon the

same easy foot as formerly. Adieu, my dear lord:
I am the most faithful of your friends and servants.

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Mar. 19, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE been much and long in your debt, contrary to my inclination, for I hate to be in any debt, especially in marks of friendship and affection; but I am persuaded you know the sentiments of my heart, with regard to yourself, too well to require regular promissory notes for my debts of that kind. Besides, in truth, paper credit is so much stretched, both here and in Ireland, that I think it will now go for very little in either country.

You have a new lord lieutenant for your country, who certainly is able, and I dare say willing, to do well. But for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interest, and do not get into any more political scrapes with England, that will always be too hard for you in the end, and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned when I hear of its being worked up into a general ferment, only that a few individuals may make the better bargain for themselves.

I will

I will tell you nothing of the several changes at court, which from the gazettes you will know as much of as I do here from the same authority, for I have no better, and am glad of it ; for what is the world now to me, or I to the world, except as a citizen of it, in which capacity I will always endeavour to do my little part to my fellow-creatures? I know no use that a deaf, infirm, wretched creature as I am, can be of to society, unless that of maintaining the necessary number of his species, to attend and nurse him. Your constant and kind anxiety about my health makes you, I know, desire that I should give you some account of it ; but I cannot by any means give you such an account as you would wish for. I came here just six weeks ago, and for the first fortnight was abundantly better, and I wish I had then cut out a winner, to use the gamester's phrase ; but it was very natural to continue a medicine that did me a great deal of good, in hopes of more ; for who is satisfied with, or knows what is, enough? Since that, the waters have done me as much harm as at first they did me good ; and I return to London next Monday, in just the same weak and miserable condition in which I came here.

I hope you and all your family are unacquainted with the ills I feel. May you all long continue so, and enjoy all the other comforts and blessings of life ! I am, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLV.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, June 9, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

TO satisfy your kind impatience concerning my health, I am obliged to take up the pen myself, though little able to conduct it. Poor White has been very ill these two months, and part of the time in great danger from a violent fever, which returned after such short intervals as left him no time to recover any strength; but now fortunately all his complaints have centered in a very severe fit of the gout, which I hope will set all right. He has lived with me now above forty years; we were young and healthy together, we are old and crazy, and seem to be tending to our last stage together. This is the natural course of things, and upon the whole we have neither of us any cause of complaint. As to myself, I am one day better, and another worse; and my state of vegetation, for it is no more, is a lingering and drooping one.

Lord Halifax will be with you at the end of September, or the beginning of October. I am sure he will make you a good governor, and I hope a popular one; for I know he goes firmly resolved to do all the good he can to Ireland. He understands business, and, what is more, loves it; he has steadiness and resolution to govern you well himself, and
he

he will not be governed by undertakers. Adieu, my dear lord; my head, and my hand, both call upon me to trouble you no longer.

I am, your most affectionate friend,

and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 12, 1751.

MY DEAR LORD,

I DO not know whether I shall give you a reason which you will reckon a good one; but I will honestly give you the true one, for my writing so seldom. It is one of the effects, and not the least disagreeable one, of my disorder, to make one indolent, and unwilling to undertake even what one has a mind to do. I have often set down in the intention of writing to you, when the apparatus of a table, pen, ink, and paper, has discouraged me, and made me procrastinate, and say, like Festus, "At a convenient time will I speak to thee." Those, who have not experienced this indolence and languor, I know, have no conception of them; and therefore, many people say that I am extremely well, because I can walk and speak, without knowing how much it

costs me to do either. This was the case of the bishop of Offory, who reported only from my outside, which is not much altered. I cannot say, however, that I am positively ill ; but, I can positively say, that I am always *unwell*. In short, I am in my health, what many, reckoned in the main good sort of people, are in their morals ; they commit no flagrant crimes, but their conscience secretly reproaches them with the non-observance or the violation of many lesser duties. White is recovered from his acute illness, and is now only infirm and crazy, and will be so as long as he lives. I believe we shall start fair.

The bishop of Offory told me one thing, that I heard with great pleasure ; which was, that your son did extremely well at the university, and answered, not only your hopes, but your wishes ; I sincerely congratulate you upon it.

The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation. People think nor talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet ; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to *walk* at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope ; but I am, without the least *équivoque*, my dear lord,

Your most faithful friend,

and humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S.

P. S. Your lord lieutenant will be with you immediately after the coronation. He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of *ations*, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them.

L E T T E R XLVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Oct. 31, 1761.

MY DEAR LORD,

I NEVER doubted but that lord Halifax's reception of you would be such as, by your last letter, you inform me it was. The least relation to his late uncle *, and my friend, will always be a recommendation to him; but you have a better. I received yesterday from my old friend Faulkner, his speech at the opening of this new parliament, and am most extremely pleased both with the matter and the manner. He dwells upon my three favorite points; the protestant charter-schools, the linen-manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the Roman Catholics.

I have sent Mrs. Russell some melon-seed for you, which she will convey to you when she has a proper opportunity. There are two sorts, one of the largest and best canteloupes I ever eat in my life; the other

* The earl of Scarborough.

is of a smaller size, the coat very near black, but rather I think of a superior flavor to the other. If, in raising them, you make use of tann instead of dung, they will be much the better.

I am persuaded that your business in parliament will go smoothly on, at least this session; I hope so for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with England, however justly.

As you always insist upon my acquainting you with my state of health for the time being, I will tell you that I am not worse, rather a little better, but far from well. Well I must never expect to be. I shall go, in about ten days, to the Bath, in hopes of being something better, and I will compound for small gains.

I am, my dear lord, most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 8, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT answer your last kind letter as I could wish, and as you, I believe, wish full as much as I, by telling you that I am better: all I can do for you is, to tell you that I am not worse. I

have always reminiscences of my rheumatism more or less, sometimes very severe ones in my legs, which I do not expect ever to be entirely free from, for I never knew any man radically cured of rheumatism; *d'ailleurs je végete & voilà tout* (I vegetate, and that is all).

I sincerely congratulate you upon the academical triumphs of your son, which must give you the most sensible pleasure. I look upon your care of him to be now over, as he has learning and knowledge to know, that he must not only keep what he has, but improve it. It is only those who know very little, that stop short, thinking they know enough, which ends in knowing nothing.

The piece of callico, which you sent White, is extremely good and fine. Mind your weaving and spinning, and lay aside your politics; the former will enrich you; but, take my word for it, you will never be better for the latter. I wish I could see your great politicians labouring for the good of their country, like Hercules, with distaffs, instead of septennial bills, in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr. Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy upon it! I am, most sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R XLIX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 4, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY wretched health, about which you are so kindly solicitous, is so very variable, that I can hardly give you any account of it at the beginning of a letter, without having reason at the end of it to alter that account. The humor, whether gouty or rheumatic, or rather as I think a compound of both, teazes and *chicanes* me, sometimes in my legs, sometimes in my head and stomach, and sometimes, though seldom, is quite quiet, and then I am as well as at my time of life I can ever hope to be. I must take it all as it comes, and will bear it with patience. God has sent physical, as well as moral, ills into the world; and for good and wise reasons of his own, I am convinced, which I do not pretend to know; nor do I at all admit those reasons which men are pleased to assign for it. I wish mankind would condescend to be respectfully ignorant of many things, which it is impossible they can ever know whilst in this world. But no, we must know every thing; and our pride will not let us own our ignorance.

The piece of raw silk, which you sent me in your last, seems to me, who understand very little of the matter, extremely good; but, to tell you the truth, I doubt it will never prove an extensive and profitable manufacture. Your climate is not warm enough for mulberry

mulberry-trees, and the worms will not be nourished as they are in hotter countries. However, you do very well to try ; for whatever quantity of silk you may make, will be so much clear gain, will encourage industry ; and, let the worst come to the worst, the plantations of mulberry-trees will adorn the country. I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you ; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it. Adieu, my dear lord. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 7, 1762.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you heartily for your last kind letter ; it is some satisfaction, in all misfortunes, to know that those people whom one loves and values interest themselves in them ; and I am sure that you take a sincere part in mine. I am not worse, nor I am not better, than when I wrote to you last. I know that I never can nor shall be better, and I will readily compound for never being worse. President Montesquieu, who had been almost blind for many years,

years, used to say, *je sais être aveugle* (I know how to be blind); and I am sure I have been long enough ill, to know how to be so. But he was not deaf; and, if I were not so, I should be much less affected by my other complaints. I cannot use myself to deafness, though I have now had it fourteen years; it gives one a stupid look at first, and soon afterwards makes one really so.

This has been a very bad season for the Jesuits, and I do not very well see why, unless it be that there is a time for all things, and that theirs is come; for their religious and moral (or if you will immoral) doctrines have been the same these two hundred years. They have often indeed been attacked during that time, and by great men, but have always recovered it; whereas now they die. I will venture to prophecy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the popes will hold it out much longer.

I will send some excellent melon-seed to Mrs. Ruffel, who I take it for granted can find some means of forwarding it to you. It is three years old, which we gardeners reckon the best age. Adieu, my dear lord. I am, most faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

In about three weeks I propose going to Bath, for my rheumatic pains.

LET.

L E T T E R LI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 6, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CONFESS myself a most lazy and awkward correspondent, but it is not so much my fault as it is my misfortune! for writing now is not the easy task to me that it was formerly, and both my head and my hand undertake it unwillingly. However, in spite of them both, I could not let this season pass by, without wishing you and yours a great many happy new years; not in compliance with custom, but to satisfy my sentiments of friendship and affection for you.

I am returned from the Bath with much better health than I carried there. I have now a tolerable negative degree of health, which at my age, and with my shattered constitution, is all that I can reasonably ask of heaven, for the short remainder of my span.

I am glad to hear that I shall have the pleasure of seeing you and your son this summer: I hope you will not embark before the stormy season is over, which is not till April or May.

I am, with the truest friendship and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R LII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Dec. 5, 1763.

MY DEAR LORD,

I THANK you for your kind and informing letter, which I received by the last post. I cannot give you such an account of myself as I know you wish. I was dangerously ill of a bilious fever ten days before I left London, and remained extremely weak and low from it. The faculty hastened me to this place, which was, as they said, to carry off the dregs of the fever, restore my strength and spirits, and what not. The waters, however, which I have now drunk a full fortnight, have done no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day, and my spirits lower.

You have acted in the affair of the charities as becomes your ecclesiastical character, and your private character of integrity and charity as a man, in endeavouring to detect, if you cannot punish, those sacrilegious frauds, in diverting to infamous political jobs, the sums of money bequeathed and appropriated for the relief of the poor. That I call sacrilege in the highest degree, if giving to the poor be, as undoubtedly it is, lending to God. This is a much more criminal sacrilege than stealing an old pulpit cloth out of a parish church, that can do as well without it; and which, though canonically called sacrilege, is, in my mind, but humble robbery. Go

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on then, my good lord, and detect not only the thieves, but those who connive at them. Thou sawest a thief, and consentedst unto him, was formerly the description of a very bad character, and should be so still, unless your doctors of divinity will say, like Moliere's doctor of physic, *nous avons changé tout cela* (we have altered all that). Good-night, my dear lord.

Yours most faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 17, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR last letter, which I received this week, made me two letters in your debt; but you are so used to my bad payment, that I am sure you will excuse it, especially when you consider that people of quality seldom pay at all; whereas I sometimes pay something in part, and upon account.

I assure you it is no compliment, but a literal truth, when I tell you that I have the *warmest* sense of your kindness, in providing my old and chilled carcase with such a quantity of flannel. I have cut my waistcoats according to my cloth, and they come half-way down my thighs.

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X

I am

I am told you are altogether by the ears in Ireland. We are so here too; and it will always be so, while avarice and ambition triumph over reason and virtue. Adieu, my dear lord. I am

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 1, 1764.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE been a long time in your debt, but I hope that my age and infirmities give me some privileges to compensate a little for the loss of youth and health. I am past the age at which a Roman soldier was *rude donatus*, which some have translated, *given to be rude*. I adopt that version. Since your friendship for me makes you solicitous to have accounts of my health, I will tell you that I am neither better nor worse than when you heard from me last. I am never free from physical ills of one kind or another, but use and patience make them supportable; and I own this obligation to them, that they have cured me of worse ills than themselves, I mean moral ills, for they have given me leisure to examine, and reflection to subdue, all my passions. I think only of doing my duty to my Creator, and to my fellow-created

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. LET. LIII. LIV. LV. 307
created beings, and *omnis in hoc sum* (this is my only object.)

Are you a grandfather in embryo yet? That ought by this time to be manifest. When you shall be really so, may your grand-children give you as much satisfaction as your own children have done!

Good night, my dear lord; I am most affectionately yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield desires me to add her compliments to all.

LETTER LV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Sept. 25, 1765.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOUR letter gave me the pleasure of knowing your safe arrival in Ireland; but if you were as sick as usual at sea, notwithstanding my brandy and lemon, and your own saffron-bag, you sink it upon me, which is not quite fair to your doctor, who should always be informed of the success of his prescriptions.

As you are always as sollicitous about my health as I am, and more so about my life, I will tell you that I am just as you left me, neither well nor ill, and hobbling on to my journey's end, which I think I am not afraid of, but will not answer for myself, when the ob-

ject draws very near, and is very sure. That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please, and by the way those people have commonly the most reason to fear it.

Your lord lieutenant * will be with you very soon, to meet your parliament. Those first meetings are generally kind ones, and often much kinder than the partings. I really think he will be liked, for he is, in my opinion, the honestest and most religious man in the world, and, moreover, very much a gentleman in his behaviour to every body. But what orders he may bring with him from hence, or what temper he may find you in, that may create differences, I cannot say, because I am sure I do not know; but this I know, that those amongst you who are wise will avoid quarrelling with England. I say this only for the sake of Ireland, to which I most sincerely wish well, and believe that I am generally thought to do so. Do not think of mimicking our parliamentary tricks in England, for they will not do in Ireland.

I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most; whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours sail easily and safely many years!

I am, my dear lord,

Yours most affectionately and faithfully,

CHESTERFIELD,

* Lord Hertford.

L E T-

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 26, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

THOUGH I too long delayed sending you my wishes of this season, I am sure you did me the justice to believe that I formed them as heartily and sincerely for you, as you could do for me; and more I think cannot be said on either side. We have known one another too long to have any doubts upon that subject.

The business of pamphleteering, I find, is not monopolized on this side of the channel; for I have lately read two or three angry papers, and one of them squirted out by my friend Dr. Lucas. Surely your government will be wise enough not to take any notice of them. Punishment will make sectaries and political writers considerable, when their own works would not; and if my friend Lucas had not been persecuted under lord Harrington's government, I believe he would have been, long before this, only a good apothecary, instead of a scurvy politician. I remember, at the latter end of queen Anne's reign, there was a great number of fanatics, who said they had, and very possibly really thought they had, the gift of prophecy. They used to assemble in Moor-fields to exert that gift, and were attended by a vast number of idle and curious spectators. The then ministry, who loved a little persecution well enough, was however wise

enough not to disturb these madmen, and only ordered one Powel, who was the master of a famous puppet-show, to make Punch turn prophet, which he did so well, that it soon put an end to the prophets and their prophecies.

I have been unwell of late, and have been let blood twice this week, which has done me so much good, that I am now better than I was before my disorder; but, well or unwell, I am always,

My dear lord,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 17, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter yesterday, and forwarded the inclosed according to your directions. It is true I was long in your debt; but it is as true too, that I am no longer, as I once was, the pen of a ready writer; both my head and my hand seem to decline writing; in short, *Non sum qualis eram* (I am no more the man I formerly was). My state of health, which you are always kindly inquisitive about, is just as you left it. I am too old to expect it to mend,

mend, and thank God it declines but gently, and I rather glide than tumble down hill.

I heartily congratulate you upon the good effects of your bill, and it is almost pity that you have no sins for this act of charity to cover. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. My compliments to your son.

L E T T E R LVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Blackheath, Oct. 10, 1766.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM conscious that I have been long in your debt; and, were my letters of any value, I would make you my excuses for non-payment. The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly; my body totters, and my understanding stutters; but, I thank God, I am wise enough still, not to put either of them upon attempting, what neither of them could probably perform. I have run the silly rounds both of pleasure and business, and have done with them all. I think there is some merit in knowing when to have done. I have lived here at my hermitage in peaceful retirement all this summer, without any grievous physical ills, but at the same

time never quite free from some of the lesser ones. Upon the whole, I have no reason to murmur at my lot, it is better than I have deserved; and, as I have generally observed that there is a compensation of good and ill even in this world, I ought not to complain, considering the former part of my life, that the latter part of it is as wretched as it now is, I mean relative to my deafness.

You have a new lord lieutenant *. I have seen him once, and he seems resolved to do well. One thing I verily believe, that he will have no dirty work done, nor the least corruption suffered.

I give you a thousand thanks for executing the commissions, which I was impertinent enough to trouble you with; but I do not know so good a master of the robes as you are. You keep me in flannel, and you procure me linen, which are all the cloathings I want.

How goes it with your son, and also with your little grandson? for I shall always take a sincere part in whatever relates to you, being, with great truth and affection,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

* Lord Townshend.

L E T

L E T T E R L I X.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 12, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

YOU cloathed me when I was naked, but I believe you have often done that to many others; so I will not trouble you with many thanks upon that subject. Your linen was very good and cheap, and flannel very comfortable to my old carcase, during the last very severe winter, and I shall not leave it off even in summer; but, conformably to the laws of Ireland, I believe I shall be buried in Irish woollen.

My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope of Mansfield, has married a niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know. His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune.

Your new lord lieutenant seems extremely well disposed to Ireland, and I really believe will do it all the good that his situation, and some deep-rooted national prejudices, will allow of.

Has your son taken either orders or a wife yet? Both these blessings are indelible. For my own part, I am as well as I could expect to be at seventy-three past. I have no immediate complaint of either pain
or

or sickness, and *nihil amplius opto* (I wish nothing more); but our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me above fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly. I have survived almost all my contemporaries, and as I am too old to make new acquaintances, I find myself *isolé*; but I find too, upon self-examination, for which I have abundant time, that I am most affectionately and sincerely

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, Oct. 16, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

MY right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart being, I am sure, extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. Nothing but the warmest sentiments of friendship could have carried you through the desarts of Ireland and Scotland, not to mention crossing the sea, to see an old acquaintance, whom it was ten to one you did not find alive at your journey's end. This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think

think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor. My general state of health is at present tolerable, that is, negatively well, but I continue very near as weak as when you saw me. My legs neither recover strength nor flesh, as I expected, and as I was promised by the skilful; and my two *valets de chambre* are as necessary to me as they were a month ago.

I shall remove to London this week for the winter, as the weather is now excessively cold and damp. Perhaps I may take my usual journey to Bath, if the faculty pronounce me free from all suspicions of a lurking fever. I do all I can to make the short remains of life as comfortable as I can; but if that will not do, I shall with the greatest resignation consider the physical ills of my old age, as a very slight and reasonable tax upon the errors and follies of my youth. I am, with the utmost truth and esteem,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. I thank you before-hand for the books you left for me at my house in town, for I have not yet seen one of them. I forbade their being unpacked till I came to town myself. I cannot read above a quarter of an hour at a time, for my eyes have suffered by my illness as much as my legs.

LET.

L E T T E R LXI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Dec. 25, 1767.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED yesterday your very kind letter, which reiterates your sollicitude for the state of my health. It is, in general, neither bad nor good ; I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us ; this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses ; otherwise I am tolerably well for me.

I most heartily congratulate you upon the success of your son in his first pulpit. It is a pledge of still more, when his concern and trepidation, inseparable from his first attempt, shall be got over.

I hope you go on successfully in your charity affair, in which I am sure neither your zeal nor your diligence will be wanting. It becomes your profession, and your life becomes it. To you it is an ornament, to many it is a cloak to cover a multitude of sins.

May I beg of you to make my compliments to my old and constant friend George Faulkner, and tell him that I will answer his letter very soon, but that one letter a day is as much as either my head or my hand will admit of? When I go to town, which will be in
about

about three weeks, I shall open all his packets, which lie there ready for me.

My compliments to your son. I make you none, for we have known one another too long and too well for that.

I am, with the greatest truth imaginable,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 2, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

MANY thanks to you for your friendly anxiety concerning my health, or, as the more fashionable phrase is, for your kind inquiries. As I told you in my former letter, I have, I thank God, neither pain nor sickness, and I think it would be both impudent and absurd in me to wish for better at my age, and with my constitution. It is true that I am very weak in my limbs, but I can walk for a quarter of an hour at a time upon even ground, which I do five or six times a day, for you know that *use legs and have legs*; but I cannot go up stairs without great difficulty; and I should tumble down stairs with great facility, if I were

were not supported by the rails on one side, and a *valet de chambre* on the other.

I do not comprehend your transactions in Ireland, but in general they appear to me to be *tout comme chez nous* (just as with us). Courtiers want to keep their places or to have better, and patriots want those very places. By the way, I am apt to think that the patriot members of your house of commons are confoundedly bit, by passing the octennial bill, which I believe was never their intention. This is certain, that it will ruin a great number of your country gentlemen, who are as election-mad as we are here. I reckon that this next summer will be the maddest and most drunken summer, that ever was known in the three kingdoms; and if the weather should prove very hot into the bargain, the Lord have mercy upon us!

My little boy * received your son's letter in due time, and will answer it soon; which he tells me he should have done much sooner, but that he has had a great deal of business of late upon his hands: doubtless very important. Pray make my compliments to him, and to his son if born.

Adieu, my dear lord: may you be for these many years as happy as you deserve to be!

Yours most sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

* The present earl of Chesterfield.

L E T T E R LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 29, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM ordered by my little boy to send you the inclosed for your son, which I hope you will do with my compliments: I thank you for your letter; and also for your red flannel, which I have received, and in which I am at this time very comfortably wrapped up.

It is not worth either your while or mine to tell you of the riots and tumults which the general election produces in this island, as you will soon see a duplicate of them in Ireland. In this country it is Wilkes and liberty for ever, huzza! In that of Dublin, I suppose, it will be Lucas and liberty for ever. For my own part, I say, *Beatus ille qui procul negotiis!* (Happy the man who lives remote from public business!)

I am, my dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, June 25, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

I CANNOT send you a satisfactory answer to the inquiries your friendship prompts you to make concerning my health; for I am not ill, and am very far from being well. I suffer no pain nor sickness; but, on the other hand, I enjoy no health: I feel what the French call a general *mal-aise*, and what we call in Ireland an *unwellness*. This awkward situation I impute to seventy-five, which will account for any physical ill; and mine is, thank God, more a privation of health than any one positive ill. *J'en connois de plus misérables* (I know some that are worse off); though the greater sufferings of any of my fellow-creatures will never be the least comfort to me under mine.

I am very glad you have placed your son upon the first step of the ecclesiastical ladder. *Felix faustumque sit!* May he rise as high as he wishes himself! I chide my boy for not acknowledging his letter; but he excused himself, by saying that he had so much writing of his task upon his hands, that he had very little time. The truth I take to be, that to so young a penman a letter is a laborious work, and requires time.

I congratulate the poor upon your being their champion, and you upon your success in so good a work.

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. LET. LXIV. LXV. 321
work. It becomes your honest and compassionate
heart, and your character in the church. Adieu, my
dear lord. I am,

Most sincerely and affectionately,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXV.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Oct. 30, 1768.

MY DEAR LORD,

THIS morning I received your most friendly inquiry after my wretched constitution; the best that I can say of it is, that it is not worse; but, I think, rather a shade better than it was six months ago. I can walk upon my three legs half an hour at a time, and repeat that exercise three or four times in a day; which I could by no means have done when you saw me in my go-cart at Blackheath. I have now been here a fortnight, and am something the better for the water, especially as to bathing, which supples my old, stiff, and almost ossified limbs.

Here is a young man of your country, a lord Mountmorris, whom I take to be a very hopeful one. I am told that he has distinguished himself already in

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your house of lords, as a speaker, and you are extremely well with him. He is very warm from the honesty of his heart, as a young and honest heart always is.

I find by all accounts that your lord lieutenant is very popular, and will not enrich himself by the lieutenancy. I even question whether he will get so much by it as I did; for I can assure you I got five hundred pounds clear upon the whole.

Good-night, my dear lord. I believe I need not tell you that no man living can be more sincerely your faithful friend and servant, than

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield sends you many compliments, or rather truths.

LETTER LXVI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, July 9, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE only reason that I had for not writing to you sooner was, that I could not, which I dare say you will allow to be a sufficient one. I have, for these last three months, had an inflammation in my eyes, which hindered me from either writing or reading; and this letter is almost the first, as well as the most pleasing, service they have done me.

You

You will easily judge how irksome it must have been to a man, who has lost his ears these last twenty years, to lose his eyes, though but for three months. It is losing my livelihood, for I live only upon reading, incapable of any other amusement. Nature has laid very heavy taxes upon old age; and I must pay my share of them, be it what it will.

I congratulate you heartily upon your success in detecting and punishing the worst sort of thieves, those sacrilegious robbers of the poor.

As for the papists of Ireland, you know I never feared them; but, on the contrary, used them like good subjects, and to a certain degree made them such; for not one man of them stirred during the whole rebellion. Good usage, and a strict adherence to the gavel-act, are the only honest and effectual means that can be employed with regard to the papists.

You do not tell me one word of your family, in which you are very sure that I interest myself very sincerely. Have you another grandson or granddaughter? and are those you have already all well? I look upon you now as a patriarch. I am sure you have all the virtues of any that I ever read of. I am, with the greatest truth and affection,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXVII.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1769.

MY DEAR LORD,

A THOUSAND thanks for your kind letter. You inquire after my health, in which I well know that you warmly interest yourself; but I can hardly return you a precise answer: I am turned of seventy-six, a sufficient distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age; the most irksome of them all to me is, that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts; but *melius fit patientiâ quid quid corrigere est ne fas* (what cannot be mended grows lighter by patience).

The archbishop of Cashel (*a*), who is now here, tells me, that, by your indefatigable endeavours, you have recovered near twenty thousand pounds for the several defrauded charities. He always speaks of you with great esteem and regard. Go on to detect such abominable sacrileges, infinitely worse than the stealing of a pulpit-cloth out of a church. Excommunication would be more proper for such robbers of the poor, than for the usual and slight causes for which it is commonly denounced. As for your political affairs in Ireland, I am not in the least surprized

(*a*) Dr. Cox, son to the late lord Chancellor. He was translated from the bishopric of Ossory to the archiepiscopal see of Cashel.

when I hear of the many and sudden variations of patriots to castlemen, and of castlemen to patriots; *c'est tout comme ici* (it is there as it is here); and money, which is the necessary medium of foreign commerce, is not a less powerful medium in domestic transactions.

You have nothing of a pope about you, not even the nepotism, or by this time you might have done better for your son, to whom I desire my compliments. I hope you will live long enough to provide for him abundantly, notwithstanding all your moderation.

Lady Chesterfield, who charges me with her compliments to you, has been very much out of order here, of a disorder in her stomach and bowels; but is now so much better, that we shall set out for London in a couple of days.

My old friend George Faulkner sent me the other day a pamphlet relative to the present state of Ireland, as to trade, commerce, absentees, &c. which, if it states matters fairly, as I have but too much reason to believe it does, proves that Ireland must in a few years be undone. Adieu, my dear lord.

I am, with the warmest affection,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXVIII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, March 11, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE correspondents I have left, though few, must forgive my irregularity, and accept my intentions instead of my letters, especially you, who I am sure will never doubt of the truth of mine. I am an anomalous noun, and scarcely a substantive one. My eyes are not what they were a few years ago; and my understanding, if I may use that expression for want of a better, stutters. In short, without any immediate distemper, I feel most sensibly the complaints of old age; however, I am thankful that I feel none of those torturing ills, which frequently attend the last stage of life; and I flatter myself that I shall go off quietly, but I am sure with resignation. Upon the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot, though reason enough to regret my abuse of it.

I am sorry that you met with so many rubs in your commendable endeavors to do justice to the poor.

You do not seem to be very quiet in Ireland; but, I can assure you, you are so in comparison of what we are now in England. A factious spirit on one side has seized three parts of the kingdom, and a most notorious incapacity distinguishes the administration: what this collision may produce, God only knows; but I confess I fear. Good-night, my dear

TO HIS FRIENDS. BOOK III. LET. LXVIII. LXIX. 327
lord. I need not tell you, and I am sure I cannot tell
you, how sincerely and affectionately I am

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her
compliments.

There seems to be an infectious distemper in the
house of Stanhope; your acquaintance Arthur
died about ten days ago, as did his next bro-
ther sir Thomas three days after. I suppose I
am too old and too tough to take the infec-
tion.

L E T T E R LXIX.

TO THE SAME.

London, June 14, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

I HAVE long told you, and you have as long
found, that I was an anomalous noun, I can
hardly say a substantive; for I grow weaker and
weaker every day, particularly in my legs and my
thighs, so that I can walk very little at a time, and
am obliged to take my share of exercise by several
snatches in the day: but this is by no means the
worst part of my present case; for the humour that
has fallen into my eyes about a year ago rather in-
creases

creases than decreases, and to a degree that makes writing and reading very troublesome to me, as they were the only comforts that a deaf old fellow could have; if I should lose my eyes as well as my ears, I should be of all men the most miserable.

You know that you have long been in possession of cloathing me; and I must now apply to you to do so again, not only as an act of friendship, but of charity, for I have not a shirt to my back. I therefore must beg of you to procure me some Irish linen to make me four dozen of shirts, much about the same fineness and price of the last which you got me. I know you too well to make any excuses for giving you this trouble. Adieu! my dear lord; you know my sentiments with regard to you too well for me to mention them. I am,

Most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Lady Chesterfield charges me with her compliments,

L E T.

L E T T E R LXX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, Aug. 15, 1770.

MY DEAR LORD,

THE linen, which you were so kind as to procure me, dropped out of the clouds into my house in town last week, and is declared, by better judges than I am, very good, and very cheap. I shall not thank you for it; but, on the contrary, expect your thanks for giving you an opportunity of doing what always gives you pleasure, *cloathing the naked*. I am sure that, could you equally relieve all my other wants, you would; but there is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience; and, as I have many of Job's ills, I thank God, I have some of his patience too; and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth.

I send you here inclosed some melon-feed, of the best and largest canteloup kind; and also of the green Persian sort, as much as I can venture at one time with the post; but, as none can be sown at this time of the year, I will from time to time send you more, so that you shall have of different kinds before the season. Adieu, my dear lord; my eyes will have it so,

L E T.

L E T T E R LXXI (a).

TO THE SAME.

London, Aug. 12, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I RECEIVED your kind letter three days ago, and make haste to acknowledge it, never knowing nor guessing what may happen to me from one day to another. I am most prodigiously old, and every month of the kalendar adds at least a year to my age. My hand trembles to that degree that I can hardly hold my pen, my understanding stutters, and my memory fumbles. I have exhausted all the physical ills of Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom of it; but who can hope at seventy-seven? One must only seek for little comforts at that age. One of mine is, that all my complaints are rather teasing than torturing; and my lot, compared with that of many other people's, who deserve a better, seems rather favorable. Philosophy, and confidence in the mercy of my Creator, mutually assist me in bearing my share of physical ills, without murmuring.

I send you here inclosed two little papers of melon-seed, of the best kind I ever tasted; and I shall from time to time send you more, as you cannot sow any till February.

(a) The original of this is written in a very trembling hand.

I had

I had the pleasure of your son's company at dinner six weeks ago, where he met lord Bristol, who observed exactly his diet, in eating no animal food, and drinking no wine, and is in better health and spirits than I ever knew him. I am glad that he goes to Nice, which I have known do a great deal of good to many people in his case. May you and he have all you wish for!

Adieu, my dear lord; I am, to you and yours,

A most faithful and affectionate servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXII (a).

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 19, 1771.

MY DEAR LORD,

I AM sure you will believe me when I tell you that I am sincerely sorry for your loss, which I received the account of yesterday, and upon which I shall make you none of the trite compliments of condolence. Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough, (with the addi-

(a) This whole letter is in the hand of lord Chesterfield, but so altered, that, except the first line, the strokes have been covered by another hand. It preceded his death but a few months, and is probably the last he ever wrote to his dear bishop, with whom his correspondence thus closes with an office of tenderness and affection, that of comforting an afflicted parent.

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tion of some philosophy) will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it. Adieu, my dear lord. May this stroke of adversity be the last you may ever experience from the hand of Providence!

Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO THOMAS PRIOR, Esq. (a).

London, June 14, 1746.

SIR,

I THANK you for the favor of your letter, with the inclosed scheme for carrying on the war; which if others approved of as much as I do, and

(a) This gentleman, who had a good estate in Ireland, seems to have been particularly distinguished by lord Chesterfield, on account of his amiable qualities as a man, and his eminent ones as a good citizen and a true patriot. See what has been said of that gentleman in the memoirs, Sect. V.

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the present situation of the war permitted, would be soon put in execution.

As you are one of the few in Ireland, who always think of the public, without any mixture of private, interest; I do not doubt but that you have already thought of some useful methods of employing the king's bounty to the Dublin society. The late additional tax upon glafs here, as it must considerably raise the price of glafs-bottles imported into Ireland, seems to point out the manufacturing them there; which consideration, with a small premium added to it, would, in my mind, set up such a manufacture. Fine writing and printing paper, we have often talked of together; and the specimen you gave me, before I left Dublin, proves, that nothing but care and industry is wanting, to bring that manufacture to such a perfection as to prevent the exportation of it from Holland, and through Holland from France; nay, I am convinced that you might supply England with a great deal if you pleased, that is, if you would make it, as you could do, both good and cheap. Here is a man who has found out a method of making starch of potatoes, and, by the help of an engine of his own invention, to make a prodigious quantity of it in a day. But here is an act of parliament which strictly prohibits the making starch of any thing but flour. Have you such an act of parliament in Ireland? If you have not, and that you import your starch from England, as I take it for granted that you do, for you import every thing that you can, it would be well worth this man's while to go to Ireland, and advantageous for you that he should; his
starch

starch being to my knowledge and experience full as good, and abundantly cheaper than any other.

These are the sorts of jobs that I wish people in Ireland would attend to with as much industry and care, as they do to jobs of a very different nature. These honest arts would solidly increase their fortunes, and improve their estates, upon the only true and permanent foundation, the public good. Leave us and your regular forces in Ireland to fight for you: think of your manufactures at least as much as of your militia, and be as much upon your guard against poverty as against popery; take my word for it, you are in more danger of the former than of the latter.

I hope my friend, the bishop of Meath, goes on prosperously with his charter-schools. I call them his, for I really think that without his care and perseverance they would hardly have existed now. Though their operation is sure, yet, being slow, it is not suited to the Irish taste of *the time present only*; and I cannot help saying, that, except in your claret, which you are very solicitous should be two or three years old, you think less of two or three years hence than any people under the sun. If they would but wish themselves as well as I wish them; and take as much pains to promote their own true interest, as I should be glad to do to contribute to it, they would in a few years be in a very different situation from that which they are in at present. Go on, however, you and our other friends; be not weary of well-doing, and though you cannot do all the good you would, do all the good you can.

When

When you write to the most worthy bishop of Cloyne (*a*), pray assure him of my truest regard and esteem, and remember me to my honest and indefatigable friend in good works doctor Madden; and be persuaded yourself, that I am, with sincere friendship and regard,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXIV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 15, 1746.

S I R,

I ACKNOWLEDGE the favour of your two letters, of the 3d, and 5th; they were doubly welcome to me, as coming from one, who I know wishes so well to the public as you do, and as they brought me good accounts of the progress you make in your public-spirited views. The manufacture of glass-bottles cannot possibly fail, but from want of care and industry; for as the price of glass-bottles is risen considerably here, upon account of the new duty, if you would but make them in Ireland, you are sure of sale for them; and I should hope, at least, that, considering the close connection there is between bottles and claret, this manufacture, *though your own*, may meet

(*a*) Dr. Berkeley.

with

with encouragement. I think you are in the right to do it as quietly as can be, and to give your premiums without publishing them, not to alarm our glass people here; though in truth it could never be thought reasonable, nor would it, I dare say, ever be attempted here, to prohibit any manufactures in Ireland, merely for home-consumption.

The paper you gave me in Ireland, though good, was not so good as it should, and as I am sure it might be with care. It was too spongy and bibulous, which proceeds only from want of care, in chusing and sorting the best rags. Some premiums for this purpose will have a great effect; and I am convinced that, if this manufacture were carefully and diligently pursued, you might in time not only entirely supply yourselves, but us too, with great part of that paper which we now take from Holland and other countries. But then, indeed, you must make it cheap as well as good, and, contrary to your custom, content yourselves with less present profit, in order to get possession of a future and permanent advantage.

I have not yet taken any step concerning the charter for the Dublin society, and I confess to you I have great doubts about it. Your society, as it is, does so very well, that I am afraid of touching it. However, if you and others, who, I am sure, mean well, and can judge well, think upon the whole that a charter would be beneficial, I will endeavour to get one.

You did extremely right to open the Spaniard's letter to me, and, in consequence of it, to proceed in that humane manner with him. His post was a very considerable one in the West Indies, and is never given
but

but to people of consideration. In that light he deserves to have regard shewn him; but still more, in my mind, from being unfortunate. I have writ to him by this post, in answer to his. As you tell me that part of the cargo of the ship is snuff, which I should think, must be good, I shall be obliged to you, if, when it comes to be sold, you will send me twenty pounds of the strongest and the deepest coloured, and ask Mr. Lingen for the money.

The death of the king of Spain must produce good effects in Italy at least.

I received a very kind letter from my charter-school apostle, the bishop of Meath, which I have not time to answer by this post, but I will soon.

I am, with the esteem which you deserve,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 26, 1746.

SIR,

I RECEIVED by the last post the favour of your letter of the 17th, with the inclosed account of the premiums offered for 1746. I think them all perfectly right, and, as I told you in my last, I think you

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will

will do well to pursue the manufacture of glass bottles, with as little noise as possible. I heartily wish you success, and am, very truly,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Sept. 23, 1746.

S I R,

A LONG and dangerous illness has hindered me from acknowledging, till now, your two last letters; and though I am a great deal better, I still feel, by extreme weakness, the shock which that illness has given to a constitution too much shattered before.

Pray be under no kind of uneasiness as to the accident that happened to my letter, for I assure you I am under none myself. I confess, the printing of a letter carelessly and inaccurately written, in the freedom and confidence of a friendly correspondence, is not very agreeable, especially to me, who am so idle and negligent in my familiar letters, that I never wrote one over twice in my life, and am consequently often guilty both of false spelling and false English; but as to my sentiments with regard to Ireland, I am not only willing, but desirous, that all Ireland should know them. I very well recollect the two paragraphs in my letter,

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which

which might be objected to by many people; but I recollect them without retracting them. I repeat it again, that there are not many people there, who, like you, employ their thoughts, their time, and their labour, merely for the public good, without any private view. The condition of Ireland sufficiently proves that truth. How different would the state of your lands, your trade, your manufactures, your arts and sciences, have been now from what it is, had they been the objects of general, as they have been of your particular, attention! I still less recant what I said about claret, which is a known and melancholy truth; and I could add a great deal more upon that subject. Five thousand tuns of wine imported *communibus annis* into Ireland, is a sure, but indecent, proof of the excessive drinking of the gentry there, for the inferior sort of people cannot afford to drink wine there, as many of them can here; so that these five thousand tuns of wine are chiefly employed in destroying the constitutions, the faculties, and too often the fortunes, of those of superior rank, who ought to take care of all the others. Were there to be a contest between public cellars and public granaries, which do you think would carry it? I believe you will allow that a claret board, if there were one, would be much better attended than the linen board, *unless when flax-seed were to be distributed*. I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician, for my attention to such trifling objects, as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures, and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantage of the public; whereas an able lord lieutenant ought to employ

his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow subjects liberties and properties. But these great arts of government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth. I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered by the name of the *Irish lord lieutenant*, than by that of the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

My paper puts me in mind that I have already troubled you too long, so I conclude abruptly, with assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, Jan. 10, 1747.

SIR,

THE person who will deliver you this letter is a most skilful mechanic, and has made many useful discoveries. He is going to try his fortune in Ireland, and desired me to recommend him to somebody there. I could not refuse him, knowing his ingenuity;

TO HIS FRIENDS. B. III. LET. LXXVI—LXXVIII. 341

and then, whom could I recommend him to so well, as to my good friend Mr. Prior, the disinterested and zealous patron of all good and useful things? I really think he may be of use to the Dublin society, who I know are of very great use to the public. If he should prove so, well and good; so far only I recommend him to you eventually. This obligation however I have to him, that he has given me an opportunity of assuring you of the continuance of that esteem and regard with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

London, May 6, 1747.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I HAVE been long in your debt, and am ashamed of it; but I am sure you do me too much justice to suspect me of either fraud or negligence. The truth is, that I have as little command of time, as many people have of money; and, though my intentions are honest, I am often forced by necessity to be a very bad pay-master.

I desire that the Dublin society will dispose of the trifle that I gave them, in the manner they shall think proper. They are the best judges, and have shewn

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themselves

themselves so by all their past conduct. They have done more good to Ireland, with regard to arts and industry, than all the laws that could have been formed; for, unfortunately, there is a perverseness in our natures, which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined enough to do the thing, if left to our choice. Invitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do; and that is the plan of your society.

I am glad to find that your paper manufacture goes on so well. If it does but once take root with you, I am sure it will flourish; for it is the beginning only of things that is difficult with you. You want stock to set out with, and patience for the returns; but when once the profit begins to be felt, you will go on as well as any people in the world,

I am surprized that the high duty upon glass here, and the suspension of the manufacture of it in some degree, has not encouraged you to apply yourselves to that part of trade, in which I am sure the profits would be very considerable, and your making your own bottles might be some little degree of equivalent for what emptying of bottles costs you. I wish every man in Ireland were obliged to make as many bottles as he empties, and your manufacture would be a flourishing one indeed.

I am very glad to hear that your linen board is to give out no more flax-seed, but only premiums for the raising of it; for that same flax-seed was the seed of corruption, which throve wonderfully in the soil of particular

particular people, and produced jobs one hundred fold.

The snuff you sent me was extremely good, and I am much obliged to you for the trouble you took about it, though I know that you think it no trouble to serve your friends, and hope that you reckon me in that number. I assure you I am, and I should not be the friend that I really am to Ireland, if I were not so to you, who deserve so well of your country. I know few people who, like you, employ both their time and their fortunes in doing public good, without the thoughts or expectations of private advantage : when I say advantage, I mean it in the common acceptation of the word, which, thanks to the virtue of the times, implies only money ; for otherwise your advantage is very considerable, from the consciousness of the good you do ; the greatest advantage which an honest mind is capable of enjoying. May you long enjoy it, with health the next happiness to it !

I am, with the truest esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the good bishop of Cloyne, when you write to him,

L E T T E R LXXIX,

To Dr. M A D D E N (a).

London, Dec. 12, 1746.

CAN you forgive me, my dear Dr. M—, what I can scarcely forgive myself; I mean, having so long delayed my acknowledgments for your first very friendly letter? but, though I am blameable, I am not quite so much so as by the length of time it would seem, when you consider my long and dangerous illness, and, since my recovery, the multiplicity of business which the late change of my situation (b) has brought upon me.

I can with the strictest truth assure you, that my sentiments of esteem and friendship for you are in no degree lessened, and I am sure never will be, since they are founded upon your love and zeal for mankind in general, your country and friends in particular, which I am sure will never end but with your life. I have read your work with great satisfaction (c); it is full * * * * *

A concurrence of circumstances has obliged me to change an easy for a laborious employment, in which

(a) The Rev. Dr. Samuel Madden, first institutor of the Dublin society. A more particular account of that extraordinary man may be seen in the memoirs, Sect. V. The copy of this letter is endorsed "22d Dec. 1746, Copy; Chesterfield's letter to Dr. Madden."

(b) His acceptance of the seals as secretary of state.

(c) Probably a tragedy in manuscript inscribed to lord Chesterfield. It is now in the possession of Mr. Sheridan, to whom it was bequeathed as a legacy by the author.

too, I fear, it will be much less in my power to do good, than it was in my former. It may seem vain to say so, but I will own that I thought I could; and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasing visions of public good. At least I am sure I was earnest in my wishes, and would have been assiduous in my endeavours for it. Fortune, chance, or providence, call it which you will, has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination; but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interest and prosperity of Ireland; and I shall always retain the truest affection for, and remembrance of, that country; I wish I could say of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation. I hope it will in time be so, and I even think it makes some progress that way, though not so quick as I could wish; but however, there are righteous enough to save the city, and the examples of you, and many of your friends, will, I hope, prove happily and beneficially contagious. I did flatter myself, a little before my removal, that I should * * * *

Continue me, dear sir, your friendship and remembrance, which I will say that in some degree I deserve, by the sincere regard and esteem with which I am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the worthy bishop of Meath, to whom I will write soon, and likewise to my friend Mr. Prior.

L E T T E R LXXX (a).

To Dr. WHITCOMBE, then Bishop of Clonfert, and afterwards Archbishop of Cashel.

1753, or 1754.

MY GOOD LORD,

I FIND that you are still what I always knew you, active to promote the improvement and advantage of Ireland, and that you do me the justice to believe that I sincerely wish them.

The two schemes which your lordship communicates to me, in the favour of your letter of the 8th, will, in my opinion, greatly tend to those good purposes. That for the improvement of useful literature in the university of Dublin is, I think, an extreme good one, and I wish it may be steadily pursued, though I cannot, with the same degree of faith, say that I expect it will; however I think it should be tried, and carried as far as it will go: whether the professorships should be continued, and appropriated to fellows of the college singly, is what I can possibly form no opinion upon, not being well acquainted enough with the present situation of the college, and the abilities of the

(a) The original of this letter was not sent.

fellows;

fellows; but I should rather think that they ought to be given to those, whether fellows or not, who, from their eminence in those several branches of learning, deserve them best: but this rule too of *detur digniori*, your lordship must not expect will be scrupulously observed. That part of the plan, which relates to writing and speaking the English language with purity and elegancy hath, in my opinion, long been one of the *desiderata* both in Ireland and England, where pedantry and an affectation of learning have, in pursuit of two dead languages, which can never be known correctly, let our own be neglected to such a degree, that though we have ten thousand Greek and Latin grammars and dictionaries, we have not yet a single one on English (*b*).

The other scheme, for encouraging foreign protestants to settle in Ireland, is a most excellent one. I have long wished, and the nation long wanted it. The first foundation of it, consisting only of some voluntary subscriptions, can be but narrow, and, what is worst, precarious; consequently will persuade very few foreigners to expatriate themselves, in the uncertainty of finding a permanent establishment elsewhere. However, it will be very right to give a beginning and a form to that scheme as soon as possible; and then I should hope, that your next session of parliament, finding a foundation laid, for that is the difficulty, would

(*b*) The case is now much altered; the number of English grammars being actually very considerable. Indeed lord Chesterfield seems to have overlooked Dr. Wallis's grammar, the best, perhaps, that was composed for any language. Dr. Johnson's grammar and dictionary were not yet published.

contribute largely and solidly to extend that foundation, and to raise a superstructure upon it which would be of such real advantage to their country. They are very well able to do it; the public revenues being considerably increased, not to mention that an additional number of inhabitants would increase them still more. Money disbursed upon such a charitable, as well as political account, is money prudently placed at interest both for this world and the next. Your lordship may depend upon my exerting my utmost endeavours to promote and recommend so useful a design, and the more so, because that, from your lordship being at the head of it, I can safely answer for its being faithfully and skilfully carried on.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your lordship's

most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD,

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXI (a).

To Captain IRWINE, at Paris.

London, April 4, O. S. 1749.

S I R,

I SEND you the letter of recommendation to Mr. Villettes (*b*), which you desired, by yours to Mr. Grevenkop; but I fear that he will be gone from Turin before you arrive there. But in that case you will find a young Academician and his governor there, who will be very glad to do you any service, and to whom I have sent orders upon that subject. They will take the carnival at Venice, in their way, where you will likewise probably meet them, for I take it for granted that you will contrive to see that uncommon ceremony. It is worth your while. There will be a much greater ceremony next Christmas at Rome, which, at all events, I think you ought to see; that is, the grand jubilee, which is celebrated but once in fifty years. So that, young as you are, if you do not see it then, you probably never will; and, upon so extraordinary an occasion, I cannot suppose that your father will refuse to prolong your leave of absence. For

(a) This, and the ten following letters, were most obligingly communicated to me by sir John Irwine, knight of the Bath, lieutenant-general and commander in chief of his majesty's forces in Ireland. They are printed from the originals.

(b) Arthur Villettes, esq; his majesty's envoy at the court of Turin, and afterwards employed under the same denomination at Bern. He is now retired at Bath, where he enjoys the distinction due to great merit and virtue. He was one of lord Chesterfield's friends.

my

my own part, I think it so well worth seeing, that I send my young traveller there, though it very much shortens the stay which I originally intended that he should make at the academy at Turin. I return you my sincere thanks for the favour of your letter, with the inclosed speech of monsieur de Richelieu, which is perfectly in character, and, I dare say, all his own.

Any instance of your friendship and remembrance will always be agreeable to one, who is, with those sentiments of esteem with which I am,

SIR,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXII.

TO THE SAME, at Dublin.

London, Oct. 26, 1749.

SIR,

YOU judge very right in believing that I take a part in what concerns Ireland; I do, and always shall, though an unavailing one. You judged as right too, in thinking that no accounts of that country could come to me from a more welcome hand than yours. Nothing can be better or more clearly stated, than your account of the present *important* transactions relative to Charles Lucas apothecary at Dublin, who, I believe, is the first apothecary that
ever

ever was voted an enemy to his country. That apothecary's stuff, of which, till now, only the recipes were printed, will henceforwards be universally taken, and make a part of the Dublin Dispensatory. In the book of holy martyrs, there are many Charles Lucases, whose names would hardly have been known in their own times, but certainly never transmitted down to ours, if they had not been broiled a little; and the obscure Dr. Sacheverell's fortune was made by a parliamentary prosecution, much about the same time that the French prophets were totally extinguished by a puppet-show. Great souls are sometimes desirous to purchase fame at the expence of their bodies. If Charles Lucas, apothecary, is one of those, one should congratulate him upon this occasion. But if his views were, as from his profession I should be very apt to think they were, of a much *lower nature*, one ought to condole with him upon the suspension of them, at least for some time. In this uncertainty I withhold my compliments of either kind, to Charles Lucas, apothecary.

But let us come to a better subject. Pray are you major, or only captain still? For greater security I direct this to you, by the latter title; but if in so doing I injure you, I will publish my recantation upon the back of my next. But in either case, I hope you have not laid aside the thoughts of going abroad again. You have travelled a little with great profit; travel again, and it will be with still greater. The knowledge of the manners, the language, and the government of the several countries of Europe is well worth

two years delay of military promotion, supposing that should be the case. I am, with great truth,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R LXXXIII.

To Major IRWINE, Dublin.

Greenwich, Sept. 1, 1751.

SIR,

SHOULD you ever be miserable enough to want my assistance, or I unexpectedly happy enough to be able to give you any, your commands will want no preamble to introduce, nor excuses to attend them. My friendship and esteem for you will sufficiently incline, though your situation will not sufficiently enable, me to serve you.

Lord Albemarle is too good a courtier, and I too bad a one, for us to have met more than once, since his return to England. I have twice endeavoured to see him, but to no purpose, since you desired me to speak to him; but I will persevere till I do; not that I think I can be of any use to you there, but that you may not think that I would omit the least possible occasion of being so. If lord George Sackville is sincerely in your interest, your affair will certainly do, as he has not only a great deal to say with his father, but as he is the duke of Cumberland's military man
of

of confidence in Ireland. I heartily wish that you could get to be lieutenant-colonel to your father's regiment, because with that rank, at your age, the rest would do itself. And if you can get the consent of the government, I would advise you not to haggle with * * * about the price, but to make him a *pont d'or* to go out upon.

My young man has been with me here this fortnight, and in most respects I am very well satisfied with him; his knowledge is sound and extensive, and, by all that I have yet observed, his heart is what I could wish it. But for his air and manners, Paris has still a great deal to do. He stoops excessively, which I have known *some very pretty fellows* do, though he dances very well; and as to manners, the easy and genteel turn *d'un bonnête homme* is yet very much wanting. I shall carry him with me in a fortnight to Bath for the season, where I shall rub him till his re-exportation to Paris, which will be the first week in November, for near a year more. I hardly flatter myself with the hopes of seeing you at Bath this season; nor indeed would I advise you to leave Ireland till your affair is decided one way or other. The observation, *que les absens ont toujours tort* (that the absent always come off worst), is in general true; and, in your case, would be particularly true in regard to a certain general whom I know.

I am extremely obliged to you for your kindness to your lieutenant Heathcote, in which I think I have some share, though I hope and believe he deserves it personally.

I will end this abruptly, rather than employ the common words to assure you of the uncommon esteem and friendship with which I am

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

P. S. Pray make my compliments to the primate, and to the house of Clements.

L E T T E R LXXXIV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 25, 1752.

S I R,

I AM two letters in your debt, a debt which I am more inclined to acknowledge, than able to pay. Yours bring me informations, mine only can return you thanks. I make you therefore no excuse for the delay, possibly I deserve your thanks for it. I live too much out of the world to entertain you, and lately I have lived too much out of it to entertain myself; for I have been for these last two months extremely deaf, from what cause I know not any more than the doctors whom I have consulted; but the effects I still feel, though not in quite so great a degree. This makes me very disagreeable, both to myself, and to the few people with whom I desire to converse; and puts me in the situation of a man who under-

understands at best but half the language of the country he lives in. If the weather, which is hitherto very bad, would but mend a little, and look something like summer, I would settle at Blackheath, where I can amuse myself by myself, better than in town.

As well as I can judge at this distance, from the various accounts I have had of your squabbles and quarrels in Ireland, *c'est tout comme chez nous*. The great point is who shall govern the government; and I presume that all heads have been too busy upon that point, to think one moment of the real interest of Ireland. What an effusion of claret must all this have occasioned! For it is a maxim, That business is best done over a bottle, and that people are never so fit for it, as when they are fit for nothing else. I make no doubt, but that there has more claret been drunk over the barracks this winter, than will be drunk in them these ten years. And I wonder the bridge was not agreed to, considering the national aversion to water. I not only hope, but am persuaded, that you do not give into this *cochonnerie*, which ungentlemans every body. A sprightly *débauche* now and then is very well; but the dull, sedate, and continued guzzling of claret is very unbecoming to a young fellow.

I find that Dublin has been this winter the seat of pleasure as well as of war. We have heard of the magnificence of your balls and entertainments. They are liberal and proper diversions; and, with submission to the grave and the wise, that luxury and expence is beneficial to the public. It employs many hands,

and circulates property, provided that luxury be confined to home produce.

We have married you here to the daughter of lady * * * ; but that is no proof that you have married yourself to her in Ireland. If you have, I heartily wish you joy, for it is possible that there may be joy in marriage. In either case, I hope we shall see you this year in England. You have attended your post as major long enough, I should think, to be allowed a furlow for next winter ; and I take it for granted, that your whole regiment is very perfect now, in the round-about way of doing every thing. I assure you, that of all your friends here, none can with more satisfaction and sincerity tell you they are so, than

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER LXXXV.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 29, 1753.

S I R,

I THOUGHT at least that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes and quarrels in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the *Boyleing* (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil, Esq; and I heard of them with the same

same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas, apothecary. Those objects were indifferent to me, because I thought them so to Ireland; and I humbly apprehend, that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor. But now, I confess, my indifference ceases; and my astonishment and concern, as a sincere well-wisher to Ireland, begin. I cannot comprehend this last point carried by five, which was merely national, and which has excited such general joy and drunkenness; and I have the failing of all little minds, I am apt to suspect and dislike whatever I do not understand. I know nothing of the arguments on either side, nor how groundless, or how well-grounded, they may severally be; but this I know, that the dispute, being now become national, must come to a decision; and how favorable to Ireland that decision is likely to be, the enemies of Ireland will, I fear, foresee and foretell with pleasure. I observe that whole provinces splendidly proclaim in the news-papers the Bacchanals they have lately celebrated; that of Munster has in particular favored the public with a list of the toasts, in which, I think, I discover all the guards of prudence, all the depths of policy, and all the urbanity of refined and delicate satire. I am informed too that these disputes have, to a great degree, revived that antient, Gothic, humane, sensible, and equitable method of decision of right and wrong, the *duellum*, or single combat. In short, you are all in a violent fever, not without some paroxysms of delirium; for which I fear your father-in-law and my friend Dr. Barry, whom I very

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sincerely

sincerely love and esteem, has no cure. Pray tell him that I do not take this (to use our terms of physic) to be the *febricula*, or slow fever, but a high and inflammatory one, *mali moris*, and subject to exacerbations.

Friends may, and often do, among themselves, laugh and quibble upon subjects in which, however, they take a very serious part. I have done so with you; though, upon my word, I am truly affected with the present situation of affairs in Ireland, from which I expect no one good, but fear many ill, consequences. Your own personal situation at Dublin, I should imagine, cannot be now very agreeable; and therefore, as you have, for so long together, discharged the duties of a diligent, indefatigable officer (and husband too I hope), why should you not come over here, to see *your uncle* and other friends? among whom you will, I can assure you, see none more truly and sincerely so, than

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET.

L E T T E R LXXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Mar. 7, 1754.

S I R,

A LONG and painful illness has hindered me from thanking you sooner for the favor of your letters, which contained very clear accounts of the late important transactions in Ireland. However strong the ferment may still be, I will venture to affirm that it must and will subside to a certain degree, before the next session of parliament, I mean with regard to the national point. It is not tenable, and upon cooler thoughts will, I am convinced, appear so to many of those who from personal piques and sudden heat were hurried into it. I dare answer for it that the speaker himself wishes that it had never been stirred, and I dare say will contrive to have it dropped in the next session. I am sure he wishes well to his country; and upon reflection he must be sensible, that a national dispute with England, upon a point so intirely unsupported by either law or prudence, can by no means tend to the good of Ireland. Dr. Barry, I know, thinks exactly as I do upon this subject; and I dare say will administer, wherever he is consulted, emollient, quieting, and cooling medicines. If it would but please God, by his lightning, to blast all the vines in the world, and by his thunder to turn all the wines now in Ireland sour, as I

most sincerely wish he would, Ireland would enjoy a degree of quiet and plenty that it has never yet known. By the way, I am not so partial neither to Ireland, as not to pray for the same blessing for this my native country; notwithstanding the grief and desolation which I know it would occasion in our two learned universities, the body of our clergy, and among our knights of shires, burgessees, &c. and in general among all those worthy honest gentlemen, who toast and are toasted. But I will leave these public considerations, of which I am a remote and insignificant spectator, and indulge the tender sentiments of private friendship. Is it possible, that my worthy friend, George Faulkner, can even for a moment have seen a vile cudgel impending over his head? Who can think himself safe, when gravity of deportment, dignity of character, candor, impartiality, and even a wooden leg, are no longer a protection? This rough manner of treating a man of letters, which my friend must be allowed to be, implies perhaps more zeal than knowledge; at least I never met with it among the canons of criticism. If my friend discovered upon this occasion some degree of human weakness, his other half, at least, exerted the undaunted spirit of a Roman wife. Why is she not lady Faulkner? And why are they not blessed with a numerous issue, the happy compound of their father's stoicism, and their mother's heroism? I have had several packets from my friend since this affair happened; but he has never touched upon it, prudently observing, I presume, the advice of Horace, *Quæ desperes tractata nitescere posse, relinque.* (What-

ever cannot be improved by handling, is best let alone,)

Are there no hopes of seeing you in England this summer, and have you any of getting into the new parliament? I shall take a longer journey as soon as the season will give me leave, for I shall go to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle and Spa, in hopes of recovering some degree of my strength and spirits, which my late illness robbed me of: not to prolong my life; for which, I assure you, I would not take so much trouble but to make it less burthen some while it lasts. Deafness alone is a sufficient misfortune; but weakness and dispiritedness added to it, complete it. From such a being as I am, this letter is already too long, and may probably infect you with the *ennui*, which the writer commonly feels, except in the moment in which he assures you that he is, with the greatest truth,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, make my compliments to my good friend the doctor.

LET.

LETTER LXXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 15, 1757.

S I R,

THE installation is to be at Windsor on this day fortnight the 29th; it is a foolish piece of pageantry, but worth seeing once. The ceremony in the chapel is the most solemn, and consequently the filliest, part of the show. The tickets for that operation are the pretended property of the dean and chapter. I will take care to procure you one. I will also try to procure you a ticket for the feast, though it is full late. There you will dine very ill and very inconveniently; but, however, with the comfort of hearing the style and titles of the puissant knights proclaimed by Garter king at arms. I take it for granted, that Mrs. Irwine is to be of your Windsor party, and I will endeavor to accommodate you both as far as I can. She made you too favorable a report of my health; which you have too easily believed, from wishing it true. It is vegetation at most, and I should be very sorry if my fellow vegetables at Blackheath were not in a more lively and promising state, than

Your most faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

L E T T E R LXXXVIII.

To the Honourable Colonel IRWINE.

Indorfed, August 1762.

S I R,

I SHALL be most extremely glad to see you and the good company you mention to-morrow at dinner. I have not seen the doctor since he has given himself up to women, and I was afraid that he had forgot me.

Mr. Hutchinson * is one whom I have wanted long to see, more than he could to see me; but what is the worst of it is, that I am in the case of ***** with relation to him; which is, that I cannot see him, without his seeing me. However, you will let him know that I have been dead these twelve years, by way of preparing him to see a mind and body equally decayed. I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

Your most faithful humble servant,

Sunday night.

CHESTERFIELD.

* The present provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

L E T T E R LXXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, Nov. 21, 1768.

I BELIEVE, my dear general, that you are the first English traveller that could bring testimonials from Paris of having kept good company there. I know the reason of it; but I will not tell you, because I am sure you know it yourself as well as I do. Our friend seems to know it too, and, in justice to her, I send you here inclosed her letter which you brought. In seeing my old acquaintance, the marechal de Richelieu, you saw without exception the greatest, but at the same time the prettiest, coxcomb in Europe. To be sure, he did not say a word of Minorca, Genoa, or Lower Saxony. Your late debate about Corsica was surely a very idle one. How can we hinder the French from taking Corsica, but by a war with France? And how can we make that war? Where can we find the money for it? Where can we find a minister to conduct it? and where an Eugene or a Marlborough to command it? Do not put the *Gentle Shepherd* upon me for all these *wheres*. Besides, I fear there is a very sore place in this affair. What will you gentlemen of the lower house do with Wilkes, the defender of our liberty? Do not wonder at my question, for I know that not a fortnight ago one minister asked another that very question, and was answered, *I do not know*. As they
puzzled

puzzled themselves into this difficulty, I confess I want to see how they will puzzle themselves out of it. * * * * *

My old kinsman and cotemporary * is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had the start of me at his birth by one-year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next; but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible; for, after all the great offices, which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding! It is a common observation, that blind people are apt to be talkative; and it is no less true (as you find to your cost) that deaf people are apt to be *writative*; but I am only so *quoad hunc*, and from a desire of expressing the true friendship and esteem, with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD,

* Thomas Holles, duke of Newcastle.

LET.

L E T T E R X C.

T O T H E S A M E.

Bath, Nov. 27, 1768.

S I R,

HOW can *un mylord Anglois* answer a letter *frappée au coin du bon ton de Paris* (that bears the stamp of the Paris *bon ton*), where flattery passes only for common civility? I must content myself with telling you, in home-spun English, that I thank you heartily for your letter which I received yesterday; and though I know you flatter me, I am extremely pleased with your thinking me worth your flattery. *Tu m'aduli, ma tu mi piaci* (you flatter me, but you please me) is a very true Italian saying, which self-love, if sincere, would confess.

Conway's motion was the only sensible one that could be made, now that the people called ministers (as the news-papers call the Quakers) have bungled themselves into a situation of not being able to do any thing quite right. * * * * *

I am much obliged to you, and through you to Madame de Choiseuil, for communicating to me the verses of the chevalier de Boufflers; they are exceedingly pretty, and, had you not told me the author, I should have mistaken them for Voltaire's; a mistake, which no author could have reason to take ill. The 9th line is extremely pretty, though not quite new; but the last line of all is new, true, and wonderfully delicate; perhaps too delicate for our solid found

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classical judges to relish, who will call it, *French tinsel*.

I will abruptly wish you good-night; and am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XCI.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, August 6, 1769.

S I R,

I AM extremely obliged to you for the favor of your letter; it informs me of an event, which I should hardly have believed from a less authentic hand than yours. The journey to Wootton seems to confirm the re-union of the triumvirate; but still it is a triumvirate, and a triumvirate consists of three, who, without an Athanasian unity, which is not to be expected, will be subject to accidents and jealousies. This I am sure of, that it is the interest of all the three to keep strictly united. It will alarm the administration; but still I think they will hold it out another year, by certain ways and means, which the payment of the civil debts will enable them to put in practice; and you well know, that the votes in both the chaste houses of parliament are counted, not weighed. Another thing will be of use to the administration, which is, that factious and seditious spirit
that

that has appeared of late, in petitions, associations, &c. which shocks all sober thinking people, and will hinder them from going so far as otherwise they would have gone. At the latter end of king Charles the second's reign, the two belligerent parties remonstrated and addressed; upon which my grand-father Halifax told the king, That the remonstrants spit in his face, and that the addressers spit in his mouth. The livery petition seems to be of the former kind. But enough of politics, which, from long disuse, and seeing them at present only remotely and through a mist, I must necessarily talk absurdly about.

As to my own decayed carcase, which you so kindly inquire after, I can only tell you that it crumbles away daily; my eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone; many other physical ills croud upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy; and I would rather that death would distrain at once, than groan long under the burthen.

Pray, how have I deserved some compliments in your letter? I cannot recollect that I have ever offended you; I never made you any compliments: and I am sure that I do not make you one now; when I assure you that I am, with the truest esteem and friendship,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray,

Pray, make my compliments to *tutti quanti* where you are, with whom I have passed the most agreeable time of my life formerly at Stowe.

L E T T E R XCII*.

From Dr. SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

November 10, 1730.

MY LORD,

I WAS positively advised by a friend, whose opinion has much weight with me, and who has a great veneration for your lordship, to venture a letter of solicitation: and it is the first request of this kind that I ever made, since the public changes, in times, persons, measures, and opinions, drove me into distance and obscurity.

There is an honest man, whose name is Launcelot; he has been long a servant to my lord Suffex: he married a relation of mine, a widow, with a tolerable jointure; which, depending upon a lease which the duke of Grafton suffered to expire about three years ago, sunk half her little fortune. Mr. Launcelot had many promises from the duke of Dorset, while his grace held that office which is now in your lordship †;

* Though these three letters have been printed already; yet, as they are so characteristic, and do so much honor to our noble author, it was thought not improper to detach them from the voluminous collection in which they are dispersed, to unite them in this.

† The earl of Chesterfield was then lord steward of his majesty's household.

but they all failed, after the usual fate that the bulk of court-suiters must expect.

I am very sensible that I have no manner of claim to the least favor from your lordship, whom I have hardly the honor to be known to, although you were always pleased to treat me with much humanity, and with more distinction than I could pretend to deserve. I am likewise conscious of that demerit which I have largely shared with all those who concerned themselves in a court and ministry, whose maxims and proceedings have been ever since so much exploded. But your lordship will grant me leave to say, that, in those times, when any persons of the ejected party came to court, and were of tolerable consequence, they never failed to succeed in any reasonable request they made for a friend. And, when I sometimes added my poor solicitations, I used to quote the then ministers a passage in the Gospel, *the poor* (meaning their own dependents) *you have always with you*, &c.

This is the strongest argument I have, to intreat your lordship's favor for Mr. Launcelot, who is a perfect honest man, and as loyal as you could wish. His wife, my near relation, has been my favorite from her youth, and as deserving as it is possible for one of her level. It is understood, that some little employments about the court may be often in your lordship's disposal; and that my lord Suffex will give Mr. Launcelot the character he deserves; and then let my petition be (to speak in my own trade) a drop in the bucket.

Remem-

Remember, my lord, that, although this letter be long, yet what particularly concerns my request is but of a few lines.

I shall not congratulate with your lordship upon any of your present great employments, or upon the greatest that can possibly be given to you ; because you are one of those very few, who do more honor to a court, than you can possibly receive from it, which I take to be a greater compliment to a court than it is to your lordship.

I am,

My lord, &c.

LETTER XCIII.

From the Earl of CHESTERFIELD to Doctor SWIFT.

Hague, Dec. 15, N. S. 1730.

SIR,

YOU need not have made any excuse to me for your solicitation : on the contrary, I am proud of being the first person, to whom you have thought it worth the while to apply since those changes, which, you say, drove you into distance and obscurity. I very well know the person you recommend to me, having lodged at his house a whole summer at Richmond. I have always heard a very good character of him, which alone would incline me to serve him ; but your recommendation, I can assure you,

B b 2

will

will make me impatient to do it. However, that he may not again meet with the common fate of court-suitors, nor I lie under the imputation of making court-promises, I will exactly explain to you how far it is likely I may be able to serve him.

When first I had this office, I took the resolution of turning out nobody; so that I shall only have the disposal of those places that the death of the present possessors will procure me. Some old servants, that have served me long and faithfully, have obtained the promises of the first four or five vacancies; and the early solicitations of some of my particular friends have tied me down for about as many more. But, after having satisfied these engagements, I do assure you, Mr. Launcelot shall be my first care. I confess, his prospect is more remote than I could have wished it; but, as it is so remote, he will not have the uneasiness of a disappointment, if he gets nothing; and if he gets something, we shall both be pleased.

As for his political principles, I am in no manner of pain about them. Were he a Tory, I would venture to serve him, in the just expectation that, should I ever be charged with having preferred a Tory, the person, who was the author of my crime, would likewise be the author of my vindication.

I am, with real esteem,

S I R,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCIV.

From Dean SWIFT to the Earl of CHESTERFIELD.

January 5, 1730-1.

MY LORD,

I RETURN your lordship my most humble thanks for the honour and favour of your letter, and desire your justice to believe, that, in writing to you a second time, I have no design of giving you a second trouble. My only end at present is to beg your pardon for a fault of ignorance. I ought to have remembered, that the arts of courts are like those of play; where, if the most expert be absent a few months, the whole system is so changed, that he hath no more skill than a new beginner. Yet I cannot but wish, that your lordship had pleased to forgive one, who has been an utter stranger to public life above sixteen years. Bussy Rabutin himself, the politest person of his age, when he was recalled to court after a long banishment, appeared ridiculous there: and what could I expect from my antiquated manner of addressing your lordship in the prime of your life, in the height of fortune, favor, and merit; so distinguished by your active spirit, and greatness of your genius? I do here repeat to your lordship, that I lay the fault of my misconduct entirely on a friend, whom I exceedingly love and esteem, whom I dare not name, and who is as bad a courtier by nature as I am grown by want of practice. God forbid that your lordship should continue in an employment,

B b 3

how-

however great and honorable, where you only can be an ornament to the court so long, until you have an opportunity to provide offices for a dozen low people, like the poor man whom I took the liberty to mention! And God forbid that, in one particular branch of the king's family, there should ever be such a mortality, as to take away a dozen of meaner servants in less than a dozen years!

Give me leave, in further excuse of my weakness, to confess, that, besides some hints from my friends, your lordship is in great measure to blame, for your obliging manner of treating me in every place where I had the honor to see you; which I acknowledge to have been a distinction that I had not the least pretence to, and consequently as little to ground upon it the request of a favour.

As I am an utter stranger to the present forms of the world, I have imagined more than once, that your lordship's proceeding with me may be a refinement introduced by yourself; and that as, in my time, the most solemn and frequent promises of great men usually failed, against all probable appearances, so that single slight one of your lordship may, by your generous nature, early succeed against all visible impossibilities (a).

I am, &c.

(a) And so it did; lord Chesterfield having soon found an opportunity of providing for the person recommended by Dean Swift.

L E T.

LETTER XCV.

To the Earl of STAIR.

London, Sept. 3, 1739.

MY LORD,

BY the return of the messenger, by whom I received the favor of your letter, with the inclosed papers, I writ to lord Marchmont my poor sentiments upon the points in question. I thought it the same as writing to you; but chose to direct it rather to him, because the messenger told me, he should see him first. I shall say no more now, by the common post, upon that subject, than that I thought the first part of the plan extremely right; but the latter part rather ill-timed now, and would not have the effect proposed or hoped for. What do you say to the vigor of our administration? The sleeping lion is roused; and a hundred and twenty men of war now in commission, and forty thousand land-forces in England, will shew our enemies abroad, that they have presumed too much and too long upon sir Robert's pacific temper. I say this on the supposition and hopes that these land-forces are only raised against our common enemies abroad, and not against sir Robert's enemies at home; though I know which I believe. It is reported too, but I don't know with what grounds, that this parliament is this session to be continued seven years longer, upon pretence that, in this time of danger, the nation is not in a proper temper to meet and

chuse new representatives. Violent as this step may seem, I cannot think it is totally improbable, when I combine several circumstances; but this I know, that, if it is taken, there is an end of us, I mean constitutionally. Your visit to Ireland is a sign of your good health and spirits, which I rejoice at, and wish you the long continuance of, as much as any man upon earth can do, being, I am sure, as much as any man upon earth can be,

My dear lord,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LETTER XCVI.

TO THE SAME.

London, Dec. 3, 1739.

MY DEAR LORD,

SINCE I troubled you last, I have three letters from you to acknowledge. As to the two first, you will have heard from all your friends here, that the D. of A. is by no means as yet ripe to come into any of those propositions. I both think and hope he will by next year; but, in the mean time, he must be stroked and not spurred. The plan inclosed in your letter, which I received yesterday, is, in my opinion, a perfect right one, and is now followed by many corporations

porations in England, in their instructions to their members; and ought to have been so by all the counties, if those, who at the end of last session of parliament undertook that province, had not either carelessly or wilfully neglected it till the assizes were over, which has now made it impossible for this year. The bill, to limit the number of placemen in parliament, is to be brought-in after the holidays, and will, I suppose, be as soon rejected; after which, it will be necessary to print the names of those who voted for or against it; and then fresh instructions from every county or borough, both in England and Scotland, wherever they can be obtained, and, I believe, they may from almost every county and a great majority of the boroughs, will come with still greater weight next year. As for postponing the money-bills till such a bill be agreed to, which is what you propose, and what is likewise mentioned in the instructions of the city of London, I find that will not do; because, to tell you the plain truth, many of the opposition do not in their hearts greatly relish the place-bill itself, which they think might prove a clog upon their own administration, and they will by no means hear of any thing like a tack, or a postponing of the money-bills. If the whole opposition meant the same thing as you and I do, they would most certainly entertain this measure, which is the only one that can recover the constitution; all others are but temporary palliatives: for while the houses of lords and commons are absolutely in the power of the crown, as they visibly now are, we have no constitution, and the crown alone is, without a mystery, the three branches of the legislature. But unfortunately,

unfortunately, I doubt, this is what many people desire as heartily as you and I wish the contrary. Sir Robert's health is thought to be very precarious, and there are many of us who already anticipate in their thoughts the joyful moment, which they think not remote, of coming into power; and consequently, far from desiring to make shackles for themselves, are rather willing to continue those upon the people which sir Robert has forged for them. This, I own, is a melancholy case; but I fear it is too much the case. The persons you allude to, that you think might be prevailed with to act against sir Robert, are not to be moved. They have been tried, and their own interest in so doing has been manifestly shewn them, but to no purpose. They consider money as their only interest, and would not venture the suspension of a quarter's salary, to save the whole nation. This, my dear lord, is our wretched situation, from whence, I think, little good can arise. Union among ourselves cannot be expected, where our views are so widely different. This sir Robert knows, and triumphs in. I despair of either doing good or seeing any done; yet, while I live, I assure you, I will endeavour it. I wish my country well, and upon that principle alone must wish you so; but many other considerations concur to make me honor and esteem you as I do, and to form that attachment and friendship with which I shall ever be,

My dear lord,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R XCVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR LORD,

I WISH I had any thing better than thanks to return you for your several letters; but unfortunately I can send you no accounts from hence, that I can write or you read with satisfaction. The opposition is in truth become no opposition at all; is looked upon already in that light by the court, and, I am afraid, will soon be so by the whole nation. The views of the individuals are too different for them to draw together. Some few mean the public good, and they are for acting and pushing of constitutional measures; but many more mean only their private interest, and they think public inaction and secret negotiations the most conducive to it. They consider Sir Robert's life as a bad one, and desire, by their submission and tameness, to recommend themselves to be his successors. The court, they say, is too strong to be overcome by opposition; that is, in truth, they think it would be too strong for their impatience for power upon any terms. In this distracted state of the opposition, you will not be surprized that nothing is done, and that the court triumphs. Those of your friends here, with whom I am connected, wish, as I do, many things which it is not in our power to bring about, and which would only discover our weakness to attempt. My only hopes are from the spirit of the nation

tion in the next election, where, if we exert, I think there are hopes of having a better parliament than this. In your part of the kingdom more may be done with effect in that affair than in this part, where the influence of the court is more powerful; and I hope, therefore, you will all exert in that last struggle for our constitution. We are to have here next week a general meeting, to settle the elections for the next parliament, in which, I make no doubt, but those who have ruined the opposition will use their endeavours to frustrate this design too; but still, I hope, it will have some good effect, though to be sure not so good a one as if we all meant the same thing. The place-bill comes in on Tuesday next, and will be thrown out the same day. Some of our patriots will rant that day, *par manière d'acquit*, by permission from the court, and then the session is ended. I shewed your paper upon that subject to some of my friends, who will endeavour to make what use they can of it.

Your old friend lord Cathcart kissed the king's hand yesterday, for the command of the intended expedition. Some say it is against Cuba; others, against Buenos Ayres; but none know, and the secret is inviolably kept. For my own part, wherever it is intended, I have a very bad opinion of the success of it, when I know that nobody capable of forming a right plan has been consulted in it, and that no officer able to conduct it is well enough at court to be employed in it.

As I have writ all this to you *à coeur ouvert*, I beg it may go no further, it being better that the real wretched state of the opposition should not be universally

fally

sally known, though, I fear, it is but too well guessed at. It might discourage, and could do no good.

If all meant as well as you do, I should, with more hopes and better spirits, take what little part I am able; but I confess that, in the present situation of things, I rather content myself with not doing ill, than hope to do any good. I will keep my conscience and my character clear, wish what I should, and do what I can; *et pour le reste, alors comme alors*. But in all situations, pleased and proud of being reckoned in the number of those who love and value you as you deserve, and who wish you in a condition of doing your country all the good you are both so desirous and so able to do it. Adieu, my dear lord; believe me,

Most faithfully yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

I N D E X

TO HIS FRIENDS BOOK IN THE TOWN

I know, though, I feel as if I had no right to

the same amount of time as you have

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I N D E X

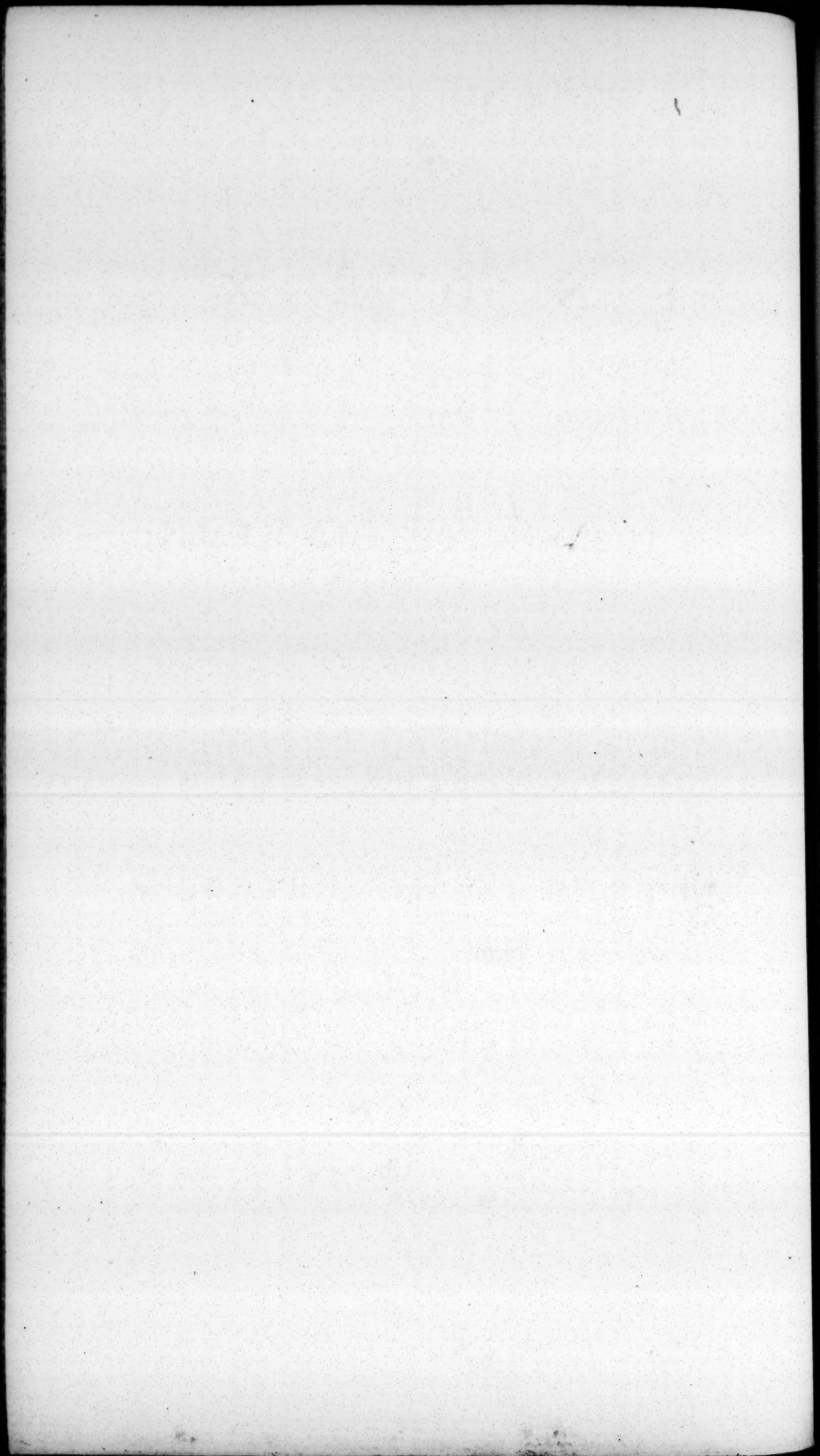
TO

THE THIRD and FOURTH VOLUMES;

WHICH CONTAIN

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S

LETTERS TO HIS FRIENDS.



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A P P E N D I X

T O

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S WORKS.

C H A R A C T E R S.

G E O R G E T H E F I R S T.

GEORGE the First was an honest, dull, German gentleman, as unfit as unwilling to act the part of a king, which is to shine and to oppress. Lazy and inactive even in his pleasures, which were therefore lowly sensual. He was coolly intrepid, and indolently benevolent. He was diffident of his own parts, which made him speak little in public, and prefer in his social, which were his favourite, hours the company of wags and buffoons. Even his mistress, the dutchess of Kendal, with whom he passed most of his time, and who had all influence over him, was very little above an idiot.

Importunity alone could make him act, and then only to get rid of it. His views and affections were singly confined to the narrow compass of his electorate: England was too big for him. If he had nothing great as a king, he had nothing bad as a man; and if he does not adorn, at least he will not stain, the annals of this country. In private life he would have been loved and esteemed as a good citizen, a good friend, and a good
B
neighbour.

neighbour. Happy were it for Europe, happy for the world, if there were not greater kings in it.

The most amiable monarch that ever filled a throne.

ADDISON.

As king James, instead of giving the laws their proper course, assumed a power to dispense with them; and as queen Anne was flattered into a persuasion that the regal authority was unlimited; king George, on the contrary, desired no power but what enabled him to promote the welfare of his subjects, and was too wise to deem those his friends who would have made their court to him by the profession of an obedience which they never practised, and which has always proved fatal to those princes who have put it to the trial. He had given a proof of his sovereign virtues before he exercised them in this nation. His natural inclination to justice led him to rule his German subjects in the same manner that our constitution directed him to govern the English. He regarded civil liberties as the natural rights of mankind, and therefore indulged them to a people who pleaded no other claim to them than his own goodness. The consistency of his behaviour was such, that he inflexibly pursued those measures which appeared the most just and equitable. As he was prudent in laying proper schemes, he was no less remarkable for his steadiness in accomplishing what he had once concerted. To this uniformity and firmness of mind, which appeared in all his proceedings, the successes that attended him were chiefly owing. His martial virtues were no less conspicuous than his civil, though for the good of his subjects he studied to decline all occasions of military glory. He had acquired great reputation in his younger days in Hungary and the Morea, when he fought against the Turks, as well as in Germany and Flanders, where he commanded against the disturber of the peace of Europe. And, as if personal courage was an hereditary virtue of his family, three of his brothers fell gloriously in the field, fighting against the enemies of their country, and his son (his late majesty king George II.) fought with the bravery of his father at the battle of Audenarde, where the sons of France and the Pretender fled before him.

As to his more private virtues, he was of a grave, easy, and calm temper, and generous upon all occasions; and the serenity and benignity of his mind discovered themselves in his countenance, and captivated the love and veneration of all who approached him.

TINDAL.

It

It was this prince's maxim, "Never to abandon his friends ;
 " to render justice to all the world ; and to fear no one but
 " God." MILOT.

A wife, a steady, and a righteous prince, and worthy to be
 remembered with double honour. Dr. CHANDLER.

George I. was plain and simple in his person and address ;
 grave and composed in his deportment, though easy, familiar,
 and facetious, in his hours of relaxation. Before he ascended
 the throne of Great Britain, he had acquired the character of
 a circumspect general, a just and merciful prince, and a wise
 politician, who perfectly understood, and steadily pursued, his
 own interest. With these qualities it cannot be doubted, but
 that he came to England extremely well disposed to govern his
 new subjects according to the maxims of the British constitu-
 tion, and the genius of the people ; and if ever he seemed to
 deviate from these principles, we may take it for granted, that
 he was misled by the venal suggestions of a ministry whose
 power and influence were founded on corruption. SMOLLETT.

The medium of party undoubtedly viewed the po-
 litical conduct of George the First as coloured by the preju-
 dices of the eye through which it was surveyed ; but whatever
 might be the virtues, vices, or errors of his political conduct,
 he was liked, and even loved by the individuals who had the
 honour of a familiar conversation with him, and was gene-
 rally regarded by those who do not examine closely or critically
 into the nature of virtue and vice, or the motives or princi-
 ples of human conduct, as a man who had an honest heart,
 and whose faults in his government, if there are any faults to
 be found, were entirely owing to the suggestions of a venal
 ministry ; who having neither sufficient virtue, nor sufficient
 understanding, to govern parties by the confidence which
 these great qualities give, their power and influence were solely
 grounded on corruption. Mrs. MACAULAY.

GEORGE THE SECOND.

HE had not better parts than his father, but much
 stronger animal spirits, which made him produce
 and communicate himself more. Every thing in his
 composition was little ; and he had all the weaknesses
 of a little mind, without any of the virtues, or even

the vices, of a great one. He loved to act the king, but mistook the part; and the royal dignity shrunk into the electoral pride. He was educated upon that scale, and never enlarged its dimensions with his dominions. As elector of Hanover he thought himself great; as king of Great Britain only rich. Avarice, the meanest of all passions, was his ruling one; and I never knew him deviate into any generous action.

His first natural movements were always on the side of justice and truth; but they were often warped by ministerial influence, or the secret twitches of avarice. He was generally reckoned ill-natured, which indeed he was not. He had rather an unfeeling than a bad heart; but I never observed any settled malevolence in him, though his sudden passions, which were frequent, made him say things which, in cooler moments, he would not have executed. His heart always seemed to me to be in a state of perfect neutrality between hardness and tenderness. In council he was excessively timorous, and thought by many to be so in person; but of this I can say nothing on my own knowledge.

In his dress and in his conversation he affected the hero so much, that from thence only many called his courage in question: though, by the way, that is no certain rule to judge by, since the bravest men, with weak understandings, constantly fall into that error*. Little things, as he has often told me himself, affected him more than great ones; and this was so true, that I have often seen him put so much out of humour at his private levee, by a mistake or blunder of a *valet de chambre*, that the gaping crowd admitted to his public

* It is universally allowed that, in the fields of Flanders, at the battle of Oudenard (when he was in his twenty-fifth year, and where he served as a volunteer) he gave distinguished proofs of his vivacity and courage. He charged sword in hand at the head of a squadron of Bulau's dragoons, had his horse shot under him, and Colonel Luscky, who commanded the squadron, was killed by his side. Nor did his courage desert him at the decline of life, when he appeared in the plains of Dettingen, commanded his own army, and obtained a signal victory over his insulting and perfidious enemies.

levee have, from his looks and silence, concluded that he had just received some dreadful news. Tacitus would always have been deceived by him.

Within certain bounds, but they were indeed narrow ones, his understanding was clear, and his conception quick: and I have generally observed, that he pronounced sensibly and justly upon single propositions; but to analyse, separate, combine, and reduce to a point, complicated ones, was above his faculties.

He was thought to have a great opinion of his own abilities; but, on the contrary, I am very sure that he had a great distrust of them in matters of state. He well knew that he was governed by the Queen, while she lived; and that she was governed by Sir Robert Walpole: but he kept that secret inviolably, and flattered himself that nobody had discovered it. After their deaths, he was governed successively by different ministers, according as they could engage for a sufficient strength in the house of commons; for, as avarice was his ruling passion, he feared, hated, and courted, that money-giving part of the legislature.

He was by no means formed for the pleasures of private and social life, though sometimes he tried to supple himself to them; but he did it so ungracefully, that both he and the company were mutual restraints upon each other, and consequently soon grew weary of one another. A king must be as great in mind as in rank, who can let himself down with ease to the social level, and no lower.

He had no favourites, and indeed no friends, having none of that expansion of heart, none of those amiable connecting talents, which are necessary for both. This, together with the sterility of his conversation, made him prefer the company of women, with whom he rather fauntered away than enjoyed his leisure hours. He was addicted to women, but chiefly to such as required little attention and less pay. He never had but two avowed mistresses of rank, the countesses of Suffolk and Yarmouth. The former, though he passed half his

time with her, had no degree of influence, and but a small one of profit; the latter, being taken after the death of the queen, had more of both, but no extravagant share of either.

He was very well-bred; but it was in a stiff and formal manner, and produced in others that restraint which they saw he was under himself. He bestowed his favours so coldly and ungraciously, that they excited no warm returns in those who received them. They knew that they owed them to the ministerial arrangements for the time being, and not to his voluntary choice. He was extremely regular and methodical in his hours, in his papers, and above all in his private accounts; and would be very peevish if any accident, or negligence in his ministers, broke in upon that regular allotment of his time.

He had a very small degree of acquired knowledge: he sometimes read history, and, as he had a very good memory, was exceedingly correct in facts and dates. He spoke French and Italian well, and English very properly, but with something of a foreign accent. He had a contempt for the *belles lettres*, which he called trifling. He troubled himself little about religion, but jogged on quietly in that in which he had been bred, without scruples, doubts, zeal, or inquiry. He was extremely sober and temperate, which, together with constant gentle exercise, prolonged his life beyond what his natural constitution, which was but a weak one, seemed to promise. He died of an apoplexy, after a reign of three and thirty years. He died unlamented, though not unpraised because he was dead.

Upon the whole, he was rather a weak than a bad man or king. His government was mild as to prerogative, but burthensome as to taxes, which he raised when and to what degree he pleased, by corrupting the honesty, and not by invading the privileges, of parliament. I have dwelt the longer upon this character, because I was so long and so well acquainted with it; for above thirty years I was always near his person,
and

and had constant opportunities of observing him, both in his regal robes and in his undress. I have accompanied him in his pleasures, and been employed in his business. I have, by turns, been as well and as ill with him as any man in England. Impartial and unprejudiced I have drawn this character from the life, and after a forty years sitting.

George the Second died at the age of seventy-seven, after a long reign of thirty-four years, distinguished by a variety of important events, and chequered with a vicissitude of character and fortune. He was in his person rather lower than the middle size, well-shaped, erect, with eyes remarkably prominent, a high nose, and fair complexion. In his disposition he is said to have been hasty, prone to anger, especially in his youth, yet soon appeased; otherwise mild, moderate, and humane: in his way of living temperate, regular, and so methodical in every branch of private œconomy, that his attention descended to objects which a great king (perhaps) had better overlook.

He was fond of military pomp and parade; and personally brave. He loved war as a soldier; he studied it as a science; and corresponded on this subject with some of the greatest officers whom Germany has produced. The extent of his understanding, and the splendor of his virtue, we shall not presume to ascertain, nor attempt to display; we rather wish for opportunities to expatiate on his munificence and liberality; his generous regard to genius and learning; his royal encouragement of those arts, by which a nation is at once benefited and adorned.

With respect to his government, it very seldom deviated from the institutions of law; or encroached upon private property; or interfered with the common administration of justice. The circumstances that chiefly marked his public character, were a predilection for his native country, and a close attention to the political interests of the Germanic body: points and principles to which he adhered with the most invincible fortitude; and, if ever the blood and treasure of Great Britain were sacrificed to these considerations, we ought not so much to blame the prince who acted from the dictates of natural affection, as we should detest a succession of venal ministers, all of whom in their turns devoted themselves, soul and body, to the gratification of this passion or partiality, so prejudicial to the true interest of their country. SMOLLETT.

The personal character of George II. was truly worthy and venerable. He had unquestionably a very high sense of, and regard for Deity. His regard to the public offices of religion was remarkably grave and serious, strictly attentive to the various parts of the service, and without any appearance of absence of mind from the solemnities of worship in which he was engaged. Had the pattern he gave them been followed, religion would have been more universally encouraged by the example of the rich and great, and the credit of its institutions supported by their serious and diligent attendance on them. His temperance was remarkable and habitual throughout the whole course of his life; his pleasures and amusements were few and regular—never eagerly sought after, never indulged at the expence of the public, the dissipation and waste of his revenues, and the neglect of the great affairs of government.

He had his particular friends, and was constant in his regards to them, but no minions and favorites to whom he absolutely resigned himself, or whom he raised from beggary by extravagant donations and lucrative employments, and on whom he prostituted unmerited honours. They were persons of birth, family, and fortune, whose affections he had experienced, on whose fidelity and honor he could entirely depend, and who he knew were fast friends to the religion and liberties of Great Britain.

His strict regard to justice and equity appeared in the constant and regular discharge of his household and family expences, and his advancing men of worth, probity, and character, to the seats of justice, with full liberty to form all their decrees. His charity was liberal and extensive, and from indisputable authority, very far exceeded that of the most beneficent and bountiful of all his predecessors; and he had that humanity and tenderness of mind, the very ordering to execution malefactors that were unfit to live was a painful part of his duty, and which he never performed but with reluctance—even the joy of conquest could not prevent the tear of compassion from falling over a worthy man, whose life was a sacrifice to the victory he obtained.

He had a most sincere and affectionate love to his people, and regard for the honor, welfare, and interest of the nation.—When he asked for extraordinary supplies, it was with concern and regret, for the burden it brought on the people. Every subject was sure of relief from oppression and violence, and of the protection and benefit of the laws he lived under. Not one single stretch of power, not one law dispensed with,

not

not one proof of an arbitrary disposition, no perversion of justice under color of law, no schemes of iniquity and fraud to harass and plunder the subject, can be charged upon him, or blemish and stain one measure of his reign. He was truly the minister of God to the people for good. But few comparatively of those who were rebels against him suffered for their treason, and many of those who were actually condemned were saved and discharged, and money given them for their support till they arrived at their respective homes, where they afterwards lived unmolested.

He was a firm friend to the Protestant religion, the assertor and patron of religious and civil liberty, and an utter enemy to all methods of persecution for conscience sake. His integrity, regard to his word, and steadiness to his engagements, was an universally acknowledged part of his character. It hath been observed to his honor, that he never departed from his promise to particular persons but twice, and then there arose some unforeseen circumstances, that put it out of his power to perform it; and as to all national transactions and foreign engagements and treaties, he religiously adhered to them.

In his natural disposition he was a lover of peace, but still he had great spirit and resolution. He was resolute in council, and was not afraid of war, and had courage and fortitude to run all the risks and hazards of it. And as he was brave, so he had the honor of being successful in his last war; he lived to see the enemies fleets broken and dissipated, their whole marine almost annihilated, their armies beaten and flying, their strong holds and forts demolished or possessed by his forces, the capital of their American dominions subdued, and a country larger than France itself, with all her provinces, rendered subject to the British empire.

He lived to see all parties and ranks of men firmly united in their affection to his person, and attachment to his government; all furious contests and divisions at an end, all animosities and hatreds so laid aside as though they had never subsisted: his ministers acting with mutual confidence, his councils united, and, as though one spirit had possessed the whole nation, all the various classes of his people easy and contented in the protection they enjoyed, the measures that were pursued, the advantages they had gained, and the pleasing prospects they had before them of a farther successful war, or a speedy, honorable, and lasting peace.

To sum up the whole: he was religious without superstition; temperate without parsimony; moderate in his pleasures without a stoical contempt of them; just without rigor; charitable

charitable without profusion ; rich without covetousness ; frugal without fordidness ; humane and tender without weakness and effeminacy ; sincere in his friendship, but not the property of favorites ; a lover of his people without relaxing the vigor of government ; a supporter of the laws without relentless severity ; a punisher of vice while he pitied the offender ; who extinguished rebellion, but shewed mercy to rebels ; was a friend to the Protestant religion without persecuting even Papists ; a lover of liberty whilst he curbed licentiousness ; steady without obstinacy ; yielding to the circumstances of times without descending from his dignity ; true to his word without evasion or perfidy ; calm in prosperity, but not unthankful for it ; patient in affliction, but not insensible ; a lover of peace without sacrificing any valuable interests to the name of it ; averse to war, but of spirit to carry on a just one ; brave in battle without ferocity and rashness ; successful without vanity and self-elation ; victorious without pride ; rich in the treasures of his people without any dissipation of them : preserved to a very advanced age without any remarkable impairing of or defect in his powers ; happy in the easy circumstances of his death*, and never more beloved and honoured than in the decline of his life, and when an all-wise Providence deprived us of the farther blessings of his government.

He was the father of his country, the friend of his people, the patron of liberty, and deserved to be numbered among the greatest and best of princes ; and his reign will ever be distinguished in the British annals for the glory of the sovereign, and the happiness of his people. Dr. CHANDLER.

An excellent king, possessed of as much justice, and mercy, and good-nature, as ever prince was endowed with ; and who had so strict an adherence to the laws of our country, that not an instance can be pointed out, during his whole reign, wherein he made the least attempt upon the liberty, or property, or religion, of a single person. Archbp. HERRING.

* An easy and sudden failure of nature, as that he may be more properly said to have *fallen asleep*, than to have experienced the pains of death.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

QUEEN Caroline had lively, pretty parts, a quick-conception, and some degree of female knowledge; and would have been an agreeable woman in social, if she had not aimed at being a great one in public life. She had the graces that adorn the former, but neither the strength of parts nor the judgement necessary for the latter. She professed art, instead of concealing it, and valued herself upon her skill in simulation and dissimulation, by which she made herself many enemies, and not one friend, even among the women the nearest to her person.

She loved money, but could occasionally part with it, especially to men of learning, whose patronage she affected. She often conversed with them, and bewildered herself in their metaphysical disputes, which neither she nor they themselves understood. Cunning and perfidy were the means she made use of in business, as all women do, for want of better. She shewed her art the most in her management of the king, whom she governed absolutely, by a seeming complaisance and obedience to all his humours; she even favoured and promoted his gallantries. She had a dangerous ambition, for it was attended with courage, and, if she had lived much longer, might have proved fatal either to herself or the constitution.

After puzzling herself in all the whimsies and fantastical speculations of different sects, she fixed herself ultimately in deism, believing a future state. She died with great resolution and intrepidity, of a very painful distemper, and under some cruel operations.

Upon the whole, the *agreeable woman* was liked by most people; but the *queen* was neither esteemed, beloved, nor trusted, by any body but the king.

When she was princess of Anspach, king Charles of Spain (afterwards emperor of Germany) was much taken with her person

person and qualifications, and great applications were made to persuade her to change her religion; but she could not be prevailed on to buy a crown at so dear a rate. Soon after, she was married to the prince electoral of Brunswick, which gave a glorious character of her to the English nation; and her pious firmness is like to be rewarded, even in this life, by a much better crown than that which she rejected.

Bp. BURNET.

No princess ever lived more in the love and esteem of all who knew her than she did. Her conjugal fidelity was exemplary; and her parental was proved by the numerous virtues which adorned her offspring. It was lamented, that the nature of the breach between the king and the prince of Wales did not, in her opinion, admit of his receiving the last testimonies of her affection; but the manner of her death, which was pious and edifying, sufficiently spoke her at peace with all the world.

But her majesty was not distinguished by the private virtues alone. Her royal consort in her always found a wife and faithful counsellor; and when she was entrusted, as she often was, with the reins of government, the public was happy under her administration. Her natural sagacity and talents were improved by reading and conversing with the most eminent philosophers and authors of the age: and she had made so great a progress in literature, that she became an umpire in one of the most abstruse points of metaphysical reasoning that was ever agitated, the doctrine of free will and fatality, as disputed between Mr. Leibnitz and Dr. Clarke. This turn for letters had so happy an effect, that the ingenious were always sure of her patronage; and through that the bench of bishops was filled up with prelates eminent for learning and moderation. TINDAL.

Queen Caroline was a princess of uncommon sagacity, and a pattern of conjugal virtue. While she lived, some countenance was giving to learning. She conversed with Newton, and corresponded with Leibnitz. She took pains to acquire popularity: the royal family on certain days dined in public for the satisfaction of the people: the court was animated with a freedom of spirit and vivacity, which rendered it at once brilliant and agreeable. At her death that spirit began to languish; and a total stagnation of gaiety and good humour ensued. SMOLLETT.

L O R D

LORD TOWNSHEND.

LORD Townshend, by very long experience and unwearied application, was certainly an able man of business, which was his only passion. His parts were neither above nor below it; they were rather slow, a defect of the safer side. He required time to form his opinion; but when formed, he adhered to it with invincible firmness, not to say obstinacy, whether right or wrong, and was impatient of contradiction.

He was a most ungraceful and confused speaker in the house of lords, inelegant in his language, perplexed in his arguments, but always near the stress of the question.

His manners were coarse, rustic, and seemingly brutal, but his nature was by no means so; for he was a kind husband to both his wives, a most indulgent father to all his children, and a benevolent master to his servants, sure tests of real good-nature, for no man can long together simulate or dissimulate at home.

He was a warm friend and a warm enemy, defects, if defects they are, inseparable in human nature, and often accompanying the most generous minds.

Never minister had cleaner hands than he had. Mere domestic œconomy was his only care as to money, for he did not add one acre to his estate, and left his younger children very moderately provided for, though he had been in considerable and lucrative employments near thirty years.

As he only loved power for the sake of power, in order to preserve it he was obliged to have a most unwarrantable complaisance for the interests and even dictates of the electorate, which was the only way by which a British minister could hold either favour or power during the reigns of king George the first and second.

The coarseness and imperiousness of his manners made him disagreeable to queen Caroline.

Lord

Lord Townshend was not of a temper to act a second part, after having acted a first, as he did during the reign of king George the first. He resolved therefore to make one convulsive struggle to revive his expiring power, or, if that did not succeed, to retire from business. He tried the experiment upon the king, with whom he had a personal interest. The experiment failed, as he might easily, and ought to, have foreseen. He retired to his seat in the country, and in a few years died of an apoplexy.

Having thus mentioned the slight defects, as well as the many valuable parts, of his character, I must declare that I owed the former to truth, and the latter to gratitude and friendship as well as to truth, since, for some years before he retired from business, we lived in the strictest intimacy that the difference of our age and situations could admit, during which time he gave me many unasked and unequivocal proofs of his friendship.

The choice was well made in 1709 for lord Townshend to be plenipotentiary to the States; for he had great parts, had improved these by travelling, was by much the most shining person of all our young nobility, and had on many occasions distinguished himself very eminently. He was also a man of great integrity, and of good principles in all respects, free from all vice, and of an engaging conversation.

Bp. BURNET.

Lord Townshend has by his good sense, integrity, openness, and affability, acquired the universal esteem of the States, beyond what could be hoped from so young a minister, and to such a degree as will always be remembered to his honour in that country. HARE, Bp. of Chichester.

Lord Townshend had the reputation of conducting the external transactions relating to treaties and negotiations. He is said to have understood that province, though he did not always follow the dictates of his own understanding. He possessed an extensive fund of knowledge, and was well acquainted with the functions of his office. SMOLLETT.

M R. P O P E.

POPE in conversation was below himself; he was seldom easy and natural, and seemed afraid that the man should degrade the poet, which made him always attempt wit and humour, often unsuccessfully, and too often unseasonably. I have been with him a week at a time at his house at Twickenham, where I necessarily saw his mind in its undress, when he was both an agreeable and instructive companion.

His moral character has been warmly attacked, and but weakly defended; the natural consequence of his shining turn to satire, of which many felt, and all feared the smart. It must be owned, that he was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*, offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them; but in this I really think, that the poet was more in fault than the man. He was as great an instance as any he quotes of the contrarieties and inconsistencies of human nature; for, notwithstanding the malignancy of his satires, and some blameable passages of his life, he was charitable to his power, active in doing good offices, and piously attentive to an old bed-ridden mother, who died but a little time before him. His poor, crazy, deformed body was a mere Pandora's box, containing all the physical ills that ever afflicted humanity. This, perhaps, whetted the edge of his satire, and may in some degree excuse it.

I will say nothing of his works; they speak sufficiently for themselves; they will live as long as letters and taste shall remain in this country, and be more and more admired, as envy and resentment shall subside. But I will venture this piece of classical blasphemy, which is, that, however he may be supposed to be obliged to Horace, Horace is more obliged to him.

He was a deist believing in a future state: this he has often owned himself to me; but when he died he sacrificed a cock to Esculapius, and suffered the priests who

who got about him to perform all their absurd ceremonies upon his body.

Having mentioned his being a deist, I cannot forbear relating a singular anecdote, not quite foreign from the purpose. I went to him one morning at Twickenham, and found a large folio bible, with gilt clasps, lying before him upon his table; and, as I knew his way of thinking upon that book, I asked him jocosely, If he was going to write an answer to it? "It is a present," said he, "or rather a legacy, from my old friend the bishop of Rochester. I went to take my leave of him yesterday in the Tower, where I saw this bible upon his table. After the first compliments the bishop said to me, 'My friend Pope, considering your infirmities, and my age and exile, it is not likely we should ever meet again, and therefore I give you this legacy to remember me by. Take it home with you, and let me advise you to abide by it.' 'Does your lordship abide by it yourself?'—'I do.'—'If you do, my lord, it is but lately. May I beg to know what new lights or arguments have prevailed with you now, to entertain an opinion so contrary to that which you entertained of that book all the former part of your life?' The bishop replied, 'We have not time to talk of these things; but take home the book, I will abide by it, and I recommend to you to do so too; and so God bless you.'"

Was

* It is certain, that Atterbury, bishop of Rochester, strenuously exerted his endeavours to make him abjure popery; but Mr. Pope always declined or eluded the subject. On the death of his father, however, the bishop addressed him very seriously on the subject in a letter, telling him, "You have it now in your power to pursue that method of thinking and living which you like best." Among other things in Mr. Pope's answer, he replied, "It is true I have lost a parent, for whom no gains I could make would be any equivalent. But that was not my only tie; I thank God another still remains of the same tender nature: *Genitrix est mihi*.—A rigid divine may call it a carnal tie, but sure it is a virtuous one.—She, my lord, would think *this separation* more grievous than any other.—Whether the change would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now

profess,

Was this hypocrisy ; was it the effect of illness, misfortunes, and disappointed views ; or was it late, very late conviction ? I will not take upon me even to conjecture. The mind of man is so variable, so different from itself in prosperity and adversity, in sickness and in health, in high or in low spirits, that I take the effects as I find them, without presuming to trace them up to their true and secret causes. I know, by not knowing even myself, how little I know of that good, that bad, that knowing, that ignorant, that reasoning and unreasonable creature, *Man*.

If we may judge of Pope by his works, his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that style ; his last volumes are all of the moral kind ; he has avoided trifles, and consequently has escaped a rock which hath proved very injurious to Dr. Swift's reputation. He hath given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might really incline him to the habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met with afterwards,

" profess, as I can possibly ever do in another. Can a man who
 " thinks so justify a change, even if he thought both equally good ?
 " To such an one, the part of joining with any one body of Chri-
 " stians might perhaps be easy, but I think it would not be so to re-
 " nounce the other. Your lordship has formerly advised me to read
 " the best controversies between the churches.—I did so at fourteen
 " years old—the consequence was, that I found myself a Papist and
 " a Protestant by turns, according to the last book I read. I am
 " afraid most seekers are in the same case ; and when they stop, they
 " are not so properly converted as outwitted. You see how little
 " glory you would gain by my conversion. And, after all, I verily
 " believe your lordship and I are both of the same religion, if we
 " were thoroughly understood by one another ; and that all honest
 " and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough
 " together every day, and had nothing to do together but to serve
 " God, and live in peace with their neighbour.—In my politics, I
 " think no farther than how to preserve the peace of my life in any
 " government under which I live ; nor in my religion, than to pre-
 " serve the peace of my conscience in any church with which I com-
 " municate. I hope all churches and all governments are so far of
 " God as they are rightly understood, and rightly administered : and
 " where they are, or may be wrong, I leave it to God alone to mend
 " or reform them ; which whenever he does, it must be by greater
 " instruments than I am."

C

from

from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed this habit, and made him slower than the dean in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things.

His prose writings are little less harmonious than his verse; and his voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southern used to call him the *little nightingale*. His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging; and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed, and a generosity that was much to his honor. Every guest was made happy within his doors, pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table.

Lord ORRERY.

Alexander Pope, though not the greatest genius, was undoubtedly the most pleasing poet that this, or perhaps any other country ever produced. He professed the Roman Catholic Religion, only because he was born in it; and he did not chuse to be singular by changing his religion, when other motives might have been more than suspected. In his middle age his poetical connections seem to have lain equally with the whigs as the Tories, but personally he appeared to have had a much greater cordiality for the latter. With the greatest opportunities of knowing mankind, he was a very bad judge of them. He had very little learning, and less temper; and provided he was left supreme in his poetical capacity, he was contented to be subordinate in any other. Towards the decline of life, he contracted a kind of an aversion to the government; and it was generally at his house the most considerable members of the opposition met and concerted their measures. In his natural complexion he was the very reverse of what he pretended to be in his writings; though splenetic, he was not immoral; yet he descended to employ the lowest agents, and to practise the meanest arts, to advance his reputation as a poet, which he had the peculiar art of making subservient to his interest. TINDAL.

To write elegantly in verse is the gift of one in a million, and that only to the *true poet*. Mr. Pope is the best poet in England, and at present of all the world. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in the little performance, "The Rape of the Lock." VOLTAIRE.

Mr. Pope was low in stature, and of a diminutive and misshapen figure, which no one ridiculed more pleasantly than himself. His constitution was naturally tender and delicate,
and

and in his temper he was naturally mild and gentle, yet sometimes betrayed that exquisite sensibility which is the concomitant of genius. His lively perception and delicate feeling, irritated by wretched ill health, made him too quickly take fire; but his good sense and humanity soon rendered him placable.

His passion for poetry was so strong, that he often declared he began to write verses earlier in life than he could call to memory. Between fifteen and twenty he devoted himself entirely to the reading of the most considerable poets and critics in the Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English languages. His tender frame preserved him from those modes of intemperance to which genius in particular has often proved a victim*. His sickly state of health soon made him sensible of sensual excesses, which, with the uncomeliness of his person, might render him more assiduous to cultivate his mental faculties, that he might atone for the defects of an ungraceful figure by the accomplishments of an elegant and polished mind. His correct and accurate judgment enabled him to apply the choice and various talents he possessed to the best advantage. The fertility of his invention never rendered his ideas crowded and confused: they are always clear, distinct, precise, and pertinent: the vigor and vivacity of his imagination never degenerated into wanton luxuriance. His images are lively, bold, and ardent; but apposite, elegant, and chaste. We seldom meet with a false mixture of metaphors; his figures are beautifully congruous and exact. The brilliance of his fancy likewise was happily attempered, and never dazzled with the false lustre of gaudy conceit and fantastic witticism.

The nature of a writer's genius is to be collected from his earliest efforts; and that of Mr. Pope appears to have been of the moral and contemplative cast, as may be concluded from his *Ode to Solitude*, the first production of his childhood:—and there is a genius of style which is an indispensable ingredient in the composition of poetical excellence, and to this he owes his superiority: a copious flow of expression, a correct, glowing, and splendid diction, and a ravishing harmony of numbers,

* From his numerous connexions among the great, he was nevertheless obliged sometimes to submit to the inconvenience of irregular hours, and tempted to partake of a surfeiting variety. In some of his letters to his familiar friends he censures himself for it, and thus addresses Mr. Bethel: "Take care of your health; follow not the feasts (as I have done) of lords, nor the frolics of ladies: but be composed, yet chearful; complainant, yet not a slave."

were peculiar to our poet. The splendid marks of genius, which incline us to excuse the failings of others, give additional lustre to his writings, and his wit only served to adorn his judgment. It was to the accuracy of his judgment, and to the unwearied patience and application with which he finished his writings, that he owed that singular correctness which distinguishes them above all others. With regard to extent of his genius, it was so wide and various, that perhaps it will not be too much to say, that he excelled in every species of composition: and, beside his excellence as a poet, he was both an antiquarian and an architect, and neither in an inferior degree.

His various reading and retentive memory, assisted by a habit of reflection, rendered him intelligent upon most subjects, and his social disposition made him communicative; but he was not formed for a public speaker. He never could speak in public: a story that he could relate with pleasure to any three friends, he could not before a company of twelve. When he was to appear for Atterbury at his trial, though he had but ten words to say, and on a plain, easy point, he made two blunders in them.

He was open, unaffected, and affable in his manners. He never debased himself by an unbecoming levity or servile accommodation: nor did he offend others by an over-weening arrogance and pertinacity. He was free, yet decent; lively, yet discreet. Though no one, as a writer, perhaps was ever more the subject of lavish encomium and illiberal criticism, yet few appear to have been less affected by either. He had a conscious dignity of mind, which secured him from being elated by the former, or depressed by the latter. No man ever judged of others with more candour and liberality:—he celebrated living merit, and that of those that were dead, with a warm and heart-felt applause.

His moral character above all adorns and endears his memory. In every relation of life he was equally excellent and praise-worthy. His filial piety was particularly eminent and exemplary. His affection and reverence for his parents appears on all occasions wherein he could express them; and no man ever entertained more exalted notions of friendship, or was ever more sincere, steady, warm, and disinterested in all his attachments. Every inch of his heart was let out in lodgings for his friends.

He was too inattentive to the moral qualities of the friends which he chose in youth; but in his riper years he turned off his

his unworthy acquaintance, and formed no connexions through vanity. Though he lived among the great and wealthy, his familiarity with them never so far corrupted his manners, or influenced his writings, as to induce him to flatter or dissemble. He did not idolize their power, but respect their principles, as is evident from his attachment to the two fallen ministers, Bolingbroke and Oxford, to whom he never offered incense in their prosperity, but paid them the grateful tribute of applause after their disgrace. His principles and his spirit excluded him from employing their influence to procure for himself either place or pension; and when civilly treated and courted by Sir Robert Walpole, who it is thought offered to procure him a pension, he declined it, saying, "I never thought myself so warm in any party's cause as to deserve their money." He always industriously avoided party attachments, declaring that he had personal obligations to men of different sides, which he would never violate. It was surmised, from his intimacy with Swift and others of that party, that he took a share in the political squabbles of those days; yet it is now certain, that he never intermeddled with any public concerns, and never wrote a political paper in his life.

His love of virtue was ardent and unfeigned. He was punctual, temperate, generous, beneficent, and grateful. To the virtues of œconomy and temperance he united the merit of the most expanded beneficence. His affection and generosity were conspicuous, and his gratitude was equal to his generosity: he never forgot any benefit that he had received, or ever omitted an occasion of making a grateful return to his benefactor.

He had a sincere love for his country, and a diffusive benevolence for the whole human race. With sound sense, strong satire, and manly freedom of sentiment, he vindicated on all occasions the political and religious rights of mankind, and proved himself to have been a bigot to no sect or party. His pen was guided by more noble and extensive views than that of serving any faction.

He had a kind of reverential regard, and an extravagance of attachment, to lord Bolingbroke, which bordered even upon imbecility. It proved to be a blind partiality for an unworthy friend; who, while he lived, still courted and caressed him, and expressed deep concern for him when dying; but was the first to throw dirt on his ashes, and asperse his memory by the imputation of a baseness which his soul above all others abhorred—that of *treachery*. Mr. Pope's better judgment might have

have taught him, that the man who was false to his public, would never be true to his private connexions *.

It may appear strange, that one of Mr. Pope's strong sense and liberal mind should persist in professing a religion (*Papery*) founded in the grossest error and absurdity, and supported by the most manifest fraud and tyranny. But this seems rather to have been owing to the tenderness of his heart, than the weakness of his head. When we consider the reverence we entertain for the opinions of our parents, more especially when filial affection comes in aid of parental authority, and the regard we pay to our earliest and most intimate friendships and connexions, which we should forfeit by abandoning those principles; we shall find that it requires something more than a strong understanding to make an open renunciation of opinions which would be attended with the loss of all those heart-felt pleasures which we derive from the love of our parents, and the esteem of our earliest friends. These no doubt were among the obstacles which restrained Mr. Pope from publicly renouncing a religion, the bigotry of which he hath exposed and ridiculed in his writings. But his understanding was too solid and acute to be perverted by the fallacy and soppiness of a religion which can only impose on the vulgar.

Several of his friends were anxious that he should abjure the profession of a religion so inconsistent with his enlightened understanding, and so injurious to his interest; on which topic he thus wrote to bishop Atterbury, "Whether the change
" would be to my spiritual advantage, God only knows: this
" I know, that I mean as well in the religion I now profess
" as I can possibly ever do in another.—I am not a Papist,
" for I renounce the temporal invasions of the Papal power,
" and detest their arrogated authority over princes and states.
" I am a Catholic in the strictest sense of the word. The
" things I have always wished to see, are not a Roman Ca-
" tholic, or a French Catholic, or a Spanish Catholic, but a
" true Catholic: and not a king of whigs, or a king of to-
" ries, but a king of England. Which God of his mercy
" grant his present majesty may be, and all future majesties!"

* See a more particular account of this in lord Bolingbroke's character, p. 26. It was Pope's fortune to be egregiously duped by his friend, and also by his mistress (Mrs. Blount.) The mask of rigid, savage virtue which the former assumed when he turned philosopher, and the tenderness of friendship which he thought he saw in the other, made a sport of his head and his heart.

He thought himself of too little consequence to do much good by leaving the corrupt church of Rome, and he was very certain it would be exposing himself to much abuse; and his extreme delicacy and sensibility made him abhor the thought of being suspected to sacrifice his religious principles from any motive of worldly honor or interest.

No man ever expressed a greater reverence and veneration for the Deity, or entertained a firmer persuasion of the truths of Christianity. When witlings and free-thinkers misapplied and perverted his writings and sentiments, so as to give countenance to their own licentious principles, it gave him great concern, and he readily embraced the first occasion of entering his protest against all such misconstructions. His nice attention to avoid giving offence by a seeming neglect of religious decorum, was conspicuous in his latest moments. A friend asked him, Whether he would not die as his father and mother had done; and whether he should send for a priest? He answered, "I do not suppose it to be *essential*; but it will look right, and I heartily thank you for putting me in mind of it." RUFFHEAD.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

IT is impossible to find lights and shades strong enough to paint the character of lord Bolingbroke, who was a most mortifying instance of the violence of human passions, and of the improved and exalted human reason. His virtues and his vices, his reason and his passions, did not blend themselves by a gradation of tints, but formed a shining and sudden contrast.

Here the darkest, there the most splendid colours, and both rendered more striking from their proximity. Imperiousness, excess, and almost extravagancy, characterized not only his passions but even his senses. His youth was distinguished by all the tumult and storm of pleasures, in which he licentiously triumphed, disdaining all decorum. His fine imagination was often heated and exhausted with his body in celebrating and deifying the prostitute of the night; and his convivial joys were

pushed to all the extravagancy of frantic bacchanals. These passions were never interrupted but by a stronger, ambition. The former impaired both his constitution and his character; but the latter destroyed both his fortune and his reputation.

He engaged young, and distinguished himself, in business. His penetration was almost intuition, and he adorned whatever subject he either spoke or wrote upon by the most splendid eloquence; not a studied or laboured eloquence, but by such a flowing happiness of diction, which (from care perhaps at first) was become so habitual to him, that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press, without the least correction, either as to method or style. He had noble and generous sentiments, rather than fixed, reflected principles of good-nature and friendship; but they were more violent than lasting, and suddenly and often varied to their opposite extremes, with regard even to the same persons. He received the common attentions of civility as obligations, which he returned with interest; and resented with passion the little inadvertencies of human nature, which he repaid with interest too. Even a difference of opinion upon a philosophical subject would provoke, and prove him no practical philosopher at least.

Notwithstanding the dissipation of his youth, and the tumultuous agitation of his middle age, he had an infinite fund of various and almost universal knowledge, which from the clearest and quickest conception, and the happiest memory that ever man was blest with, he always carried about him. It was his pocket-money, and he never had occasion to draw upon a book for any sum. He excelled more particularly in history, as his historical works plainly prove. The relative, political, and commercial interests of every country in Europe, particularly of his own, were better known to him than perhaps to any man in it; but how steadily he pursued the latter in his public conduct, his enemies of all parties and denominations tell with pleasure.

During

During his long exile in France, he applied himself to study with his characteristical ardour; and there he formed, and chiefly executed, the plan of his great philosophical work. The common bounds of human knowledge were too narrow for his warm and aspiring imagination; he must go *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, and explore the unknown and unknowable regions of metaphysics, which open an unbounded field for the excursions of an ardent imagination, where endless conjectures supply the defect of unattainable knowledge, and too often usurp both its name and its influence.

He had a very handsome person, with a most engaging address in his air and manners; he had all the dignity and good-breeding which a man of quality should or can have, and which so few, in this country at least, really have.

He professed himself a deist, believing in a general Providence, but doubting of, though by no means rejecting (as is commonly supposed) the immortality of the soul, and a future state.

He died of a cruel and shocking distemper, a cancer in his face, which he endured with firmness. A week before he died, I took my last leave of him with grief; and he returned me his last farewell with tenderness, and said, "God who placed me here, will do what he pleases with me hereafter; and he knows best what to do. May he bless you!"

Upon the whole of this extraordinary character, what can we say, but, alas! poor human nature!

Lord Bolingbroke came early into the great world. What natural good principles he had were corrupted by that political accommodation, that habit of dissimulation, which is, or is thought to be, necessary for those that fill the high stations in the active scenes of life. To this perhaps, as well as to some constitutional causes, it was owing, that his lordship's feelings were many of them affected, all of them transient.

His letters on the Spirit of Patriotism, on the Idea of a Patriot King, and on the State of Parties at the Accession of King George the First, at best contain little more than common-place declamation. His Patriot Prince is no better than

a mere school declamation, which acquaints the world with this important secret, "That, if a prince could be once brought to love his country, he would always act for the good of it." Mr. Pope's partiality for this treatise, and fondness for his friend, however, led him to print it, and, it is said, without the knowledge and consent of his noble friend. On this account, his lordship cast very severe expressions on Pope's honor and sincerity; but it seemed to be a pretence for indulging his spleen and resentment against the dead poet (for his friendly sincerity respecting his remarks as to the authenticity of the scriptures) which he dared not to attack while living.

It is not to be wondered that his lordship should harbour such a pitiful resentment, when his character is considered; which was vain, arrogant, and vindictive. Being disappointed in his views of taking the lead in the political world, he as vainly attempted to preside in the literary republic: and as he could not endure a colleague in politics, neither could he bear a rival in letters. To be opposed in either, mortified his pride and provok'd his malice; and he became the *calumniator* of his friend, from the same principle that he turned a *rebel* to his country. RUFFHEAD.

The four last years of the administration of queen Anne's reign presented a scene the most iniquitous that was ever brought on the stage of public affairs. All the hopeful expectations of reaping the fruit of much blood and treasure (which then seemed infallible) were blasted and confounded on a sudden, by the prevailing intrigues of a faction composed of a few ambitious and designing men, in concert with a new favourite lady, who had gained the affections of the queen. These new projectors broke through the barriers of honor, honesty, and good faith; and, giving up all concern not only for the interest of our friends, but of their own country, without any other motive or provocation than that of satisfying their wicked and aspiring views at any rate, and in order to bring in the pretender, they flung themselves into the arms of France.

Lord Bolingbroke, who was a principal manager in defence of the administration, is very bold and dogmatic in his assertions, employs much art and colouring to set them off to the best advantage, and to make superficial and imaginary notions, void of all proof or argument, pass for realities; and, to divert the reader's attention from the object of truth, he takes great pains to calumniate others, the usual resource of a weak cause: his assertions are positive, displayed with great assurance, and in a plausible and amusing style; but a judicious person,

person, acquainted with the papers of the times, will easily see through the fallacious and deceitful veil of his partial and malicious representation, unmask the political *Charlatan*, and detect his pretended erudition and veracity. Lord WALPOLE.

The divisions among the friends to the peace of Utrecht were greatly increased, if they did not owe their rise to the unruly ambition of the earl of Oxford (Harley) and the lord viscount Bolingbroke; the latter of these noblemen had long felt, with an impatient disdain, the mortification of acting under a minister whose abilities he regarded as infinitely inferior to his own; and the jealousy of Oxford, which incited him to treat his rival with great neglect, and often to disappoint him in matters of pecuniary interest, increased the resentment of St. John to a height which at length overcame all those considerations of prudence and mutual safety which had hitherto directed his conduct. Oxford, from timidity or principle, entered very coldly into the queen's views of securing the succession to the Pretender, and it is thought betrayed her counsels to the whigs; but Bolingbroke, turning her prejudices to his own advantage, encouraged her with the most flattering hopes of success. Mrs. MACAULAY.

Bolingbroke was a competitor with Oxford for power, and a rival in reputation for ability. The treasurer's parts were deemed the more solid, the secretary Bolingbroke's more shining; but both ministers were aspiring and ambitious. Bolingbroke disdained to act as a subaltern to the man whom he thought he excelled in genius and equalled in importance. He professed a warm zeal for the church of England, and soothed the queen's inclinations with the most assiduous attention. The Jacobites flattered themselves, that the queen in secret favored the pretensions of her brother, and they depended upon Bolingbroke's attachment to the same interest.

In the year 1725 he petitioned parliament that the execution of the law with respect to his forfeitures might be suspended; and Sir Robert Walpole signified to the house, by his majesty's command, that seven years before the petitioner had made his humble application and submission to the king, with assurances of duty, allegiance, and fidelity; and that, from his behaviour since that time, his majesty was convinced of his being a fit object of his mercy. Walpole also declared himself fully satisfied that the petitioner had sufficiently atoned for his past offences, and deserved the favor of that house. The bill was opposed warmly; and Methuen, comptroller of the household, represented him as "a monster of iniquity."

Biographical Dictionary.

We

We think this bill * contains extraordinary and undeserved bounty and reward to a person impeached by the Commons, and as yet attainted for treason, which tended to the overthrow of the Protestant succession, and to the placing the Pretender on the throne.

We think that no assurances which this person hath given, nor any services he can have performed, since his commission of the treason, or any farther obligations he can enter into, can be a sufficient, or any security to his majesty, or the kingdom, against his future insincerity which may happen, he having already so often violated the most solemn assurances and obligations; and, in defence of them, having openly attempted the dethroning his majesty, and the destruction of the liberties of his country. Lords' Protests, anno 1724.

In the year 1748 lord Bolingbroke is said to have been the chief spring, which in secret actuated the deliberations of the prince of Wales's court. That nobleman, seemingly sequestered from the tumults of a public life, resided in the neighbourhood of London, at Battersea, where he was visited, like a fainted shrine, by all the distinguished votaries of wit, eloquence, and popular ambition. There he was cultivated and admired for the elegance of his manners, and the charms of his conversation. The prince's curiosity was first captivated by his character; and his esteem was afterwards secured by the irresistible address of that extraordinary personage, who continued in a regular progression to insinuate himself farther and farther into the good graces of his royal patron. How far the conduct of his royal highness was influenced by the private advice of this nobleman, we shall not pretend to determine: but, certain it is, the friends of the ministry propagated a report, that he was the dictator of those measures which the prince adopted; and that, under the specious pretext of attachment to the heir-apparent of the crown, he concealed his real aim, which was to perpetuate the breach in the royal family. SMOLLETT.

Lord Bolingbroke had early made himself master of books and men; but in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran through a variety of scenes in a surprizing and eccentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflection, he

* To enable him to enjoy his father's or any other personal estate, and promoted by sir Robert Walpole.

shone out in his retirement with a lustre peculiar to himself, though not seen by vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philosopher, equal to any of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation. Lord ORRERY.

He came early into life, and was naturally formed with every accomplishment that could strike and please, either in public or private. Though his learning cannot be said to have been any other than superficial, yet he possessed so much of it, and knew how to turn it to so much advantage in conversation, that the most knowing could not pronounce him to be shallow either in divinity or philosophy; neither was he ever discovered to be such, till the public had an opportunity of coolly judging of his posthumous works, upon which he was known to value himself so much in his life-time. His easy and pleasing manners received incredible advantages from an universal prejudice in favor of his abilities, raised by Mr. Pope and other writers, who stood at the head of polite literature in Europe. It cannot, however, be denied, that he was occasionally, perhaps, the best political writer that ever appeared in England. Several circumstances contributed to this; he had a personal hatred to Sir Robert Walpole and his family, which gave such an edge to his pen, and such a glow to his language, that his writings exhibited to the greatest advantage the strongest ridicule and the sublimest sentiment. The next advantage he had, was the despicable abilities of the writers he encountered; and, lastly, by his connections and correspondence abroad, he had excellent intelligence both of the interests and transactions of foreign courts. He was pertinacious, but not deep, in the English history; and the Dissertation upon Parties, for which he was so much celebrated, is but, at best, a plausible performance; if it was called shallow, the character, perhaps, would be more just. The same may be pronounced of his other writings upon English history. Though he was for some time at the head of the high church party, yet he was in his principles an infidel as to all revealed religion; and the arguments he has employed in his posthumous works, to support his opinions, discover how very superficially he read and studied.

Under the appearance of the most perfect resignation to his fate, and condemning all power, he concealed the most malicious resentments, and the most ambitious projects, that could rise in a human breast. His treatment of Mr. Pope, to whom
he

he was under the highest obligations, even pecuniary ones, immediately after that poet's death, shewed his ingratitude as a man; his abandoning his principles, and entering into the service of the Pretender, whom he likewise betrayed, shewed his profligacy as a minister. The truth is, there was in his nature no constancy, and consequently there was in his conduct no consistency, though he had very often long fits of application to business. His being restored to a capacity of inheriting in England, and pardoned as to his life and fortune, was owing to the intrigues of a French lady, who was, or lived with him in the rank of, his wife, and who was, in all respects, except the profligate part of his character, a more extraordinary woman than he was a man. His want of steadiness appeared even in his domestic œconomy, by which he often ran into great difficulties. In his youth he had been intemperate, which was a proof of the excellence of his constitution, for he lived to the seventieth year of his age. TINDAL.

M R. P U L T E N E Y *.

MR. Pulteney was formed by nature for social and convivial pleasures. Resentment made him engage in business. He had thought himself slighted by Sir Robert Walpole, to whom he publicly avowed not only revenge, but utter destruction. He had lively and shining parts, a surprizing quickness of wit, and a happy turn to the most amusing and entertaining kinds of poetry, as epigrams, ballads, odes, &c.; in all which he had an uncommon facility. His compositions in that way were sometimes satirical, often licentious, but always full of wit.

He had a quick and clear conception of business, could equally detect and practise sophistry. He could state and explain the most intricate matters, even in figures, with the utmost perspicuity. His parts were rather above business; and the warmth of his imagination, joined to the impetuosity and restlessness of his temper, made him incapable of conducting it long together with prudence and steadiness.

* This character was written in the year 1763.

He was a most complete orator and debater in the house of commons; eloquent, entertaining, persuasive, strong, and pathetic, as occasion required; for he had arguments, wit, and tears, at his command. His breast was the seat of all those passions which degrade our nature, and disturb our reason. There they raged in perpetual conflict; but *avarice*, the meanest of them all, generally triumphed, ruled absolutely, and in many instances, which I forbear to mention, most scandalously.

His sudden passion was outrageous, but supported by great personal courage. Nothing exceeded his ambition but his avarice: they often accompany, and are frequently and reciprocally the causes and the effects of each other; but the latter is always a clog upon the former. He affected good-nature and compassion, and perhaps his heart might feel the misfortunes and distresses of his fellow-creatures, but his hand was seldom or never stretched out to relieve them. Though he was an able actor of truth and sincerity, he could occasionally lay them aside, to serve the purposes of his ambition or avarice.

He was once in the greatest point of view that ever I saw any subject in. When the opposition, of which he was the leader in the house of commons, prevailed at last against Sir Robert Walpole, he became the arbiter between the crown and the people: the former imploring his protection, the latter his support. In that critical moment his various jarring passions were in the highest ferment, and for a while suspended his ruling one. Sense of shame made him hesitate at turning courtier on a sudden, after having acted the patriot so long, and with so much applause; and his pride made him declare, that he would accept of no place, vainly imagining, that he could by such a simulated and temporary self-denial preserve his popularity with the public, and his power at court. He was mistaken in both. The king hated him almost as much for what he might have done, as for what he had done; and a motley ministry was formed, which by no means desired
his

his company. The nation looked upon him as a deserter, and he shrunk into insignificance and an earldom.

He made several attempts afterwards to retrieve the opportunity he had lost, but in vain ; his situation would not allow it. He was fixed in the house of lords, that hospital of incurables ; and his retreat to popularity was cut off : for the confidence of the public, when once great and once lost, is never to be regained. He lived afterwards in retirement with the wretched comfort of Horace's miser ;

Populus me sibilat, &c.

I may, perhaps, be suspected to have given too strong colouring to some features of this portrait ; but I solemnly protest, that I have drawn it conscientiously, and to the best of my knowledge, from a very long acquaintance with, and observation of, the original. Nay, I have rather softened than heightened the colouring.

Mr. Pulteney was the head of the opposition in the house of commons. He was a professed whig, and as such he opposed the minister ; but he never intended that this opposition should be carried farther than to retrieve the nation from those measures, which as a whig he thought to be wrong, and which he blamed the minister who had risen upon the whig interest for pursuing. TINDAL.

Mr. Pulteney inherited from nature a good understanding, which he had studiously cultivated. He was one of the most learned members in the house of commons ; extremely well qualified to judge of literary productions ; well read in history and politics ; deeply skilled in the British constitution, the detail of government, and the nature of the finances. He spoke with freedom, fluency, and uncommon warmth of declamation, which was said to be the effect of personal animosity to Sir Robert Walpole, with whom he had formerly been connected.

Soon after he was made earl of Bath, he declared in the house of lords, “ That he considered it as an act of cowardice and meanness to fall passively down the stream of popularity, and to suffer his reason and integrity to be overborne by the noise of vulgar clamors, which had been
“ raised

“ raised against the measures of government by the low arts
 “ of exaggeration, fallacious reasonings, and partial repre-
 “ sentations.” The very language which Sir Robert Wal-
 pole had often used against Mr. Pulteney and his confederates
 in the house of commons. SMOLLETT.

Mr. Pulteney being born to a plentiful fortune, he early had a seat in the house of commons, and began to distinguish himself by being a warm partizan against the ministry in the reign of queen Anne. He had sagacity to detect their errors, and spirited eloquence sufficient to expose them. These services were well rewarded by king George I. who, upon coming to the throne, raised Mr. Pulteney to the place of secretary at war, in the year 1714. Not long after, he was raised to be cofferer to his majesty's household; but the intimacy between this gentleman and Sir Robert Walpole, who then acted as prime minister, was soon interrupted, by its being suspected that Sir Robert was desirous of extending the limits of the prerogative, and promoting the interest of Hanover, at the expence of his country.

Nor did Mr. Pulteney confine his displeasure at the minister to his person only, but to all his measures; so that some have been of opinion, that he opposed Sir Robert often, when the measures he pursued were beneficial to the public.

This course of steady opposition at last became so obnoxious to the crown, that the king, on the 1st day of July, 1731, called for the council book, and with his own hand struck the name of William Pulteney, esq. out of the list of privy counsellors: his majesty further ordered him to be put out of all commissions of the peace; the several lord lieutenants, from whom he had received deputations, were commanded to revoke them; and the lord chancellor and secretaries of state were directed to give the necessary orders for that purpose.

A proceeding so violent in the ministry only served to inflame this gentleman's resentment, and increase his popularity. It was some time after this, that he made that celebrated speech, in which he compared the ministry to an empiric, and the constitution of England to his patients. “ This pretender in
 “ physic,” said he, “ being consulted, tells the distempered
 “ person, there were but two or three ways of treating his
 “ disease, and he was afraid that none of them would succeed.
 “ A vomit might throw him into convulsions that would oc-
 “ casion immediate death; a purge might bring on a diar-
 “ rhœa that would carry him off in a short time; and he had
 “ been already bled so much, and so often, that he could bear
 D “ it

“ it no longer. The unfortunate patient, shocked at this declaration, replies, ‘ Sir, you have always pretended to be a regular doctor, but I now find you are an arrant quack ; I had an excellent constitution when I first fell into your hands, but you have quite destroyed it ; and now I find I have no other chance for saving my life, but by calling for the help of some regular physician.’ ”

In the year 1741, when Sir Robert found his place of prime minister no longer tenable, he wisely resigned all his employments, and was created earl of Orford. His opposers, among whom Mr. Pulteney had long been foremost, were assured of being provided for ; and, among several other promotions, Mr. Pulteney was sworn of the privy council, and soon afterwards created earl of Bath. He had long lived in the very focus of popular observation, and was respected as the chief bulwark against the encroachments of the crown. But, from the moment he accepted a title, all his favor with the people was at an end ; and the rest of his life was spent in contemning that applause which he could no longer secure.

Biographical Dictionary.

Of all the nominal patriots who on this important occasion (the bringing a minister to justice) deserted the interest of their country, there were none who attracted the notice, or who caused the speculation of the public, equal to lord Bath. Mr. Pulteney's great abilities, his oratorical powers, and his extensive knowledge, had placed him, without a rival, at the head of the party. These were days when character had weight sufficient with the public to satisfy the most turbulent ambition ; and the honours paid by the multitude to the prince of Wales attended Mr. Pulteney whenever he appeared. Where lies the intrinsic value of titles ? Do not men regard titles merely for the cap and courtesy which follow them ? Yet Mr. Pulteney gave up all these advantages, with the character of the first and the firmest patriot in the kingdom, for an empty title ;—a title indeed so empty, that he had no sooner accepted it, than the respectful attention of mankind was turned into a studied contempt and neglect, the acclamations of the public into scoffs and hisses, and every seat Mr. Pulteney touched, as if infected with the plague, was carefully avoided.

In the pliant manners of these times, which bend to exterior appearances, without any regard to conduct or principle, we can have no idea of the mortifications endured by this quondam patriot : indeed they were so great, that he was accused by the free-thinkers with the want of spirit for the not putting a sudden

sudden period to his life : but experience shews that lord Bath judged better ; and he lived to see the time when a full complacency was paid to his fortune and rank, without any regard to his former defection, except by a few primitive men.

However, the fall of this great man is one of the most remarkable instances which shew that the Almighty Ruler of the universe will not suffer defective characters to be instruments in so glorious a work as the breaking the yoke of tyranny ; nor permit men, who are without the principle of virtue, to enjoy for any length of time its never-failing rewards, or even to carry its externals to the grave.

Mrs. MACAULAY.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

I MUCH question, whether an impartial character of Sir Robert Walpole will or can be transmitted to posterity ; for he governed this kingdom so long, that the various passions of mankind mingled, and in a manner incorporated themselves, with every thing that was said or written concerning him. Never was man more flattered, nor more abused ; and his long power was probably the chief cause of both. I was much acquainted with him both in his public and his private life. I mean to do impartial justice to his character ; and therefore my picture of him will, perhaps, be more like him, than it will be like any of the other pictures drawn of him.

In private life he was good-natured, chearful, social ; inelegant in his manners, loose in his morals. He had a coarse, strong wit, which he was too free of for a man in his station, as it is always inconsistent with dignity. He was very able as a minister, but without a certain elevation of mind necessary for great good, or great mischief. Profuse and appetent, his ambition was subservient to his desire of making a great fortune. He had more of the Mazarin than of the Richlieu. He would do mean things for profit, and never thought of doing great ones for glory.

He was both the best parliament-man, and the ablest manager of parliament, that I believe ever lived. An artful rather than an eloquent speaker; he saw, as by intuition, the disposition of the house, and pressed or receded accordingly. So clear in stating the most intricate matters, especially in the finances, that, whilst he was speaking, the most ignorant thought that they understood what they really did not. Money, not prerogative, was the chief engine of his administration; and he employed it with a success which in a manner disgraced humanity. He was not, it is true, the inventor of that shameful method of governing which had been gaining ground insensibly ever since Charles II. but with uncommon skill and unbounded profusion he brought it to that perfection, which at this time dishonours and distresses this country, and which (if not checked, and God knows how it can be now checked) must ruin it.

Besides this powerful engine of government, he had a most extraordinary talent of persuading and working men up to his purpose. A hearty kind of frankness, which sometimes seemed impudence, made people think that he let them into his secrets, whilst the impoliteness of his manners seemed to attest his sincerity. When he found any body proof against pecuniary temptations, which, alas! was but seldom, he had recourse to a still worse art; for he laughed at and ridiculed all notions of public virtue, and the love of one's country, calling them "The chimerical school-boy flights of classical learning;" declaring himself at the same time, "No faint, no Spartan, no reformer." He would frequently ask young fellows, at their first appearance in the world, while their honest hearts were yet untainted, "Well, are you to be an old Roman? a patriot? You will soon come off of that, and grow wiser." And thus he was more dangerous to the morals than to the liberties of his country, to which I am persuaded he meant no ill in his heart.

He was the easy and profuse dupe of women, and in some instances indecently so. He was excessively open
to

to flattery, even of the grossest kind, and from the coarsest bunglers of that vile profession ; which engaged him to pass most of his leisure and jovial hours with people whose blasted characters reflected upon his own. He was loved by many, but respected by none ; his familiar and illiberal mirth and raillery leaving him no dignity. He was not vindictive, but on the contrary very placable to those who had injured him the most. His good-humour, good-nature, and beneficence, in the several relations of father, husband, master, and friend, gained him the warmest affections of all within that circle.

His name will not be recorded in history among the “ best men,” or the “ best ministers ;” but much less ought it to be ranked among the worst.

Sir Robert Walpole, having obtained a seat in the lower house, declared himself one of the most forward partisans of the whig faction. He was endued with a species of eloquence which, though neither nervous nor elegant, flowed with great facility, and was so plausible on all subjects, that even when he misrepresented the truth, whether from ignorance or design, he seldom failed to persuade that part of his audience for whose hearing his harangue was chiefly intended. He was well acquainted with the nature of the public funds, and understood the whole mystery of stock-jobbing. This knowledge produced a connection between him and the money corporations, which served to enhance his importance. He perceived the bulk of mankind were actuated by a sordid thirst of lucre ; had sagacity enough to convert the degeneracy of the times to his own advantage ; and on this, and this alone, he founded the whole superstructure of his subsequent administration.

In the reign of George the first he had, by dint of speaking decisively to every question, by boldly impeaching the conduct of the tory ministers, by his activity in elections, and by engaging as a projector in the schemes of the monied interest, become a leading member in the house of commons. By his former sufferings under the tory parliament, he attained the rank of a martyr to his party : his interest, his reputation, and his presumption, daily increased : he opposed Sunderland as his rival in power, and headed a dangerous defection from the ministry, which evinced the greatness of his influence and

authority. He had the glory of being principally concerned in effecting a reconciliation between the king and the prince of Wales: then he was re-associated in the administration with additional credit; and, from the deaths of the earls of Sunderland and Stanhope, he had been making long strides towards the office of prime minister.

He knew the maxims he had adopted would subject him to the hatred, the ridicule, and the reproach of some individuals, who had not yet resigned all sentiments of patriotism, nor all views of opposition: but the number of these was inconsiderable, when compared to that which constituted the body of the community; and he would not suffer the consideration of such antagonists to come in competition with his schemes of power, affluence, and authority. Nevertheless, low as he had humbled anti-ministerial association, it required all his artifice to elude, all his patience and natural phlegm to bear, the powerful arguments that were urged, and the keen satire that was exercised, against his measures and management, by a few members in the opposition. SMOLLETT.

They who think Sir Robert Walpole was a man of abilities, but not of genius, are mistaken, through the wrong conceptions they have of the word Genius, when applied to the political character of a great man. The discernment of characters is the true, if not the only test of genius that a minister can discover in a country, where the radical nature of the government admits so many, and even his enemies, to be controllers of his administration, and, in a constitutional sense, the partners of his power. No man ever possessed this distinguished characteristic of political genius more than Sir Robert Walpole did; and to his honour be it remembered, that he acquired it by the gifts of nature; and by that sociability which he inherited from his birth, improved by his experience, and which his greatest enemies never denied to be, almost, peculiarly his. In this useful distinction, he was unrivalled by any of his antagonists; for though they were masters of talents, flashy, popular, and plausible, they fell far short of him in the practical and parliamentary parts of business.

Notwithstanding all the clamor, heat, and virulence of his enemies, and though, after he resigned his places, they were armed with inquisitorial powers, yet were they unable to bring one instance of any violation being offered to public or personal liberty, or any attempt to invade property of any kind, or to defeat the ordinary course of justice, during his long administration. All that his enemies, with their utmost accuracy,

curacy, discovered or could prove against him, scarcely deserved animadversion, far less censure or punishment; a proof of regard for the constitution and laws, which perhaps no history can equal during so extended a continuance of power as he enjoyed.

The greatest reproach, perhaps the greatest misfortune, of his administration, was his applying himself only to the knowledge of men, as they could be immediately useful in parliament. He was possessed of what is looked upon to be a competency of learning for a gentleman of fortune; but the cultivation of that went no farther than as he thought it might be useful to his ministerial capacity. At the same time that he was sensible, by his own experience while he himself was in an opposition, of the power of the press, no man set it to work with so little judgment as he did. He looked upon writing to be a mechanical kind of business, and he took up with the first pen that he could find in public offices, or whom he could oblige by private liberality; and it was very seldom he read over the pamphlets or papers that were written even in defence of his own measures. He looked upon political writing as a kind of currency that would pass by its nominal value, let its intrinsic worth be ever so inconsiderable. This inconceivable error in so great a man as Sir Robert Walpole can be ascribed only to his application to business, or to his relaxation from it, which did not admit of his entering upon discussions of literary matters.

His behaviour in parliament was sometimes unequal to that vast share of good-nature, good sense, and inflexible resolution, he was possessed of. After being teased, he was apt to be irritated, by the sarcasms thrown out against his person and administration; and his adversaries often went unwarrantable lengths in calumniating his measures, which they pushed to the more advantage, as they knew that he had prudential considerations which hindered him from entering into a precise defence of them; because, in such an assembly, the competition must be unequal, when what was really expedient was set in competition with what was rigorously constitutional. Perhaps his own nature, which was easy, compliable, and placable, led him to justify, upon the principles of expediency, some things that were not strictly conformable to the severest principles of the British government.

After he became first minister, his eloquence in parliament was sometimes palliative; its resources lay not in study or reading, but in the vast knowledge he had in parliamentary business, and his knowing the temper of his friends, who, he

was sensible, would go certain lengths with him, and no farther. This conviction kept him always, even in the plenitude of his power, decent; while no personality was his object. That seldom happened to be the case; but when it was, he sometimes lost himself, which his enemies did not fail to improve greatly to his disadvantage.

His affections for his friends and family were strong, and prevailed upon him to keep possession of power so long, that he found it at last dangerous both for himself and them to quit. This was the true source of all that was real in the charge of corruption that was so general in the mouths, and dropt from the pens of his enemies. The venal parts of parliaments were his friends or enemies, as interest directed them; and his situation often obliged him to gratify them with profitable considerations, even for voting according to their consciences. If his measures sometimes were wrong, those of his antagonists were not always right; for they directed their opposition equally against the justifiable as the questionable parts of his administration.

That he was a professed friend to peace, and that he made great, though not shameful, concessions to preserve it, cannot be denied. But the silent benefits his country was daily reaping from this maxim could not prevent the clamor which envy and disappointment, resentment and ambition, raised against his administration. At the same time it must be acknowledged, that no man ever possessed more intrepidity, both political and natural, than he did, after he was once determined in his measures. As a speaker in parliament, he was cool and clear; he spoke perhaps a little too frequently for a man of his distinction; but that might be owing to his really understanding business better than any friend he had about him, and therefore could better explain it. He was not what in a classical sense may be termed eloquent; but in another sense he had a more useful talent, for he just possessed that kind of elocution that could most effectually operate upon the minds of the assembly where he spoke. Through the loss of some teeth, his pronunciation, towards the latter end of his life, was a little inarticulate, but it was always intelligible. His person was tall, though somewhat unwieldy; but his presence was noble and benign. Had he not been a minister, it had been impossible for him to have had an enemy.

His character received additional lustre by his behaviour in retirement, which was as easy and as elegant as a Scipio or a Lælius. He had a happiness peculiar to himself, that though he resigned his places, he never lost a friend; and had he
been

been fond of returning into the administration, he had still so much influence in both houses as might, in the late divided state of parties, have replaced him in power. But he gave a noble proof of his gratitude and loyalty, by using all his interest with his friends, even to his death, to promote the service of his majesty, and to drop all opposition that could embarrass it. TINDAL.

Whatever objections Sir Robert Walpole's ministerial conduct may be liable to, yet in his private character he is universally allowed to be endowed with the most amiable and benevolent qualities. That he was a tender parent, a kind master, a beneficent patron, a firm friend, an agreeable companion, are points that have been seldom disputed, when Sir Robert Walpole or the earl of Oxford has been mentioned. Mr. Pope, who professed himself no friend to courts or courtiers, hath perhaps paid him, *gratis*, an handsomer compliment on the last of these heads, than his liberality could ever purchase. In answer to his friend, who persuades him to go and see Sir Robert, he says:

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchanged for power;
Seen him, uncumbered with the venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe*.

Biographical Dictionary.

* These lines, which did Sir Robert more honour than all the panegyrics purchased with the wealth of the treasury, were written in consequence of his favour to one Southcot, a Popish priest of Mr. Pope's acquaintance. Southcot wanted to get a void abbey near Avignon, but was apprehensive that his promotion to it would give umbrage to the English court, where he was obnoxious by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, and therefore it would not be given to him. Mr. Pope wrote a letter to Sir Robert on the priest's behalf, who immediately wrote to France to remove the objection; in consequence of which Southcot got the abbey; and Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of Sir Robert's civility, and always spoke of him with esteem and respect, and shewed his regard to him on all occasions, even at the time when it was the fashion to revile him.

LORD GRANVILLE.

LORD Granville had great parts, and a most uncommon share of learning for a man of quality.
He

He was one of the best speakers in the house of lords, both in the declamatory and the argumentative way. He had a wonderful quickness and precision in seizing the stress of a question, which no art, no sophistry, could disguise in him. In business he was bold, enterprising, and overbearing. He had been bred up in high monarchical, that is, tyrannical principles of government, which his ardent and imperious temper made him think were the only rational and practicable ones. He would have been a great first minister in France, little inferior, perhaps, to Richelieu; in this government, which is yet free, he would have been a dangerous one, little less so, perhaps, than lord Strafford. He was neither ill-natured nor vindictive, and had a great contempt for money. His ideas were all above it. In social life he was an agreeable, good-humoured, and instructive companion; a great but entertaining talker.

He degraded himself by the vice of drinking, which, together with a great stock of Greek and Latin, he brought away with him from Oxford, and retained and practised ever afterwards. By his own industry, he had made himself master of all the modern languages, and had acquired a great knowledge of the law. His political knowledge of the interest of princes and of commerce was extensive, and his notions were just and great. His character may be summed up, in nice precision, quick decision, and unbounded presumption*.

Lord Carteret was born April 22, 1690. In 1711 he was introduced into the house of Peers, where he distinguished himself in defence of our religion and liberties, and by his ardent zeal for the Protestant succession. In March 1721 he was sworn one of the lords of the privy council, as likewise one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state.

The king declaring, in the year 1723, that some extraordinary affairs called him abroad for the summer, his lordship was appointed one of the lords justices for the administration

* Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, dated Dec. 13, 1762, writes: "Lord Granville, they say, is dying. When he dies, the ablest head in England dies too, take it for all in all."

of the government; and, by his majesty's command, he and lord Townshend were ordered to wait on him at Hanover.

In April 1724, there being several removes at court, lord Carteret resigned his office of secretary, was succeeded by the duke of Newcastle, and was at the same time constituted lord lieutenant of Ireland. He was well acquainted with the state of the nation before he went over, and procured Mr. Wood's patent for coining halfpence and farthings, which had been complained of as a great grievance, to be revoked; though at his first going over he signed a proclamation, offering three hundred pounds reward for the discovery of the author of the *Drapier's Letters*. Notwithstanding this, he lived in great friendship with Swift; who once asked him, how he could concur in such a measure? To which his excellency replied in the words of Virgil:

— *Regni novitas me talia cogit
Moliri.*

He gratified Swift in promoting his friend Sheridan and many others. This celebrated wit used to remonstrate with great freedom against such measures as he disliked; and his lordship having gained the advantage of him in some dispute concerning the distresses of Ireland, he cried out in a violent passion, "What the vengeance brought you among us? Get you gone, get you gone. Pray God Almighty send us our boobies back again."

In the year 1727, when king George I. took his last journey abroad, on which he died, he was again declared one of the lords justices for the administration of the government during his absence.

George the second, on his accession, was pleased to declare him again lord lieutenant of Ireland. This successive appointment to that high station by two great kings was his peculiar honour, and was highly acceptable to the people of that kingdom. The many good laws that were passed during his viceroyalty, for the support and honour of the establishment, the relief of the distressed, the employment of the poor, the increase of tillage, and the improvement of the trade and inland navigation of the kingdom, will be so many monuments to posterity of his wise administration: and the Irish will ever remember, that he held that parliament wherein the king consented to the appropriation of a proper fund for the encouragement of these great purposes, and to remit part of his hereditary revenue. *Biographical Dictionary.*

Lord

Lord Carteret had distinguished himself in the character of envoy at several courts in Europe. He had attained an intimate knowledge of all the different interests and connections subsisting among the powers of the continent; and he infinitely surpassed all the ministers in learning and capacity. He was, indeed, the only man of genius employed under this government. He spoke with ease and propriety; his conceptions were just and lively; his inferences bold; his counsels vigorous and warm. Yet he depreciated his talents, by acting in a subordinate character to those whom he despised; and seemed to look upon the pernicious measures of a bad ministry with silent contempt, rather than with avowed detestation.

SMOLLETT.

The bringing a minister to justice (Sir Robert Walpole) taxed with flagrant acts of corruption, was the point on which the future good government of the nation evidently depended; but the bait of titles and offices, it seems, was too tempting for modern patriotism to withstand. Lord Carteret (afterwards earl Granville) and Mr. Sandys, it is said, were the first who embraced the offers of the court, and without the consent or privity of any other leaders of the opposition, except that of Mr. Pulteney; however, it was very soon that their example was generally followed. MRS. MACAULAY.

Lord Carteret, in the year 1742, insinuated himself into the confidence of the king, and, on the retreat of Sir Robert Walpole, engrossed the whole direction of public affairs. By pursuing the interests of Hanover he soothed the wishes of his master, and opened a more ample field for his own ambition. He had studied the policy of the continent with peculiar eagerness. This was the favorite subject of his reflection, upon which he thought and spoke with a degree of enthusiasm. The intolerable taxes, the poverty, the ruined commerce of his country, the iniquity of standing armies, votes of credit, and foreign connexions, upon which he had so often expatiated, were now forgotten or overlooked. He set the power of France at defiance; and, as if Great Britain had felt no distress, but teemed with treasure which she could not otherwise employ, he poured forth her millions with a rash and desperate hand, in purchasing beggarly allies, and maintaining mercenary armies.

ANONYMOUS.

Lord Carteret was among ministers of state one of superior capacity and influence, and independent of all party as to his power in the cabinet. He bore up against all the torrent of abuse against his measures with vast spirit, and it seemed only
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to confirm and quicken his resolutions. His abilities were universally acknowledged, and he betrayed no discontent at resigning the seals, which he did with a very good grace, as having his administration approved of by the imitation of his successors. TINDAL.

M R. PELHAM.

MR. Pelham had good sense, without either shining parts or any degree of literature. * He had by no means an elevated or enterprising genius, but had a more manly and steady resolution than his brother the duke of Newcastle. He had a gentleman-like frankness in his behaviour, and as great point of honour as a minister can have, especially a minister at the head of the treasury, where numberless sturdy and insatiable beggars of condition apply, who cannot all be gratified, nor all with safety be refused.

He was a very inelegant speaker in parliament, but spoke with a certain candour and openness that made him be well heard, and generally believed.

He wished well to the public, and managed the finances with great care and personal purity. He was *par negotiis neque supra*: had many domestic virtues and no vices. If his place, and the power that accompanies it, made him some public enemies, his behaviour in both secured him from personal and rancorous ones. Those who wished him worst, only wished themselves in his place.

Upon the whole, he was an honourable man, and a well-wishing minister.

Great Britain perhaps never enjoyed such a state of political tranquillity, as it did while Mr. Pelham was considered in the capacity of first minister; and, perhaps, he is the only instance upon record of a minister who made great virtues serve in the place of great abilities. His native candour, instead of being (as is generally the case) effaced, was improved, by the many departments of business through which he arose; and his being void of art conciliated to him more friends than the most artful

artful man ever gained. His apprehension, if not ready, was tenacious; and then it converted itself into resolution in which he was immoveable, though it was some time before it was fixed. His understanding was rather clear than bright, so that he seldom was deceived by the false glare of the medium through which he perceived objects.

He came early into life, and was a captain of dragoons in the action against the rebels in 1715, at Preston, and to the last he retained that openness of behaviour and conversation, which is so peculiar to men of merit in that profession. Few private gentlemen were ever known to unite so much dignity and ease in their behaviour as he did; and he retained a complacency of manners towards those with whom he differed, which even to them appeared to be so void of affectation, that he seldom failed to win them over. His long experience in business undoubtedly contributed greatly to his success; but he had about him a certain unreserve, which, from being captivating when he was known, became irresistible even by his greatest foes. His disinterestedness was seen in the state of his private affairs, which, considering his natural frugality, the many great posts he had held, and the vast opportunities he had of making money, were but very indifferent at the time of his death.

He was naturally grave; and no man was ever more, than he was, what he appeared to be. The share of learning he had was rather useful than curious; but his general notions both of men and things were sound and judicious; and, when once they were formed, they were unalterable. His principle in government was to avoid party of every kind; but he thought, till the Revolution took place, the constitution was unsettled, and liberty very precarious.

Though both his maxims and his principles were very different from those of Sir Robert Walpole, yet he preserved so wonderful a decorum towards his character and memory, that he often declined to have his own measures vindicated, because they could not be so without impeaching Sir Robert's conduct.

Nothing remains to be added to the character of this valuable man, but that it was such as was formed for the happiness of Great Britain, without hurting her honour. TINDAL.

Mr. Pelham was generally esteemed as a man of honesty and candour, actuated by a sincere love for his country, though he had been educated in erroneous principles of government, and in some measure obliged to prosecute a fatal system, which descended to him by inheritance. He deviated however from
that

hat maxim of his predecessor, which admitted of no contradiction from any of his adherents or fellow servants. That sordid deference to a minister no longer characterized the subordinate instruments of the administration. It was not unusual to see the great officers of the government divided in a parliamentary debate, and to hear the secretary at war opposing with great vehemence a clause suggested by the chancellor of the exchequer. His death, in March 1754, was sincerely lamented by his sovereign, and also regretted by the nation in general, to whose affection he had powerfully recommended himself by the candor and humanity of his conduct and character, even while he pursued measures which they did not entirely approve. SMOLLETT.

RICHARD EARL OF SCARBOROUGH*.

IN drawing the character of lord Scarborough, I will be strictly upon my guard against the partiality of that intimate and unreserved friendship, in which we lived for more than twenty years; to which friendship, as well as to the public notoriety of it, I owe much more than my pride will let my gratitude own. If this may be suspected to have biased my judgment, it must, at the same time, be allowed to have informed it; for the most secret movements of his soul were, without disguise, communicated to me only. However, I will rather lower than heighten the colouring; I will mark the shades, and draw a credible rather than an exact likeness.

He had a very good person, rather above the middle size; a handsome face, and when he was chearful, the most engaging countenance imaginable; when grave, which he was oftenest, the most respectable one. He had in the highest degree the air, manners, and address, of a man of quality, politeness with ease, and dignity without pride.

* This character was written August 29, 1759.

Bred in camps and courts*, it cannot be supposed that he was untainted with the fashionable vices of these warm climates; but (if I may be allowed the expression) he dignified them, instead of their degrading him into any mean or indecent action. He had a good degree of classical, and a great one of modern, knowledge; with a just, and, at the same time, a delicate taste.

In his common expences he was liberal within bounds; but in his charities and bounties he had none. I have known them put him to some present inconveniencies.

He was a strong, but not an eloquent or florid speaker in parliament. He spoke so unaffectedly the honest dictates of his heart, that truth and virtue, which never want, and seldom wear, ornaments, seemed only to borrow his voice. This gave such an astonishing weight to all he said, that he more than once carried an unwilling majority after him. Such is the authority of unsuspected virtue, that it will sometimes shame vice into decency at least.

He was not only offered, but pressed to accept, the post of secretary of state; but he constantly refused it. I once tried to persuade him to accept it; but he told me, that both the natural warmth and melancholy of his temper made him unfit for it; and that moreover he knew very well that, in those ministerial employments, the course of business made it necessary to do many hard things, and some unjust ones, which could only be authorised by the jesuitical casuistry of the direction of

* His father, lord viscount Lumley, was a convert from Popery; and though favoured by king James II. and had a command in the army, he continued a firm Protestant during that reign, and zealous for the liberties of his country. He was one of the first who privately engaged to support the prince of Orange, and who at his landing appeared in arms to effect the Revolution. When that prince ascended the throne, he made him one of his privy-council and of his bed-chamber, and created him earl of Scarborough in the year 1690. He was lieutenant-general in the army, and attended the king in his wars both in Flanders and Ireland. The son, whose character is here drawn, succeeded to the title and estate in 1721; but in his father's life-time he was summoned to parliament, and was gentleman of the bed-chamber and master of the horse to the prince.

the intention; a doctrine which he said he could not possibly adopt. Whether he was the first that ever made that objection, I cannot affirm; but I suspect that he will be the last.

He was a true constitutional, and yet practicable patriot; a sincere lover and a zealous assertor of the natural, the civil, and the religious rights of his country. But he would not quarrel with the crown, for some slight stretches of the prerogative; nor with the people, for some unwary ebullitions of liberty; nor with any one, for a difference of opinion in speculative points. He considered the constitution in the aggregate, and only watched that no one part of it should preponderate too much.

His moral character was so pure, that if one may say of that imperfect creature man, what a celebrated historian says of Scipio, *nil non laudandum aut dixit, aut fecit, aut sensit*; I sincerely think (I had almost said I know), one might say it with great truth of him, one single instance excepted, which shall be mentioned.

He joined to the noblest and strictest principles of honour and generosity the tenderest sentiments of benevolence and compassion; and as he was naturally warm, he could not even hear of an injustice or a baseness, without a sudden indignation; nor of the misfortunes or miseries of a fellow creature, without melting into softness, and endeavouring to relieve them. This part of his character was so universally known, that our best and most satirical English poet says;

When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarborough name?

He had not the least pride of birth and rank, that common narrow notion of little minds, that wretched mistaken succedaneum of merit; but he was jealous to anxiety of his character, as all men are who deserve a good one. And such was his diffidence upon that subject, that he never could be persuaded that mankind really thought of him as they did. For surely never man had a higher reputation, and never man enjoyed a more universal esteem. Even knaves respected him;

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and fools thought they loved him. If he had any enemies (for I protest I never knew one), they could only be such as were weary of always hearing of Aristides the Just.

He was too subject to sudden gusts of passion, but they never hurried him into any illiberal or indecent expression or action; so invincibly habitual to him were good-nature and good-manners. But, if ever any word happened to fall from him in warmth, which upon subsequent reflection he himself thought too strong, he was never easy till he had made more than a sufficient atonement for it.

He had a most unfortunate, I will call it a most fatal kind of melancholy in his nature, which often made him both absent and silent in company, but never morose or sour. At other times he was a cheerful and agreeable companion; but, conscious that he was not always so, he avoided company too much, and was too often alone, giving way to a train of gloomy reflections.

His constitution, which was never robust, broke rapidly at the latter end of his life. He had two severe strokes of apoplexy or palsy, which considerably affected his body and his mind.

I desire that this may not be looked upon as a full and finished character, writ for the sake of writing it; but as my solemn deposit of the truth to the best of my knowledge. I owed this small deposit of justice, such as it is, to the memory of the best man I ever knew, and of the dearest friend I ever had.

Lord Scarborough was a man of strong natural parts, but he seldom exercised them; he was devoured by that malady which, among foreigners, is proverbial to the English; and it was very visible in his looks and demeanor. He had reading, but was shy of applying it. He was early a favorite with his royal master; and it must be admitted, that his private virtue and disinterestedness, at the time now described, atoned for great part of the venality that infests courts.

Though there was founded, upon a similarity of manners and genius, the strictest friendship between him and the earl of Chesterfield, who had so warmly supported the bill [for
better

better securing the constitution, by preventing the officers of land-forces from being deprived of their commissions otherwise than by a court-martial, &c.], yet that could not warp him from the duty he owed to his prince and his country. He apprehended the bill to be a direct attack upon the prerogative of a prince, who never had exercised it but for the good of his people. In the speech he made upon this occasion he shewed, that, had the bill passed, it must have added greatly to the weight and interest of the officers of the army, who (not being removable but by a judgment of their own peers, that is, officers, and perhaps equally guilty) would have looked upon their commissions as so many freeholds, and would soon have found means to elbow the civil power, so as to get interest in parliament, sufficient to prevent any address of either house against them. He observed, that, if an officer was oppressive in his quarters, the party oppressed had remedy by applying to the king, who was to cashier such officer, if the crime was proved; but, had the bill taken place, the poor oppressed party must have had recourse to a court-martial, composed perhaps of officers all of them guilty of the like oppression, and therefore not likely to give him any redress. Upon the whole, therefore, his lordship was not contented with refusing the bill a second reading, but moved that it might have a further note of disgrace, by being rejected; which was accordingly agreed to without a division. TINDAL.

LORD HARDWICKE.

LORD Hardwicke was, perhaps, the greatest magistrate that this country ever had. He presided in the court of chancery above twenty years, and in all that time none of his decrees were reversed, nor the justness of them ever questioned. Though avarice was his ruling passion, he was never in the least suspected of any kind of corruption: a rare and meritorious instance of virtue and self-denial, under the influence of such a craving, insatiable, and increasing passion.

He had great and clear parts; understood, loved, and cultivated the *belles lettres*. He was an agreeable, elo-

quent speaker in parliament, but not without some little tincture of the pleader.

Men are apt to mistake, or at least to seem to mistake, their own talents, in hopes, perhaps, of misleading others to allow them that which they are conscious they do not possess. Thus lord Hardwicke valued himself more upon being a great minister of state, which he certainly was not, than upon being a great magistrate, which he certainly was.

All his notions were clear, but none of them great. Good order and domestic details were his proper department. The great and shining parts of government, though not above his parts to conceive, were above his timidity to undertake.

By great and lucrative employments, during the course of thirty years, and by still greater parsimony, he acquired an immense fortune, and established his numerous family in advantageous posts and profitable alliances.

Though he had been solicitor and attorney-general, he was by no means what is called a prerogative lawyer. He loved the constitution, and maintained the just prerogative of the crown, but without stretching it to the oppression of the people.

He was naturally humane, moderate, and decent ; and when by his former employments he was obliged to prosecute state-criminals, he discharged that duty in a very different manner from most of his predecessors, who were too justly called the " Blood-hounds of the " Crown."

He was a cheerful and instructive companion, humane in his nature, decent in his manners, unstained with any vice (avarice excepted), a very great magistrate, but by no means a great minister.

Lord Hardwicke before the age of thirty was promoted to the office of solicitor-general ; and the trial of Mr. Laver, for high treason, in November 1722, gave him an opportunity of shewing his abilities in that office : his reply in summing up the evidence, and answering all the topics of the prisoner's defence, is admired as one of the ablest performances of that kind

kind extant. In 1733 he was made lord chief justice of the king's bench: and in the midst of the general approbation with which he discharged his office there, he was called to that of lord high chancellor, on the decease of his illustrious predecessor lord Talbot, in February 1737.

The integrity and abilities with which his lordship presided in the court of chancery, during the space of almost twenty years, appears from this remarkable circumstance, that only three of his decrees were appealed from, and even those affirmed by the house of lords. After he had executed that high office about seventeen years, in times and circumstances of accumulated difficulty and danger, and had twice been called to the exercise of the office of lord high steward on the trials of peers concerned in the rebellion, he was in April 1754 advanced, as a mark of the royal approbation of his services, to the rank of an earl of Great Britain. His sovereign treated him, through the whole of his reign, with particular esteem and confidence, and always spoke of him in a manner which shewed, that he set as high a value on the man as on the minister.

His resignation of the great seal in November 1756 gave an universal concern to the nation, how ever divided at that time in other respects. But he still continued to serve the public in a more private station; as at council, at the house of lords, and upon every occasion, where the course of public business required it, with the same assiduity as when he filled one of the highest offices in the kingdom. He always felt and expressed the truest affection and reverence for the laws and constitution of his country. This rendered him as tender of the just prerogatives invested in the crown for the benefit of the whole, as watchful to prevent the least incroachment upon the liberty of the subject.

The part which he acted in planning, introducing, and supporting the bill "for abolishing the heritable jurisdictions in Scotland;" and the share which he took, beyond what his department required of him, in framing and promoting the other bills relating to that country; arose from his zeal to the Protestant succession, his concern for the general happiness and improvement of the kingdom, and for the preservation of this equal and limited monarchy; which were the governing principles of his public conduct through life. And these, and other bills which might be mentioned, were strong proofs of his talents as a legislator.

In judicature, his firmness and dignity were evidently derived from his consummate knowledge and talents; and the mildness and humanity with which he tempered it, from the

best heart. He was wonderfully happy in his manner of debating causes upon the bench. His extraordinary dispatch of the business of the court of chancery, increased as it was in his time beyond what had been known in any former, was an advantage to the suitor, inferior only to that arising from the acknowledged equity, perspicuity, and precision of his decrees. The manner in which he presided in the house of lords added order and dignity to that assembly, and expedition to the business transacted there. His talents as a speaker in the senate, as well as on the bench, were universally admired: he spoke with a natural and manly eloquence, without false ornaments or personal invective; and, when he argued, his reasons were supported and strengthened by the most apposite cases and examples which the subject would allow. His manner was graceful and affecting; modest, yet commanding; his voice peculiarly clear and harmonious, and even loud and strong for the greater part of his time. With these talents for public speaking, the integrity of his character gave a lustre to his eloquence, which those who opposed him felt in the debate, and which operated most powerfully on the minds of those who heard him with a view to information and conviction.

Convinced of the great principles of religion, and steady in the practice of the duties of it, he maintained a reputation of virtue that added dignity to the stations which he filled, and authority to the laws which he administered. His attachment to the national church was accompanied with a full conviction, that a tender regard to the rights of conscience, and a temper of lenity and moderation, are not only right in themselves, but most conducive in their consequences to the honour and interest of the church. The strongest recommendation to him of the clergy to the ecclesiastical preferments in his disposal was, their fitness for the discharge of the duties of their profession. And that respectable body owes a particular obligation to his lordship and his predecessor lord Talbot, for the opposition which they gave in the house of lords to the act "for the more easy recovery of tithes, church rates, and other ecclesiastical dues, from the people called Quakers," which might have proved of dangerous consequence to the rights and property of the clergy, though it had passed the other house, and was known to be powerfully supported. Many facts and anecdotes, which do him honour, may be recollected and set down, when resentments, partialities, and contests, are forgotten.

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The amiableness of his manners, and his engaging address, rendered him as much beloved by those who had access to him, as he was admired for his greater talents by the whole nation. His constitution in the earlier part of his life did not seem to promise so much health and vigor as he afterwards enjoyed, for a longer period than usually falls to the share of men of more robust habit of body. But his care to guard against any excesses secured to him an almost uninterrupted tenor of health; and his habitual mastery of his passions gave him a firmness and tranquillity of mind, unabated by the fatigues and anxieties of business, from the daily circle of which he rose to the enjoyment of the conversation of his family and friends with the spirits of a person entirely vacant and disengaged. Till the latter end of his seventy-third year he preserved the appearance and vivacity of youth in his countenance, in which the characters of dignity and amiableness were remarkably united: and he supported the disorder which proved fatal to him of many months continuance, and of the most depressing kind, with an uncommon resignation, and even cheerfulness, enjoying the strength and quickness of his understanding till the close of life. He died in the seventy-fourth year of his age, March the 6th, 1764.

Biographical Dictionary.

DUKE OF NEWCASTLE*.

THE duke of Newcastle will be so often mentioned in the history of these times, and with so strong a bias either for or against him, that I resolved, for the sake of truth, to draw his character with my usual impartiality: for as he had been a minister for above forty years together, and in the last ten years of that period first minister, he had full time to oblige one half of the nation, and to offend the other.

We were co-temporaries, near relations, and familiar acquaintances, sometimes well and sometimes ill together, according to the several variations of political

* This character was written in the year 1763.

affairs, which know no relations, friends, or acquaintances.

The public opinion put him below his level: for though he had no superior parts, or eminent talents, he had a most indefatigable industry, a perseverance, a court craft, and a servile compliance with the will of his sovereign for the time being; which qualities, with only a common share of common sense, will carry a man sooner and more safely through the dark labyrinths of a court, than the most shining parts would do without those meaner talents.

He was good-natured to a degree of weakness, even to tears, upon the slightest occasions. Exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation, and keeping, with a scrupulous timidity, in the beaten track of business as having the safest bottom.

I will mention one instance of this disposition, which I think will set it in the strongest light. When I brought the bill into the house of lords, for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions. He was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me *not to stir matters* that had been long quiet; adding, that he did not love *new-fangled things*. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously. From such weaknesses it necessarily follows, that he could have no great ideas, nor elevation of mind.

His ruling, or rather his only, passion was, the agitation, the bustle, and the hurry of business, to which he had been accustomed above forty years; but he was as dilatory in dispatching it as he was eager to engage in it. He was always in a hurry, never walked, but always run; insomuch that I have sometimes told him, that by his fleetness one should rather take him for the courier than the author of the letters.

He was as jealous of his power as an impotent lover of his mistress, without activity of mind enough to enjoy

joy or exert it, but could not bear a share even in the appearances of it*.

His levees were his pleasure, and his triumph; he loved to have them crowded, and consequently they were so. There he generally made people of business wait two or three hours in the anti-chamber, while he trifled away that time with some insignificant favorites in his closet. When at last he came into his levee-room, he accosted, hugged, embraced, and promised every body, with a seeming cordiality, but at the same time with an illiberal and degrading familiarity.

He was exceedingly disinterested, very profuse of his own fortune, and abhorring all those means, too often used by persons in his station, either to gratify their avarice, or to supply their prodigality; for he retired from business in the year 1762, above four hundred thousand pounds poorer than when he first engaged in it.

Upon the whole, he was a compound of most human weaknesses, but untainted with any vice or crime.

The duke of Newcastle owed his promotion to his uncommon zeal for the illustrious house of Hanover, and to the strength of his interest in parliament, rather than to his judgment, precision, or any other intellectual merit. SMOLLETT.

Lord Sunderland, in queen Anne's reign, when he was offered a pension on being turned out of place, said: "That, if he was no longer permitted to serve his country, he was resolved not to pillage it." The generous old duke of Newcastle, from the same odd romantic turn of thinking, had the ill judgment to tread in lord Sunderland's steps; but his example had not the least influence among our great men, nor

* Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, dated Nov. 4, 1757, saith: "The duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well: not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest." In another letter, dated May 18, 1758, "The duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt go on like man and wife; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling, but by mutual interest upon the whole, not parting."

engaged

engaged a single person to imitate him; so that we may apply to him with propriety what Mr. Cowley says of Pindar:

—— Pindar is imitable by none;
The phoenix Pindar is a vast species alone.

The duke of Newcastle was born August 1, 1693. He succeeded his father as baron Pelham of Loughton; and on the 15th of July, 1711, took the name of Holles, with the title of duke of Newcastle upon Tyne. His power and interest were great; and he exerted both in support of George I. against the party that opposed him. Among the rest who were early distinguished by the royal favor, the duke was on the 26th of October, 1714, advanced to the dignity of earl of Clare and viscount Naughton, with remainder to his brother Henry Pelham, and his heirs male.

The duke stood firm in support of the royal cause during the first rebellion in Scotland, and opposed the lawless attempts of the Jacobites and a misguided populace at home. His master was not wanting to acknowledge his services: on the 2d of August, 1715, he was created marquis and duke of Newcastle under Line, with remainder to the female issue of his brother Henry Pelham. On the 13th of April, 1717, he was declared lord chamberlain of his majesty's household; and on the 30th of April, 1718, he was installed knight of the order of the garter. On the 2d of April, 1724, he was declared one of his majesty's principal secretaries of state; and July, 1737, he was chosen high steward of Cambridge, and afterwards chancellor of that university.

It would be tedious to mention all the honors and places his grace enjoyed under the house of Hanover, whom he had so assiduously and faithfully laboured to fix upon the British throne: therefore shall only add, that in the year 1761 he resigned all his employments, and quitted that hurry of business in which he had been so long involved, spending the remainder of his days in retirement. He was, perhaps, one of the most disinterested patriots that either this or any other nation could boast of. His estate, when he came first into possession of it, was worth fifty thousand pounds *per annum*, which he greatly reduced in the service of his king and country; notwithstanding which he nobly refused a large pension when he retired from public business.

In private life, his character was the most amiable, affable, and religious. He caused divine service to be constantly and regularly performed every day in his family, both in town and country; and at proper times the sacrament was administered,

at which he constantly assisted with great devotion. He yielded up his breath with the most perfect calmness and resignation, Nov. 17, 1768, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. Annual Register.

DUKE OF BEDFORD.

THE duke of Bedford was more considerable for his rank and immense fortune, than for either his parts or his virtues.

He had rather more than a common share of common-sense, but with a head so wrong-turned, and so invincibly obstinate, that the share of parts which he had was of little use to him, and very troublesome to others.

He was passionate, though obstinate; and, though both, was always governed by some low dependants, who had art enough to make him believe that he governed them.

His manners and address were exceedingly illiberal; he had neither the talent nor the desire of pleasing.

In speaking in the house, he had an inelegant flow of words, but not without some reasoning, matter, and method.

He had no amiable qualities; but he had no vicious nor criminal ones: he was much below shining, but above contempt in any character.

In short, he was a duke of a respectable family, and with a very great estate.

The duke of Bedford is indeed a very considerable man. The highest rank, a splendid fortune, and a name glorious till it was his, were sufficient to have supported him with meaner abilities than he possessed. The use he made of these uncommon advantages might have been more honorable to himself, but could not be more instructive to mankind. The eminence of his station gave him a commanding prospect of his duty. The road which led to honor was open to his view.

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He could not lose it by mistake ; and he had no temptation to depart from it by design.

An independent, virtuous duke of Bedford would never prostitute his dignity in parliament by an indecent violence, either in oppressing or defending a minister. He would not at one moment rancorously persecute, at another basely cringe to, the favorite of his sovereign. Though deceived perhaps in his youth, he would not, through the course of a long life, have invariably chosen his friends from among the most profligate of mankind. His own honor would have forbidden him from mixing his private pleasures or conversation with jockeys, gamesters, blasphemers, gladiators, or buffoons. He would then have never felt, much less would he have submitted to, the humiliating necessity of engaging in the interest and intrigues of his dependants, of supplying their vices, or relieving their beggary, at the expence of his country. He would not have betrayed such ignorance, or such contempt, of the constitution, as openly to avow in a court of justice the purchase and sale of a borough. If it should be the will of Providence to afflict him with a domestic misfortune, he would submit to the stroke with feeling, but not without dignity ; and not look for, or find, an immediate consolation for the loss of an only son in consultations and empty bargains for a place at court, nor in the misery of ballotting at the India-house.

The duke's history began to be important at that auspicious period, at which he was deputed to the court of Versailles. It was an honourable office to represent the earl of Bute, and was executed with the same spirit with which it was accepted. His patrons wanted an ambassador, who would submit to make concessions :—their business required a man who had as little feeling for his own dignity, as for the welfare of his country ; and they found him in the first rank of the nobility.

JUNIUS.

If exact order, method, and true œconomy, as a master of a family ; if splendor and just magnificence, without wild taste and thoughtless extravagance ; may constitute the character of an avaricious man, the duke of Bedford is guilty. He allowed his son eight thousand pounds a year ; and, upon his most unfortunate death, he greatly increased the jointure of the afflicted lady, his widow. Junius went wantonly out of the way to torment declining age, because the duke of Bedford had quarrelled with those whose cause and politics he espoused,

SIR WILLIAM DRAPER.

The

The duke of Bedford, after a long opposition to the servants of the crown, became a courtier in the year 1747, and was soon made secretary of state in the room of lord Chesterfield. He was not remarkably popular in his administration as lord lieutenant of Ireland. He bestowed one place of considerable importance upon a gentleman whose person was obnoxious to many people in that kingdom; and perhaps he failed in that affability and condescension which a free and ferocious nation expects to find in the character of him to whose rule they are subjected. SMOLLETT.

When his grace was lord lieutenant of Ireland, the series of Letters between Henry and Frances happened to fall into his hands. In the preface Henry speaks of his fortune, and the justifiable means by which those distresses were occasioned. His grace's humanity was affected; he enquired into the author's situation, and, on finding it to be as described, unsolicited but by his own noble nature, he sent for Henry, and in the most obliging and gracious manner presented him with a patent employment, which was at that time vacant.

Mrs. GRIFFITH.

On the 14th of June, 1724, a dreadful fire happened at Wooburn. The dutchess left the sufferers five hundred pounds in her will. As it was some time before the money was paid, lord John Russell (afterwards duke of Bedford), then in his sixteenth year, expressed his concern to the executor, who, objecting against the payment of interest, lord John generously said, "Pay it out of the money allowed for my expences:" and accordingly Mr. Holt the executor paid five hundred pounds, her grace's legacy, and fifty pounds, a gift of his lordship's, being the amount of two years interest thereof. It may be proved, by a multitude of instances, that the noble duke possessed the same generous and humane disposition during his whole life; and it was peculiarly conspicuous in the close of it, as his last will evinces.

Introduction to lady Russell's Letters.

M R. F O X.

MR. Henry Fox was a younger brother of the lowest extraction *. His father, Sir Stephen Fox, made a considerable fortune, some how or other, and left him a fair younger brother's portion, which he soon spent in the common vices of youth, gaming included: this obliged him to travel for some time. While abroad, he met with a very salacious English woman, whose liberality retrieved his fortune, with several circumstances more to the honor of his vigor than his morals.

When he returned, though by education a Jacobite, he attached himself to Sir Robert Walpole, and was one of his ablest *eleves*. He had no fixed principles either of religion or morality, and was too unwary in ridiculing and exposing them.

He had very great abilities and indefatigable industry in business, great skill in managing, that is, in corrupting the house of commons, and a wonderful dexterity in attaching individuals to himself. He promoted, encouraged, and practised their vices; he gratified their avarice, or supplied their profusion. He wisely and punctually performed whatever he promised, and most liberally rewarded their attachment and dependance. By these and all other means that can be imagined, he made himself many personal friends and political dependants.

He was a most disagreeable speaker in parliament, inelegant in his language, hesitating and ungraceful in his elocution, but skilful in discerning the temper of the house, and in knowing when and how to press, or to yield.

* This assertion is scarcely excusable;—his lordship must, or ought to, have known better. Mr. Fox's father was Sir Stephen Fox, who was privy-counsellor, paymaster of the army, and some little time one of the commissioners of the treasury under Charles II; and Sir Stephen's father, Mr. William Fox, had a landed estate of about three hundred pounds a year in Wiltshire, now possessed by the earl of Ilchester, the elder branch of the family.

A constant

A constant good-humour and seeming frankness made him a welcome companion in social life, and in all domestic relations he was good-natured. As he advanced in life, his ambition became subservient to his avarice. His early profusion and dissipation had made him feel the many inconveniencies of want, and, as it often happens, carried him to the contrary and worse extreme of corruption and rapine. *Rem, quocunque modo rem*, became his maxim, which he observed (I will not say religiously and scrupulously), but invariably and shamefully.

He had not the least notion of, or regard for, the public good or the constitution, but despised those cares as the objects of narrow minds, or the pretences of interested ones : and he lived, as Brutus died, calling virtue only a name.

Mr. Fox fought surprising battles with the first demagogues of the age ; and in shrewdness, policy, and perseverance, yielded to none of his co-temporaries. SMOLLETT.

The addresses to support the king, anno 1755, in defence of his German territories, did not pass without strong debates in both houses, where there was a very strange jumble of parties. It was generally thought, that the public business could not go on unless another secretary of state was appointed in the room of Sir Thomas Robinson ; because, though Mr. Pitt, then paymaster-general, and Mr. Fox, then secretary at war, agreed in nothing else, they united in opposing his measures ; and their interest was so great in the house, and their abilities so universally acknowledged, though of very different kinds, that every question the court got was in fact losing it. On this occasion Mr. Fox got the seals of secretary of state.

TINDAL.

M R. P I T T *.

MR. Pitt owed his rise to the most considerable posts and power in this kingdom singly to his own abilities. In him they supplied the want of birth and

* This character was written in the year 1761.

fortune,

fortune, which latter in others too often supply the want of the former. He was a younger brother of a very new family, and his fortune only an annuity of one hundred pounds a year.

The army was his original destination, and a cornetcy of horse his first and only commission in it. Thus unassisted by favour or fortune, he had no powerful protector to introduce him into business, and (if I may use that expression) to do the honours of his parts; but their own strength was fully sufficient.

His constitution refused him the usual pleasures, and his genius forbid him the idle dissipations, of youth; for so early as at the age of sixteen he was the martyr of an hereditary gout. He therefore employed the leisure, which that tedious and painful distemper either procured or allowed him, in acquiring a great fund of premature and useful knowledge. Thus, by the unaccountable relation of causes and effects, what seemed the greatest misfortune of his life was, perhaps, the principal cause of its splendour.

His private life was stained by no vices, nor sullied by any meanness. All his sentiments were liberal and elevated. His ruling passion was an unbounded ambition, which, when supported by great abilities, and crowned with great success, make what the world calls "a great man." He was haughty, imperious, impatient of contradiction, and over-bearing: qualities which too often accompany, but always clog great ones.

He had manners and address; but one might discern through them too great a consciousness of his own superior talents. He was a most agreeable and lively companion in social life, and had such a versatility of wit, that he could adopt it to all sorts of conversation. He had also a most happy turn to poetry, but he seldom indulged, and seldom avowed it.

He came young into parliament, and upon that great theatre soon equalled the oldest and the ablest actors. His eloquence was of every kind, and he excelled in the argumentative as well as in the declamatory way. But his invectives were terrible, and uttered with such
energy

energy of diction, and stern dignity of action and countenance, that he intimidated those who were the most willing and the best able to encounter him*. Their arms fell out of their hands, and they shrunk under the ascendant which his genius gained over theirs.

In that assembly, where the public good is so much talked of, and private interest singly pursued, he set out with acting the patriot, and performed that part so nobly, that he was adopted by the public as their chief, or rather only unsuspected champion.

The weight of his popularity, and his universally acknowledged abilities, obtruded him upon king George II. to whom he was personally obnoxious. He was made secretary of state: in this difficult and delicate situation, which one would have thought must have reduced either the patriot or the minister to a decisive option, he managed with such ability, that, while he served the king more effectually, in his most unwarrantable electoral views, than any former minister, however willing, had dared to do, he still preserved all his credit and popularity with the public; whom he assured and convinced, that the protection and defence of Hanover, with an army of seventy-five thousand men in British pay, was the only possible method of securing our possessions or acquisitions in North America. So much easier is it to deceive than to undeceive mankind.

His own disinterestedness, and even contempt of money, smoothed his way to power, and prevented or silenced a great share of that envy which commonly attends it. Most men think that they have an equal natural right to riches, and equal abilities to make the proper use of them; but not very many of them have the impudence to think themselves qualified for power.

Upon the whole, he will make a great and shining figure in the annals of this country, notwithstanding the blot which his acceptance of three thousand pounds *per annum* pension for three lives, on his voluntary re-

* Hume Campbell and lord chief justice Mansfield.

signation of the seals in the first year of the present king, must make in his character, especially as to the disinterested part of it. However, it must be acknowledged, that he had those qualities which none but a great man can have, with a mixture of those failings which are the common lot of wretched and imperfect human nature.

Mr. Pitt had been originally designed for the army, in which he actually bore a commission; but fate reserved him for a more important station. In point of fortune he was barely qualified to be elected member of parliament, when he obtained a seat in the house of commons, where he soon outshone all his compatriots. He displayed a surprising extent and precision of political knowledge and irresistible energy of argument, and such power of elocution as struck his hearers with astonishment and admiration. It flashed like the lightning of heaven against the ministers and sons of corruption, blasting where it smote, and withering the nerves of opposition: but his more substantial praise was founded upon his disinterested integrity, his incorruptible heart, his unconquerable spirit of independence, and his invariable attachment to the interest and liberty of his country. SMOLLETT.

Being born of a good family, and allied to several noble ones, Mr. Pitt thought it incumbent upon him to preserve the lustre derived from both, whether in private or public life. In the former, he was always frugal, temperate, honest, sincere, and benevolent; and was thereby naturally free, brave, and uncorrupt, in the latter.

Being possessed of only a small fortune, he virtuously circumscribed his expences within the limits of his income; and therefore, when corruption stooped so low as to take the standard out of the hand of a cornet (as he himself emphatically expressed it) on account of inflexible integrity, he was enabled to subsist without public pay, and had fortitude and abilities at last to revenge the unconstitutional insult offered to the liberties of his country through his person.

At length, when in the vicissitude of affairs it became necessary to have the external affectation of employing more men of undoubted honesty and abilities, and he was advanced to a very profitable post, of great importance, he conspicuously indicated that a disinterested desire to restore œconomy in public offices, a benevolence of redressing the grievances of the helpless

helpless and oppressed, and a sincere love for the honor of the nation, and the liberties of mankind, were superior to all other considerations.

This was his invariable conduct whilst in employment, and at length he gloriously relinquished his subordinate power rather than co-operate with weak and wicked men in schemes prejudicial in any degree to the common interest of his country. He then retired awhile to enjoy untainted honor in unenvied obscurity; but when the united voice of a perishing people called upon him for assistance, he was willing, ready, and able, and I hope will persist, in spite of the mean opposition of a faction, or the dark arrow of calumny, which flies by night, in his endeavours to restore this kingdom to its ancient virtue, and consequently to its peace, plenty, and honor.

Contest, N^o VII.

A mirror of eloquence. His speech in the house of commons, on congratulating George II. upon the nuptials of the prince of Wales, was unequalled. We have few models of antiquity more perfect in that kind, it being more ornamented than the declamations of Demosthenes, and less diffused than those of Cicero. When on the death of Mr. Winnington he was made paymaster general of the forces, by his integrity he introduced a great reformation into that office. TINDAL.

The secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his character had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his sovereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contest for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but over-bearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing, he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The sight of his mind was infinite; and his schemes were to affect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished; always seasonable, always adequate, the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardor, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings which make life amiable and indolent were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic

weakness reached him; but aloof from the sordid occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to counsel and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents. His eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully; it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation; nor was he, like Townshend, for ever on the rack of exertion; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flushings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man something that could create, subvert, or reform; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence, to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe. ANONYMOUS.

We may affirm, with truth and impartiality, that no man was ever better fitted than Mr. Pitt to be the minister in a great and powerful nation, or better qualified to carry that power and greatness to their utmost limits. There was in all his designs a magnitude, and even a vastness, which was not easily comprehended by every mind, and which nothing but success could have made to appear reasonable. If he was sometimes incorrect, he was never vulgar.

His power, as it was not acquired, so neither was it exercised in an ordinary manner. With very little parliamentary, and with less court influence, he swayed both at court and in parliament with an authority unknown before to the best supported ministers. He was called to the ministry by the voice of the people; and, what is more rare, he held it with that approbation; and under him, for the first time, administration
and

and popularity were seen united. Under him Great Britain carried on the most important war in which she ever was engaged, alone and unassisted, with greater splendor, and with more success, than she had ever enjoyed at the head of the most powerful alliances. Alone this island seemed to balance the rest of Europe.

In the conduct of the war, he never suffered the enemy to breathe, but overwhelmed them with reiterated blows, and kept up the alarm in every quarter. If one of his expeditions was not so well calculated, or so successfully executed, amends was made by another, and by a third. The spirit of the nation, once roused, was not suffered for a moment to subside; and the French, dazzled as it were by the multitude and celerity of his enterprizes, seemed to have lost all power of resistance. In short, he revived the military genius of our people; he supported our allies; he extended our trade; he raised our reputation; he augmented our dominions; and, on his departure from administration, left the nation in no other danger than that which ever must attend exorbitant power, and the temptation which may be to the invidious exertion of it. Happy had it been for him, for his sovereign, and his country, if a temper less austere, and a disposition more practicable, more compliant and conciliating, had been joined to his other great virtues. The want of these qualities disabled him from acting any otherwise than alone; it prevented our enjoying the joint fruit of the wisdom of many able men, who might mutually have tempered and mutually forwarded each other; and, finally, which was not the meanest loss, it deprived us of his own immediate services.

Those who censured his political conduct the most severely, could raise but few exceptions to it; none of them singly, nor perhaps the whole united, of any great weight, against a person long engaged in so great a scene of action.

Whether the part, which under his administration we rather continued to act than newly took, with regard to the affairs of Germany, be for the real interest of Great Britain, is a question of the utmost difficulty, and which perhaps will never admit a satisfactory solution. To condemn him on this head, we must be sure of this solution. It has been observed in favor of that contested measure, that France demonstrated, through the whole progress of the late treaty, the most earnest desire that we should abandon that German connection; no trifling argument that our enemy did not look upon it to be extremely prejudicial to our interests. If he has carried on that war at a vast expence, a prodigious stand has been made

against the entire power of France ; had less been expended, the whole of the expence might have been lost. How far this part of his conduct was agreeable to his former declarations, is a discussion which can avail but little. He found the nation engaged in these affairs ; it was more easy to push them forward, than to extricate himself from them ; as he proceeded, he discovered, by experience, the advantage of that plan of action, and his opinion was changed.

But even admitting that, to attain the ends of opposition, he had once fallen upon popular topics, which even then he knew were not tenable ; it can form but a very small blemish in a public character, however wrong it may be by application to the strict rules of morality. Ill would it fare with statesmen, if this sort of consistency were to be expected from the most consistent of them.

The conduct of Mr. Pitt, when the parliament met, in which he made his own justification, without impeaching the conduct of any of his colleagues, or taking one measure that might seem to arise from disgust or opposition, has set a seal upon his character. *Annual Register.*

Lord Chatham's oratory differs from any thing we ever heard uttered, or any rule or example extant in writing. It has consequently one merit ; it is all his own, was fabricated by him, and will certainly die with him. The marvellous, the bold, the extravagant, the improbable, are severally his fort.

His oratory in parliament resembles the romances of the last century, or rather the fictions, absurdities, and monstrous tales, which were the offspring of the ignorance, false gallantry, and wild enterprizing spirit of the middle ages. His talents were brought forth to public view at a most favourable time, when an universal spirit of dissatisfaction ran through almost every degree of people against Walpole. He opened a thousand various batteries of abuse against his administration. He said every thing that came uppermost. He caught the affection and confidence of the people. He spread a degree of enthusiasm out of doors, which had been scarcely ever known before ; and, at length, felt the flame in his own breast ; and thus, from a variety of circumstances, established a dominion over his auditors, that Charles Townshend, Pratt, or Murray, who were infinitely his superiors, either as regular orators or sound speakers, were never able to obtain. His lordship's talents for public speaking are so universally known, and have been so ably commented on, that little remains to be said, but just to
give

give one instance of his manner and matter, which will explain how far his mere powers of debate excel his powers of oratory or sound reasoning.—On his motion for withdrawing the troops from Boston, the beginning of the last session but one, a thrill of astonishment, accompanied by the stillest silence, pervaded every part of the house, on his saying, “Three millions of whigs, with arms in their hands, nearly allied to the whigs of England and Ireland, will never submit,” &c.—This was the species of oratory by which he was wont to strike his adversaries *dumb*, make ministers *tremble*, and Englishmen *enthusiasts*. There was, however, one thing which his harangues produced: he persuaded this nation that they were *irresistible* and *invincible*; he lived to *prove* the *truth* of what he *foretold*; and he is one of the few orators who from design, or a mere enthusiastic spirit, ever dealt in prophecy, and at the same time justified his predictions.—But for mere uniformity, his lordship’s parliamentary portrait might here be very properly closed. His language is neither flowing nor elegant; he frequently repeats the last words of the preceding sentence, in order to assist his memory; he scarcely ever attempts to prove any thing; consequently his facts are mostly fabricated by himself, and his conclusions so many dictums raised on premises, borrowed, invented, or assumed.

ANONYMOUS.

Lord Chatham is a great and celebrated name; a name that keeps the name of this country respectable in every other on the globe. It may be truly called,

— *Clarum et venerabile nomen*
Gentibus, et multum nostræ quod proderat urbi.

The venerable age of this great man, his merited rank, his superior eloquence, his splendid qualities, his eminent services, the vast space he fills in the eye of mankind, and, more than all the rest, his fall from power, which, like death, canonizes and sanctifies a great character, will not suffer me to censure any part of his conduct. I am afraid to flatter him; I am sure I am not disposed to blame him. Let those who have betrayed him by their adulation, insult him with their malevolence. But what I do not presume to censure, I may have leave to lament.

For a wise man, he seemed to me at that time to be governed too much by general maxims. One or two of these maxims, flowing from an opinion not the most indulgent to our unhappy species, and surely a little too general, led him

into measures that were greatly mischievous to himself; and for that reason, among others, perhaps *fatal* to his country; measures, the effects of which I am afraid are for ever incurable. He made an *administration* so checkered and speckled; he put together a piece of joinery so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies; that it was indeed a very curious show; but utterly unsafe to touch and unsure to stand on. The colleagues whom he had assorted at the same boards stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, "Sir, your name, &c." It so happened, that persons had a single office divided between them, who had never spoken to each other in their lives; until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points in the same truckle-bed*.

In consequence of this arrangement, having put so much the larger part of his enemies and opposers into power, the confusion was such that his own principles could not possibly have any effect or influence in the conduct of affairs. If ever he fell into a fit of the gout, or if any other cause withdrew him from public cares, principles directly contrary were sure to predominate. When he had executed his plan, he had not an inch of ground to stand upon. When he had accomplished his scheme of administration, he was no longer a minister.

When his face was hid but for a moment, his whole system was on a wide sea, without chart or compass. The gentlemen, his particular friends, in various departments of ministry, with a confidence in him which was justified even in its extravagance, by his superior abilities, had never in any instance presumed on any opinion of their own. Deprived of his guiding influence, they were whirled about, the sport of every gust, and easily driven into any port; and as those who joined with them in manning the vessel were the most directly opposite to his opinions, measures, and character, and far the most artful and most powerful of the set, they easily prevailed, so as to seize upon the most vacant, unoccupied, and derelict minds of his friends, and instantly they turned the vessel wholly out of

* Supposed to allude to lord North and George Cooke, esq. who were made joint paymasters in 1766, on the removal of the Rockingham administration.

the course of his policy. As if it were to insult as well as to betray him, even long before the close of the first session of his administration, when every thing was publicly transacted, and with great parade in his name, they made an act, declaring it highly just and expedient to raise a revenue in America. For even then, even before the *splendid orb* was entirely set, and while the Western horizon was in a blaze with his descending glory, on the opposite quarter of the heavens arose another luminary (Charles Townshend), and for his hour became lord of the ascendant, who was officially the reproducer of the fatal scheme, the unfortunate act to tax America for a revenue. EDM. BURKE.

This *splendid orb* (as Mr. Burke styled him) is now passed and set for ever. Lord Chatham died on Monday the 11th of May, 1778. The same day the house of commons, at the motion of colonel Barré, resolved, "That an humble address be presented to his majesty, requesting that he will be graciously pleased to give directions, that the remains of WILLIAM PITT EARL OF CHATHAM be interred at the public charge; and that a monument be erected in the collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, to the memory of that excellent statesman, with an inscription expressive of the public sense of so great and irreparable a loss; and to assure his majesty, that this house will make good the expences attending the same."

May 13th, another motion was made by Mr. Thomas Townshend, and carried unanimously, "That an humble address be presented to his majesty, to return his majesty the thanks of this house, for his most gracious answer to their address of Monday last; and to beseech his majesty, that he will be graciously pleased to bestow some signal and lasting mark of his royal favour on the family of the late William Pitt, earl of Chatham; and to assure his majesty, that, whatever he, from his princely goodness, shall think proper to be granted, this house, animated by the gratitude which they, in common with the rest of his majesty's subjects, feel towards the memory of that upright and disinterested minister, and ambitious of giving a testimony of their approbation to that public virtue and spirited conduct which directed the councils of this country in the last glorious and successful war, will, with the greatest cheerfulness, make good to his majesty."

Many of the members of administration warmly seconded the above motions, who always reprobated his political opinions.

nions respecting America, set at nought his counsel, and would have no connection with him in the cabinet.

In consequence of which address, his majesty acquainted the house, “ That, being desirous to comply as speedily as possible with the request of his faithful commons, he had given directions for granting to the present earl of Chatham, and to the heirs of the body of the late William Pitt to whom the earldom may descend, an annuity of four thousand pounds *per annum*, payable out of the civil list revenue; but his majesty, not having it in his power to extend the effect of the said grant beyond the term of his own life, recommends it to the house, to consider of a proper method of extending, securing, and annexing the same to the earldom of Chatham, in such manner as shall be thought most effectual, for the benefit of the family of the said William Pitt earl of Chatham.”

On which message, in a committee of the whole house, a bill was ordered to be prepared, to perpetuate to the descendants of the late earl this annuity and token of esteem for his services to his country.

May 20th, a common council of the city of London was held, when the court came to the following resolutions :

“ That it be referred to a committee to prepare a petition to the house of commons, in parliament assembled, expressive of the gratitude which the court feels for the several tributes paid by them to the memory of the late William Pitt, earl of Chatham; and representing in the most respectful manner to the said honourable house, that this court intreats their favourable construction of their wish, humbly to address his majesty, that the remains of the said earl of Chatham may be deposited in the cathedral church of St. Paul*.

“ That

* A copy of the petition to the honourable house of commons, in parliament assembled.

“ SHEWETH,

“ THAT your petitioners humbly beg leave to return their grateful thanks to this honourable house, for the noble and generous testimony which it has borne to the *services* and *merits* of the late William Pitt, earl of Chatham.

“ And your petitioners, with all humility, desire that their zeal may not seem unpleasing to this honourable house, or be interpreted as a wish in your petitioners to vary from the general sense of their country, as expressed in the late votes of this honourable
“ house,

“ That it is the desire of the court of common council to attend, in their gowns, the funeral of the late William Pitt, earl of Chatham.

“ That a committee be appointed, and immediately withdraw, in order to prepare a letter to the proper officer of the crown, requesting that such their desire may be humbly signified to his majesty, together with the farther prayer, that his majesty would be graciously pleased to order the necessary and timely information to be communicated to them by the proper officer before mentioned.”

May 27th, the house of commons ordered an address to the king, “ That he would order twenty thousand pounds to be issued for the payment of the earl of Chatham’s debts, and that the house will make good the same.”

His abilities were certainly great, and to him may not unfitly be applied the following character from Shakespear :

———This man, undoubtedly,
Was fashioned to much honour from his cradle.
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one ;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading,
Lofty and four to all the nation’s foes ;
To such as lov’d our England, sweet as summer.
Easily satisfied in gaining wealth,
But noble in bestowing it, and free :
Greatly ambitious in his mind he was,
For all the ends he aim’d at were his country’s.

“ house, by their requesting that the remains of the earl of Chatham be deposited in the cathedral church of St. Paul, in the city of London.

“ Your petitioners farther represent to this honourable house, that they entirely feel the delicacy of their situation, in consequence of the several measures taken by this honourable house ; but hope that a favourable interpretation will be put upon any particular marks of gratitude and veneration which the first commercial city in the empire is earnest to express towards the statesman, whose *vigour* and *counsels* had so much contributed to the protection and extension of its commerce.

“ By order of the court,

“ R I X.”

L E T-

L E T T E R S

T O

Alderman GEORGE FAULKNER, Dr. MADDEN,
Mr. SEXTON, Mr. DERRICK, and the Earl
of ARRAN.

L E T T E R I.

TO GEORGE FAULKNER, ESQUIRE.

London, September 17, 1748.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

I AM much obliged to you for the marks of your remembrance and friendship which you send me from time to time. The Sermon of Robert Hort, A.M. is certainly of a very singular nature; but as you do not give me your opinion upon it, I shall not give you mine. Possibly indeed we have neither of us formed one. Thus much only I will say, and that very sincerely; that if Mr. Hort is in the right, I heartily wish that you may live to see and feel, that general *Restoration* and *Perfection of all things*; as by the one you will recover your natural Leg; and by the other, the letter of your Journal will be as black as ink, and the paper as white as snow, which I reckon make up the perfection of a Journal. But whatever may be the state of printing in those days, however black your letter, however white your paper, I observe with concern that you are not likely to have Mr. Hort's custom or interest, his sermon being printed by S. Powell. In the mean time I hope business goes on well, and that you print and sell a great number of books, whether they are read or not. If they become but fashionable furniture,

ture, it will serve your purpose as well, or it may be better; for if people bought no more books than they intended to read, and no more swords than they intended to use, the two worst trades in Europe would be a Book-feller's and a Sword-cutler's; but, luckily for both, they are reckoned genteel ornaments. Here has been lately published the first volume of a History of the Popes, by one Mr. Bower, who was a Jesuit at Rome. It is extremely well wrote, and I believe it would be very well worth your while to print an octavo edition of it at Dublin; for our edition here is a large quarto, and consequently an expensive one. When finished, it will be four quartos*. As yet no lesser edition has appeared here. In this, or any other undertaking, I assure you, that nobody can wish you more sincerely well, than

Your friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

As I know you often see the Chief Baron, whom I esteem and honor much, pray make him my compliments.

L E T T E R. II.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, November 11, 1752.

MY GOOD FRIEND,

YOU judged very rightly (as you always do) in thinking that I have the greatest esteem for the works of the bishop of Cloyne, and you acted very kindly (as you always do too) in sending them to me; I have since received them from the bishop himself,

* The work was not completed under seven volumes quarto; and, though endeavoured to be depreciated by the Papists, it is the best performance of the kind extant.

but

but feloniously printed in London by Tonson and Draper, and like most stolen goods strangely altered and disguised, as well by larger and whiter paper, as by ink of the blackest dye. I always expect your packets with impatience, and receive them with pleasure; but that pleasure would be much more complete, if some productions of your own now and then accompanied the excellent ones which you send me of other people. I must freely tell you that you have been long enough the celebrated and successful man-midwife of other people's conceptions; and it is now high time that you should take up the other end of the business, and beget, conceive, and bear fruit, yourself. The most illustrious of your predecessors did so. The Stephens's, the Alduses, and many others, acted as men-midwives to the greatest authors, but then they acted as men too, and begot, as well as delivered: and indeed there is such a relation and connection between these two operations, that it is next to impossible that one, who has been so able as you have been in the one, should be deficient in the other. You have, moreover, one advantage which the greatest of your typographical predecessors had not. They were never personally acquainted with Horace, Virgil, Cicero, and others, whose productions they brought to light, but were obliged to exhibit them in the, always imperfect, often deformed, state in which they found them, in ragged and worm-eaten vellum and parchment. Whereas you have been always at the fountain-head; you have not only printed and read, but you have heard Swift, Berkeley, and all the best authors of the Irish Augustan age. You have conversed with, you have been informed, and to my knowledge consulted by, them. Should you ask me, my friend, what sort of work I would particularly point out to you, I can only answer, consult your genius, which will best direct you; if it does not lead you, or rather hurry you, whether you will or not, into poetry, do not attempt verse, but take the more common manner of writing, which is prose. Cicero himself had
better

better have done so. A *Typographia Hibernica*, which no man in the kingdom is more capable of doing well than yourself, would be a useful work, and becoming your character. I do not recommend to you any ludicrous performances; they must flow naturally, or they are good for nothing; and though, were it only by your long and amicable collision with Sheridan, Delany, Swift, and others, you must be very strongly impregnated with particles of wit and humour, yet I take your natural turn to be grave and philosophical. A collection of *Anas* would admit of all subjects, and in a volume or two of *Swiftiana*, you might both give and take a sample of yourself, by slipping in some *Faulkneriana*; the success of which would, I am persuaded, engage you to go further. Biography should in my mind be your next step, for which you appear to be thoroughly qualified, by the clear and impartial accounts which your hebdomadal labours give of the deaths of all people of note. History would soon follow, which in truth you have been writing these many years, though perhaps without thinking so; what is history but a collection of facts and dates? Your Journal is a collection of facts and dates; then, what is your Journal but history? Our friend the chief baron, with whom I have often talked upon this subject, has always agreed with me, that in the fitness of things it was necessary you should be an Author; and I am very sure, that if you consult him he will join with me in exhorting you to set about it forthwith. Whenever you assume that character, I claim a very strong dedication with the first copy of the work, as an old friend, which, joking apart, I sincerely am, and

Your humble Servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

TO THE SAME.

Blackheath, September 15, 1753.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THOUGH I am very sorry for your quarrels in Ireland, by which I am sure the public must suffer, let who will prevail; I gladly accept your kind offer of sending me the controversial productions of the belligerent parties. Pray do not think any of those polemical pieces too low, too grub-street, or too scurrilous, to send me, for I have leisure to read them all, and prefer them infinitely to all other controversial performances. I have often wished, and wish it more now than ever, that you were in parliament, where, in my opinion, your coolness, gravity, and impartiality, would greatly contribute to calm if not to cure those animosities. Virgil seems prophetically to have pointed at you, in his description of a person qualified to sooth and moderate popular tumults. These are the lines, which will perhaps be more intelligible to us both in Dryden's translation, than in the original:

If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a listening ear;
He sooths with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood.

I am not very superstitious, but I am persuaded that, if you were to try the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, you would open the book at that very place. That incomparable and religious prince, king Charles the first, consulted them with great faith, and to his great information.

There is one thing which I would much rather know, than all contending parties in Ireland say or write against each other, and that is, your real sentiments upon the whole; but all that I know of them is, that I never shall know them, such is your candour, and such is your caution.

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 81

caution. The celebrated Atticus seems to me to have been your prototype. He kept well with all parties, so do you; he was trusted and consulted by individuals on all sides, so are you; he wrote some histories, so have you; he was the most eminent bookseller of the age he lived in, so are you; and he died immensely rich, and so will you. It is true he was a knight, and you are not, but that you know is your own fault; and he was an epicurean, and you are a stoic.

For the next seven weeks pray direct your packets to me at Bath, where I am going next week, as deaf as ever your friend the Dean was, and full as much, though not so profitably,

Your friend and Servant,

C H E S T E R F I E L D.

Pray make my compliments to our friend Mr. Bristow when you see him.

L E T T E R IV.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 13, 1754.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

TH E S E things never happened to your prototype Atticus, even in the height and rage of the civil diffentions at Rome; and yet I will venture to affirm, that he neither was, nor could be, more prudent, cautious, and circumspect, than yourself. But there is a chance, a fatality, which we cannot define, that attends particular men, and particular times. Pompey the Great was publicly insulted upon the Roman stage, and the actor obliged to repeat that part a second and a third time; and you, my friend, it seems, have been

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most

most unaccountably, and unjustly I will add, disturbed for a slight omission in your weekly historical labours. I have upon this occasion searched for precedents among all the best Greek and Latin historians, and I cannot find the drinking of any one political health recorded by any one of them. Perhaps the Greeks and Romans had not parts enough to invent those ingenious toasts which make so shining a figure in the late annals of Ireland; and possibly it might not occur to them, that the health of any particular day, or event long past, could with any propriety be drunk; or perhaps the injudicious historians might think the mention of them below the dignity of history; but be that as it will, it is certain that neither Thucydides, Xenophon, Livy, nor Tacitus, say one word of bumpers, toasts, political, loyal, or patriot healths. You stand therefore fully justified by precedents. But however, as wise men will, to a certain degree, conform to prevailing, though perhaps absurd, customs, why should you not repair your omission by a more minute and circumstantial account of those elegant drinking-bouts, or *Symposia*, than any of your co-temporary historians have yet thought fit to give? Why not relate circumstantially the convivial wit and urbanity of those polite compositions, the serious, the jocular, the ironical, and satirical toasts, the numbers of bottles guzzled down and spewed up again, the political discourses and plans of government attempted, and now and then interrupted by hiccups and sour eructations, the downfall of heroes weltering in their vomit, and in short the exact detail of those *Noctes Atticæ*. The style of your late friend the Dean, of which you are master, seems admirably adapted to this descriptive part of your historical works, and one way or another you would please all your readers by it. The performers themselves must be glad to see their achievements recorded and transmitted to posterity. Their enemies perhaps (such is the malignity of the human heart) would not be sorry. Only sober people would or could object to it; and they are too few, and too inconsiderable, to deserve your attention.

The

The riot at the play-house was so extraordinary a one, and lasted so long, that I cannot imagine where the civil magistrate, assisted by the military force, was all that time; I am sorry for Sheridan's loss, but I carry my thoughts much farther; and I consider all these events, as they may in their consequences affect you; the precedent seems a dangerous one, and *proximus ardet Eucalegon*. I take the play-house to be the shop of the proprietor, and the plays that he acts his goods, which those that do not like them are not obliged to take, and need not go to his shop; but those who enter it forcibly, destroy his scenes, benches, &c. are perhaps a more dangerous sort of shop-lifters. Now consider, my friend, the near relation that there is between your shop and Mr. Sheridan's. You have, I believe, printed all that he has ever acted, and a great deal more. If therefore these vigorous correctors of the theatre should take it into their heads to be likewise the correctors of your press, what might be the consequence? I will not anticipate by conjectures so gloomy a scene, but I will only say with the bishop of St. Asaph—*our enemies will tell us with pleasure*.

Pray send me your bill for the innumerable pamphlets, sheets, and half-sheets, which you have been so kind to transmit to me from Dublin; I have, being very idle, read them all, and cannot say that many of them entertained me; but all together they gave me serious concern, to find a people that I love so divided and distracted by party feuds and animosities, of which in the mean time the public is the victim. That Providence and your own prudence may protect you, is sincerely wished by,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R V.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, January 16, 1759.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I FIND with pleasure that you do not forget your old friends, though become useless to you, to themselves, and to the whole world. Dr. Lawson's lectures, which I received from you last week, were a most welcome proof of it. I have read them with all the satisfaction that I expected, from my knowledge and esteem of the author. His design is laudable, and his endeavours able, but yet I will not answer for his success. His plan requires much study and application, and consequently much time; three things that few people will care to bestow upon so trifling an accomplishment as that of speaking well. For in truth, what is the use of speaking but to be understood? and if one is understood, surely one speaks well enough of all conscience. But allowing a certain degree of eloquence to be desirable upon some occasions, there is a much easier and shorter way of coming at it than that which Dr. Lawson proposes; for Horace says (and Horace you know can never be in the wrong) *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?* Now if a man has nothing to do but to drink a great deal, in order to be eloquent (that is as long as he can speak at all) I will venture to say, that Ireland will be, what ancient Greece was, the most eloquent nation in the world without Dr. Lawson's assistance, and even without loss of time and business. I must observe to you by the way, that the Roman *Calix* was not a certain stated measure, but signified a glass, a tumbler, a pot, or any vessel that contained wine, so that, by the rule of *pars pro toto*, it may perhaps be extended to a copper, which contains a torrent of this potable eloquence. However, make my compliments to Dr. Lawson, and return him my
thanks

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 85

thanks for the flattering mention he has made of me in his excellent Work ; I wish I deserved it as well as he did *something* which he has not got.

I am your faithful friend,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R VI.

TO THE SAME.

London, February 7, 1760.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

WHAT mean all these disturbances in Ireland ? I fear you do not exert, for I cannot suppose that you have lost, that authority which your impartiality, dignity, and gravity, had so deservedly procured you. You know I always considered Virgil's *pictate gravem virum* as your prototype ; and, like him, you have allayed former popular commotions, and calmed civil disturbances. You will perhaps tell me, that no dignity, no authority whatsoever, can restrain or quiet the fury of a multitude drunk with whisky. But then if you cannot, who can ? Will the multitude, enraged with whisky, be checked and kept within bounds by their betters, who are full as drunk as they are, only with claret ? No. You are the only neutral power now in Ireland, equally untainted by the outrageous effects of whisky, or the dull stupefaction of claret ; and therefore I require from you, *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica. Capeffe Rempubicam !*

Do you really mean to turn my head with the repeated doses of flattery which you have lately sent me ? Consider, that long illness has weakened it, and that it has now none of the ballast which yours has to keep

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it steady. It is so apt to turn of itself, that the least breeze of flattery may over-set it. But perhaps there may be some degree of self-love in your case; for in truth, I was the only lord lieutenant that you ever absolutely governed; but do not mention this, because I am said to have had no favourite.

Let me advise you as a friend not to engage too deep in the expence of a new and pompous quarto edition of your friend Swift. I think you may chance to be, what perhaps you would not choose to be, a considerable loser by it. Whosoever in the three kingdoms has any books at all, has Swift; and, unless you have some new pieces, and those too not trifling ones, to add, people will not throw away their present handy and portable octavos, for expensive and unwieldy quartos. How far indeed the name (you are so much superior to quibbles, that you can bear, and sometimes even smile at them) of *quartos* may help them off in Ireland, I cannot pretend to say. After all this, I am very seriously,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD,

L E T T E R VII.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, July 1, 1762.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

FROM my time down to the present, you have been in possession of governing the governors of Ireland, whenever you have thought fit to meddle with business; and if you had meddled more with some, it might perhaps have been better for them, and better for Ireland. A proof of this truth is, than an *out* governor

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 87

vernor no sooner received your commands than he sent them to the *in* governor, who, without delay, returned him the inclosed answer, by which you know what you have to do.

I send you no news from hence, as it appears by your Journal, that you are much better informed of all that passes, and of all that does not pass, than I am; but one piece of news I look upon myself in duty bound to communicate to you, as it relates singly to yourself. Would you think it? Mr. Foote, who, if I mistake not, was one of your *Symposion* while you was in London, and if so the worse man he, takes you off, as it is vulgarly called, that is, acts you in his new Farce, called *The Orators*. As the government here cannot properly take notice of it, would it be amiss that you should shew some spirit upon this occasion, either by way of stricture, contempt, or by bringing an action against him? I do not mean for writing the said Farce, but for acting it. The doctrine of *scribere est agere* was looked upon as too hard in the case of Algernoon Sidney; but my lord Coke in his incomparable notes upon Littleton, my lord chief justice Hales in his Pleas of the Crown, my lord Vaughan, Salkeld, and in short all the greatest men of the law, do, with their usual perspicuity and precision, lay it down for law that *agere est agere*. And this is exactly Mr. Foote's case with regard to you; therefore any orders that you shall think fit to send me in this affair, as to retaining counsel, filing a bill of Faulkner *versus* Foote, or bringing a common action upon the case, which I should think would be the best of all, the case itself being actionable, shall be punctually executed by,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R VIII.

TO THE SAME,

London, January 4, 1763.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

MANY thanks to you for your letter, many thanks to you for your almanack, and more thanks to you for your friend Swift's works; in which last, to borrow an expression of Cibber's, you have outdone your usual outdoings; for the paper is whit-ish, and the ink is black-ish. I only wish that the margin had been a little broader; however, without flattery, it beats Elzevir, Aldus, Vascofan; and I make no doubt but that, in seven or eight hundred years, the learned and the curious in those times will, like the learned and the curious in these, who prefer the impression of a book to the matter of it, collect with pains and expence all the books that were published ex Typographia Faulkneriana.—But I am impatient to congratulate you upon your late triumph; you have made (if you will forgive a quibble upon so serious a subject) your enemy your footstool; a victory which the divine Socrates had not influence enough to obtain at Athens over Aristophanes; nor the great Pompey at Rome, over the actor who had the insolence to abuse him under the name of Magnus, by which he was universally known, and to tell him from the stage, *Miseriis nostris Magnus Magnus es*. A man of less philosophy than yourself would perhaps have chastised Mr. Foote corporally, and have made him feel that your wooden leg which he mimicked had an avenging arm to protect it; but you scorned so inglorious a victory, and called justice and the laws of your country to punish the criminal, and to avenge your cause. You triumphed; and I heartily join my weak voice to the loud acclamations of the good citizens of Dublin upon this occasion. I take it for granted that some of your many tributary wits have already
presented

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 89

presented you with gratulatory poems, odes, &c. upon this subject : I own I had some thoughts myself of inscribing a short poem to you upon your triumph ; but, to tell you the truth, when I had writ not above two thousand verses of it, my muse forsook me, my poetic vein stopped, I threw away my pen, and I burned my poem, to the irreparable loss not only of the present age, but also of latest posterity.

I very seriously and sincerely wish you a great many very happy new years, and am,

Your most faithful friend and servant,

C H E S T E R F I E L D.

I like your messenger, young Dunkin, mightily ; he is a very sensible well-behaved young man.

L E T T E R IX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, May 22, 1766.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

YOU reproach me gently, but with seeming justice, for my long silence : I confess the fact ; but think that I can, in some degree at least, excuse it. I am grown very old, and both my mind and my body feel the sad effects of old age. All the parts of my body now refuse me their former assistance, and my mind (if I may use that expression) stutters and is as unready as any part of my body. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that I delayed writing to such a critic and philosopher as you are. However, I will now trust to your indulgence.

I thank you for the book you sent me, in which there is great labour and great learning ; but I confess that
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it is a great deal above me, and I am now too old to begin to learn Celtick.

Your septennial patriotick bill is unfortunately lost here, and I humbly presume to the great joy of the patriots who brought it in; to whom one may apply what has hitherto been charged as a blunder upon our country, that *they have got a loss*. It is not the case with a Habeas Corpus act, if you can ever get one, and were nobody wiser than I, you should have one to-day; for I think every human creature has a right to liberty, which cannot with justice be taken from him, unless he forfeits it by some crime.

I cannot help observing, and with some satisfaction, that Heaven has avenged your cause, as well and still more severely than the courts of temporal justice in Ireland did, having punished your adversary Foote in the part offending. The vulgar saying, that mocking is catching, is verified in his case: you may in your turn mock him, without danger to your adopted leg.

Adieu, my good friend, be as well as ever you can, and as serenely chearful as you please. I need not bid you grow rich, for you have taken good care of that already; and, if you were now to grow richer, you would be overgrown, and after all, *est modus in rebus*. I am very seriously and truly,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

A C A R D.

LORD CHESTERFIELD sends his compliments to his good friend Mr. Faulkner; hungers and thirsts after him; and hopes that he will take some mutton with him at Blackheath, any day or days that he has leisure.

Blackheath, August 13, 1766.

L E T.

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 91

L E T T E R X.

TO THE SAME.

London, July 7, 1767.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I AM to thank you, and I heartily do thank you, for your kind and welcome present. You have cloathed your old friend the Dean very richly, and suitably to his merit, and your own present dignity ; but, after all, the poor Dean pays dear for his own fame, since every scrap of paper of his, every rebus, quibble, pun, and conversation-joke, is to be published, because it was his. It is true his *Bagatelles* are much better than other people's ; but still many of them, I believe, he would have been sorry to have had published. How does your new dignity agree with you ? do you manfully withstand the attacks of claret ? or do you run into the danger, to avoid the apprehension ? You may set the fashion of sobriety if you please, and a singular one it will be ; for I dare say that in the records of Dublin there is no one instance to be found of a sober high-sheriff. Remember Sir William Temple's rule ; and consider, that every glass of wine that you drink beyond the third is for Foote, the only enemy that I believe you have in the world. I am sure you have a friend, though a very useless one, in

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope your fair fellow-traveller is well.

L E T-

L E T T E R XI.

TO THE SAME.

London, March 25, 1769.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

A VIOLENT inflammation in my eyes, which is not yet quite removed, hindered me from acknowledging your last letter sooner; I regretted this delay the more, as I was extremely impatient to return, through you, my heartiest thanks to the Dublin Society, for the honor they have done me, by remembering in so advantageous a manner, and after so long an interval, an old and hearty friend and well-wisher. Pray tell them, that I am much prouder of the place they have given me amongst those excellent citizens, my old friends Prior, Madden, Swift, &c. who benefited and improved mankind, than I should be of one amongst heroes, conquerors, and monarchs, who generally disturb and destroy their species. I did nothing for the society but what every body, in my then situation, must and would have done; so that I have not the least merit upon that score; and I was aware that jobbs would creep into the Society, as they do now into every society in England, as well as in Ireland, but neither that fear nor that danger should hinder one from founding or encouraging establishments that are in the main useful. Considering the times, I am afraid it is necessary that jobbs should come; and all one can do is to say, woe be to him from whom the jobb cometh; and to extract what public good one can out of it. You give me great pleasure in telling me that drinking is a good deal lessened; may it diminish more and more every day! I am convinced, that, could an exact calculation be made of what Ireland has lost within these last fifty years in its trade, manufactures, manners, and morals, by drunkenness, the sum total would frighten the most determined guzzler of either claret or whisky, into sobriety.

I have

TO ALDERMAN GEORGE FAULKNER. 93

I have received, and thank you for, the volumes you sent me of Swift, whom you have enriched me with in every shape and size. Your liberality makes me ashamed, and I could wish that you would rather be my book-seller than my book-giver. Adieu, I am very sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XII.

TO THE SAME.

London, January 2, 1770.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I RETURN you many thanks for your letter, with the inclosed papers which I received yesterday. You say with great truth that you are all in confusion in Ireland; but I will say nothing upon that subject. I am much obliged to the Dublin Society for thinking my busto worth putting up among so many better heads: my head never did Ireland much good; but, upon my word, my heart always wished it, and if it loves me a little, it is but love for love. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction among you; but I hope it will not run into faction, which is too much the case in England at present; be angry, but sin not. I am sorry to find, by your votes, that you persist in your militia scheme. Of your five or six thousand militia men there will be at least one half Papists; and would you put arms into their hands, and discipline in their heads? Those who were the most for the militia here at first are sick of it now, and have at last found out that it is only an addition of thirty thousand men to our regular army of twenty thousand, and full as dangerous to the constitution.

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tution. I find every day, more and more, that it is not without reason, that many years ago I looked upon you as the Atticus of Ireland; for in all these bustles you stand unmoved, and uncensurable, and enjoy the storm by growing very rich in the midst of it. Adieu, and many happy new years to you! I am very sincerely,

Your faithful friend and servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XIII.

TO THE SAME.

Chesterfield-House, March 11, 1771.

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

THE indifferent state of my health at present will only allow me to thank you (and that not with my own hand) for your friendly letter, with that from your friend to you, which I return you here inclosed, according to your desire.

I now see your Irish affairs at too great a distance, both of time and place, to form any just opinion upon them; but this I will confess to you, that the present situation does not at all flatter my good wishes for the peace and prosperity of Ireland. I hope things will mend, and I am sure there is great room for them to do so. Adieu, my friend. I am, most sincerely and faithfully,

Yours,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

L E T T E R XIV.

TO THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MADDEN.

London, September 15, 1748.

S I R,

I AM very sensibly affected with the late mark which you have given me of your remembrance and friendship. I assure you that I deserve them both, as far as the truest regard for your parts and merit can entitle me to them.

Your Poem, of which I have read the first Canto with equal pleasure and attention, has (without any compliment to you) a great deal of wit and invention in it: the characters are perfectly well preserved; and the moral, which it is easy to foresee from the first Canto, is excellent. You cannot doubt of my being proud to have such a performance addressed to me; and I should be prouder of it still, if the Author's name were to appear; but, as your friend, I must confess, that I think you in the right to conceal it; for, though the moral be good, yet, as the propriety of characters has obliged you to put some warm expressions in the mouths of Venus and Cupid, some silly or malicious people might lay hold of them, and quote them to your disadvantage. As to the Dedication, I must tell you very sincerely, and without the least false modesty, that I heartily wish you would lower it: the honest warmth of your friendship makes you view me in a more partial light than other people do, or, upon my word, than I do myself. The few light, trifling things that I have accidentally scribbled in my youth, in the cheerfulness of company, or sometimes (it may be) inspired by wine, do by no means entitle me to the compliments which you make me as an author; and my own vanity is so far from deceiving me upon that subject, that I repent of what I have shewn, and only value myself upon what I have had the prudence to burn.

Though my cares for Ireland are ceased, you do me but justice in being convinced that my wishes for the prosperity of that country will cease but with my life. The best wish that I could form for it would be, that half its inhabitants are like you: nay, I would compound for twenty who would, like you, devote their thoughts, their time, and a proportionable share of their fortunes, to the public good. Your late considerable benefaction to Dublin College will be a perpetual monument of your public spirit, and your love of mankind. How greatly would arts and sciences flourish in Ireland, if those who are much better able than you are would contribute but half as much as you do to their improvement! You shine, indeed, the more for it; but I know you well enough to know, that you would rather *prodesse quam conspici*. The Irish may be a rich and happy people, *bona si sua norint*. Free from the heavy load of debts and taxes under which the English groan, as fit for arts, sciences, industry, and labour, as any people in the world, they might, notwithstanding some hard restraints which England, by a mistaken policy, has laid them under, push several branches of trade to great perfection and profit; and not only supply themselves with every thing they want, but other nations too with many things. But jobbs and claret engross and ruin the people of fashion, and the ordinary people (as is usual in every country) imitate them in little momentary and mistaken views of present profit, and in whisky. As to the incorporating by Charter the Dublin Society, I see many advantages that might arise from it; but I must at the same time own, that I foresee some dangers too. Jobbs have hitherto always accompanied charters, however they may have been calculated to prevent them. The Dublin Society has hitherto gone on extremely well, and done infinite good: why? Because, that not being a permanent, incorporated society, and having no employments to dispose of, and depending only for their existence on their own good behaviour, it was not a theatre for jobbers to shew their skill upon; but, when once established
by

TO THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MADDEN. 97

by Charter, the very advantages which are expected from, and which, I believe, will attend that Charter, I fear may prove fatal. It may then become an object of party, and Parliamentary views (for you know how low they stoop); in which case it will become subservient to the worst instead of the best designs. Remember the Linen-board, where the paltry dividend of a little flax-seed was become the seed of jobbs, which indeed produced one hundred fold. However, I submit my fears to your hopes; and will do all that I can to promote that Charter which you, who I am sure have considered it in every light, seem so desirous of. Mr. Maccauley, who is now here, has brought over the rough draught of a Charter, which he and I are to meet and consider of next week. I hope your worthy fellow-labourers, and my worthy friends, the bishop of Meath and Mr. Prior, are well. May you long be so, for the good of mankind, and for the particular satisfaction of,

Your most sincere friend and faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

I hope you will send me the other Cantos by proper opportunities, for I long to see them.

L E T T E R XV.

TO THE SAME.

London, November 29, 1748.

S I R,

A RETURN of my old complaint of vertigos and pains in my head, which sent me to Bath, from whence I am but lately arrived here, and that with less benefit than I hoped for, delayed till now my acknowledgements

98 LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS

ledgements for your last friendly letter which accompanied the remainder of your poem. I read it with great pleasure, and not without some surprize, to find a work of that length continued to the end with the same spirit and fire with which it begins. Horace's great rule of *qualis ab incæpto* was, I believe, never better observed. If the public receive the same pleasure from it that I have done, you will have the satisfaction of having discharged every office towards mankind that a private citizen of the world is capable of. Your example, your fortune, and your genius, will all have been devoted to the service, the improvement, and the rational pleasures, of your fellow-creatures.

I make no doubt but that the Charter for the Dublin Society, when once you have formed it properly among yourselves, will be granted here; and, upon the whole, I am much for it, and will promote it to my power; not but that I foresee some danger on that side of the question too. Abuses have also hitherto crept into corporate bodies, and will probably, in time, creep into this too: but I hope that it will have such an effect, at first, as to make the future abuses of less consequence. The draught, which Mr. Maccauley shewed me here, of the Charter, seems to have all the provisions in it that human prudence can make against human iniquity.

Good health and long life attend you, my good friend, for the sake of mankind in general, and of that country in particular, which will ever have a great share of the warmest wishes of,

Your faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T-

L E T T E R XVI.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, April 15, 1749.

S I R,

YOU are, I am sure, too well persuaded of my sincere regard and friendship for you, to impute my late silence to negligence or forgetfulness: but two concurrent causes have hindered me from acknowledging your two last letters; the one was the ill state of my health; the other was the unsettled state of my person, in my migration from my old house to my new one, where I have hardly yet got pen, ink, paper, and a table. This latter has, I believe, been attested to you by your son, who saw me unfurnished in my old house, and since unsettled in my new one. I have (as I told him that I would) executed your orders with regard to my booksellers: I have told them, more fully than I can tell you, my thoughts of the work, and have raised their impatience for some of the copies, for which they will treat with your printer. How they will sell (considering the whimsical and uncertain decision of the public in those matters) I do not know; but how they ought to sell, if the public judges right, I well know: for I never saw more wit, fancy, and imagination, upon any one single subject. Every one of your alterations are, in my opinion, for the better, excepting those which you say you have made in my favour, and in which I fear the public will too justly differ from you: your partiality to me had carried you but too far before. I congratulate both you and Ireland most heartily, upon the increasing fruits of your labours for the public good; for I am informed from all hands, that a spirit of industry diffuses itself through all Ireland; the linen manufacture gains ground daily in the South and South-west, and new manufactures arise in different parts of the kingdom; all which, I

will venture to say, is originally owing to your judicious and indefatigable endeavours for the good of your country. You know the nature of mankind in general, and of our countrymen in particular (for I still think and call myself an Irishman), well enough to know, that the invitation by premiums would be much more effectual than laws, or remote considerations of general public good, upon which few people reason well enough to be convinced that their own solid, private interest essentially depends. The Dublin Society, and, in particular, my good friends the bishop of Meath, and Prior, have seconded you very well; and it is not saying too much of them to say, that they deserve better of Ireland than any one other set of men in it; I will not even except the parliament. The premiums for flaxseed raised, instead of the former iniquitous distribution of it, have, I am told and believe, had very good consequences for the linen manufacture. And, as *there* was an infamous jobb got the better of, I am in hopes that all jobbs will be hindered from creeping into that excellent establishment of the Protestant Charter-schools, which, if it be kept pure but for some years, will have a prodigious effect as to the religious and political state of Ireland; but if once Protestant children slip into those schools, as was attempted in my time, the end of their institution ceases. I hope the university of Dublin, that enjoys a share of your premiums, deserves them. Our two Universities, at least, will do it no hurt, unless by their examples; for I cannot believe that their present reputations will invite people in Ireland to send their sons there. The one (Cambridge) is sunk into the lowest obscurity; and the existence of Oxford would not be known, if it were not for the treasonable spirit publicly avowed, and often exerted there. The University of Dublin has this great advantage over ours; it is one compact body, under the eye and authority of one head, who, if he is a good one, can enforce order and discipline, and establish the public exercises as he thinks proper; among which the

TO THE REV. DR. SAMUEL MADDEN. 101

purity and elegance of the English language ought to be particularly attended to: for there you are apt to fail in Ireland. But I trouble you too long upon subjects of which you are a much better judge than I am, and upon the spot to observe. My thoughts are only *Quæ censet amicus*; and I give them you, *Ut si cæcus iter monstrare velit*. My wishes for the prosperity of your country are as warm and as sincere as the sentiments of regard, esteem, and friendship, with which I am,

Your most faithful humble servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T T E R XVII.

TO MR. SEXTON, LIMERICK.

London, April 8, 1752.

S I R,

I AM sincerely glad of the reward and encouragement which your industry hath met. I never doubted but that it would; for, though imaginary merit commonly complains of being unrewarded, real merit, sooner or later, in some shape or other, seldom fails of success. You have already experienced this, and will, I hope and believe, experience it every day more and more. Your paper already wants but very little of equalling the best that any other country furnishes, and I see no reason why you should not bring it soon to such a point of perfection as to supply all the demands of Ireland, and possibly some of England; for at present we import a great deal from other countries. Let me give you one piece of advice, though I believe you want it less than most manufacturers in Ireland. Never think your paper either good enough or cheap enough, be it ever so good, or ever so cheap; but always endeavour
to

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to make it both better and cheaper ; and sacrifice a little present and precarious to future and permanent profit. Acquire the public confidence in the goodness and reasonableness of your manufacture ; and your fortune will be solid and lasting, both to you and your family, if they will tread in your steps.

I know a thread merchant at Rotterdam, who hath got above thirty thousand pounds by his industry, punctuality, and integrity. He never let a yard of bad thread go out of his hands, and never took a farthing more than reasonable profit ; by these means he hath acquired such confidence, that people make no difficulty of sending a blind-man or a child for what thread they want, sure not to be deceived either in the quantity or the quality of it. At first he got little, but then he lived low ; his profits increased faster than his expences, and his expence now bears a just proportion to his fortune. Most trades-people in Ireland begin just at the other end, and therefore end so ill as they frequently do. By what you have done it is plain you do not want these hints ; and I hope your example will suggest them to those who do. I am, with that esteem which you deserve from all Ireland, and from all those who wish it as well as I do, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

CHESTERFIELD.

L E T.

TO SAMUEL DERRICK, ESQUIRE. 103

L E T T E R XVIII.

TO SAMUEL DERRICK, ESQUIRE.

London, February 6, 1767.

S I R,

WHEN I left Bath, I thought I left your throne as solidly established as any throne in Europe. You ruled with lenity, and your subjects obeyed with cheerfulness. But such is the uncertainty of human affairs, that it seems a conspiracy has broke out, to distress, and even to subvert, your government. I do not see what I can do at this distance to assist you, knowing nobody at Bath but my brother and lord Ancrum, who are both, as I am informed, much in your interest. There is a committee, you say, formed against you; form a counter committee of your most considerable friends, not forgetting two or three of our tough countrymen, who are *Manu quam consilio promptiores*. Among gentler, but perhaps not less effectual measures, you may call ridicule into your assistance, and give their committee the name of The Committee of Safety, which was manifestly formed to destroy the then established government, and (avert the omen!) did so. They begin with the reformation of your music, the Round-heads did so with the organs; but the latter meant more, and so do the former. The profit is the real cause of discord, and therefore I am afraid that some man of quality and fortune should avail himself of those civil dissensions, and come and swallow the oyster, and leave you and your antagonist only the shells. For my own part, I say, O king, live for ever! I am,

Your faithful and loyal Subject,

C H E S T E R F I E L D.

L E T-

L E T T E R XIX.

T O T H E S A M E.

London, March 17, 1767.

S I R,

DID I not tell you when first these little convulsions shook your throne, that they would tend to fix and establish it upon solid foundations? This hath happened, and I look upon your power to be, since your restoration, more permanent and more extensive than ever. It was the case of king Charles the second upon his restoration, when all his subjects were in haste to surrender into his hands all their rights and privileges. You are now in possession of all those at Bath, in as full and as ample a manner as the most absolute of your predecessors (Nash) ever enjoyed them. But I must recommend to you to use your unlimited power with moderation and lenity, and to reflect, that despotism is a state of violence which human nature abhors. How could you think me so bad a courtier, as not to be willing that my name should appear in the list of your flatterers? Make what use you please of it, but do not put me down in the list of your ministers, for I do not like that profession. I cannot say that I approve of your Poll Tax as a fund for your Civil List, for I am convinced it will prove a deficient one. Your Balls were a much better. Your Balls took in every body, and many could not refuse taking a ticket from you *ore tenus*, who will slip and shuffle out of the way of your subscription book.

I should be unworthy of my peerage if, now that you are king indeed, I were not,

Your loyal subject, and faithful servant,

C H E S T E R F I E L D.

L E T-

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN. 105

L E T T E R XX.

TO THE EARL OF ARRAN.

Bath, October 22, 1770.

MY LORD,

I CONSIDER lord and lady Sudley's passing through Geneva as a fortunate accident for me, as it was the occasion of reviving me in your lordship's memory, for whom I always had the greatest regard and esteem: the advantageous testimony which my kinswoman lady Stanhope bore of lord and lady Sudley, in a letter to me, ought to have the greater weight, as it was unasked and unbiaſſed; for ſhe could not know the part I took in every thing that concerned you: and I have been ſo long out of the world, that I did not know who lord and lady Sudley were, till I was informed by my old friend George Faulkner. Having mentioned him, give me leave to ſet your lordſhip right as to a very great miſtake in a letter from you to him, which he ſhewed me. Your lordſhip ſays there, that you thought I looked coldly upon you for having propoſed, in the houſe of commons, the augmentation of four or five thouſand men. Now I aſſure your lordſhip, upon my honour, that I had no ſuch intention: it is true I diſapproved of the motion, which I thought at that time unneceſſary, and I think time has juſtified my opinion. I had always a great contempt for that extravagant attempt of the Pretender, which, though it ſcattered ſhameful terrors both here and in Ireland, I own never gave me one moment's uneaſineſs. In all events, I thought the affair muſt be decided one way or the other before the troops propoſed could be raiſed and tolerably diſciplined; but I well knew, that the half-pay of the officers would remain for many years a burthen upon Ireland, which I was unfashionable enough to conſider, and to prevent if I could; but I had not the leaſt reaſon to be diſpleaſed with whoever
I propoſed

proposed or voted for that question; on the contrary, it flattered my vanity in giving me the nomination of all the officers, and might have flattered my purse still more, had I been an infamous corrupt rascal. I never tampered with votes, nor ever made the least distinction in my reception of the members of either house upon account of their political conduct; nor indeed could I well do it, for your lordship well knows that I met with no difficulty or opposition during my short administration: you all judged favourably, and give me leave to add justly, of my intentions, and in consideration of them excused my errors. When I returned from Ireland, I thought that the weight of property was too unequally divided between the two houses, and preponderated too much on the side of the house of commons; and, therefore, I laid a list before the late king of six commoners, of the largest property and the best characters, to be made peers, in which list I give your lordship my word and honour you was one: the king approved of it; but fate soon disposed of me in another department, much against my inclinations. Since that time I have ever heartily, though ineffectually, wished the peace and prosperity of Ireland, and shall always value myself upon its good opinion. I ask pardon for this tedious letter, relative only to times past; but I plead the privilege of seventy-six years of age, which is always apt to be garrulous.

I am, with the greatest truth and esteem,

M Y L O R D,

Your lordship's most faithful,

and obedient servant,

C H E S T E R F I E L D.



F I N I S.

C H A R A C T E R S

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T O

HIS LORDSHIP'S MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

D d 2

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE following *Characters* and *Letters* are genuine productions of the late earl of Chesterfield. They cannot want any proofs of their authenticity.

Whether his lordship drew the characters with impartiality, and hath given accurate and just delineations of the principal persons who figured on the stage of public life with him ; or whether the capital lines forming the likenesses are distorted by affectation, prejudice, and the medium of party ; is referred to the decision of the judicious friends of the several great personages whose characters are here presented to them.

To give the public, however, a more perfect view of the originals, and enable them to form a better judgement of the noble earl's portraits ; likenesses of the same eminent persons, his contemporaries, by other respectable hands, are annexed. It is hoped that these will prove acceptable, as, either in comparing or contrasting them with his lordship's, they will help to illustrate and finish the respective characters, and may communicate both instruction and pleasure.

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THE following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Association. They cannot give any proof of their authority.

It is to be observed that the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Association are given in the list of names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Association. The names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Association are given in the list of names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Association.

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Wassenaer de Twickel (Count). His letter of congratulation to lord Chesterfield on his being appointed secretary of state, iii. 394. His account of the deplorable state of Holland, iii. 396.

World. A periodical paper, in which lord Chesterfield wrote, iv. 149.

Y.

Yorke (Colonel). Appointed ambaffador to the States General, iv. 110.

DIRECTIONS for placing the CUTS.

Head of lord Chesterfield, to face the title of vol. I.
 Lady Halifax, to face page. 15, vol. I.
 Earl Stanhope, page 41, vol. I.
 Van Slingeland, page 87, vol. I.
 Earl of Scarborough, page 29, vol. I.
 The emblematical figure of lady Chesterfield, to face the title of vol. II.
 Thomas Prior, Esq. to face the title of vol. III.
 Bishop of Waterford, to face the title of vol. IV.

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